

NOVEMBER
No.20

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QUALITY
COMIC
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11

PLASTIC MAN

*makes
SADLY-SADLY
look
SILLY!*





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-Hi Fellows! The NEW

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



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PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

IT'S SADLY-SADLY SANDERS! DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE, PLAS, OR YOU'LL BREAK DOWN AND LET HIM GET AWAY WITH ALL THIS STUFF!

SNIFF! HE LOOKS SO SAD! MAYBE MY MONEY'LL MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER!

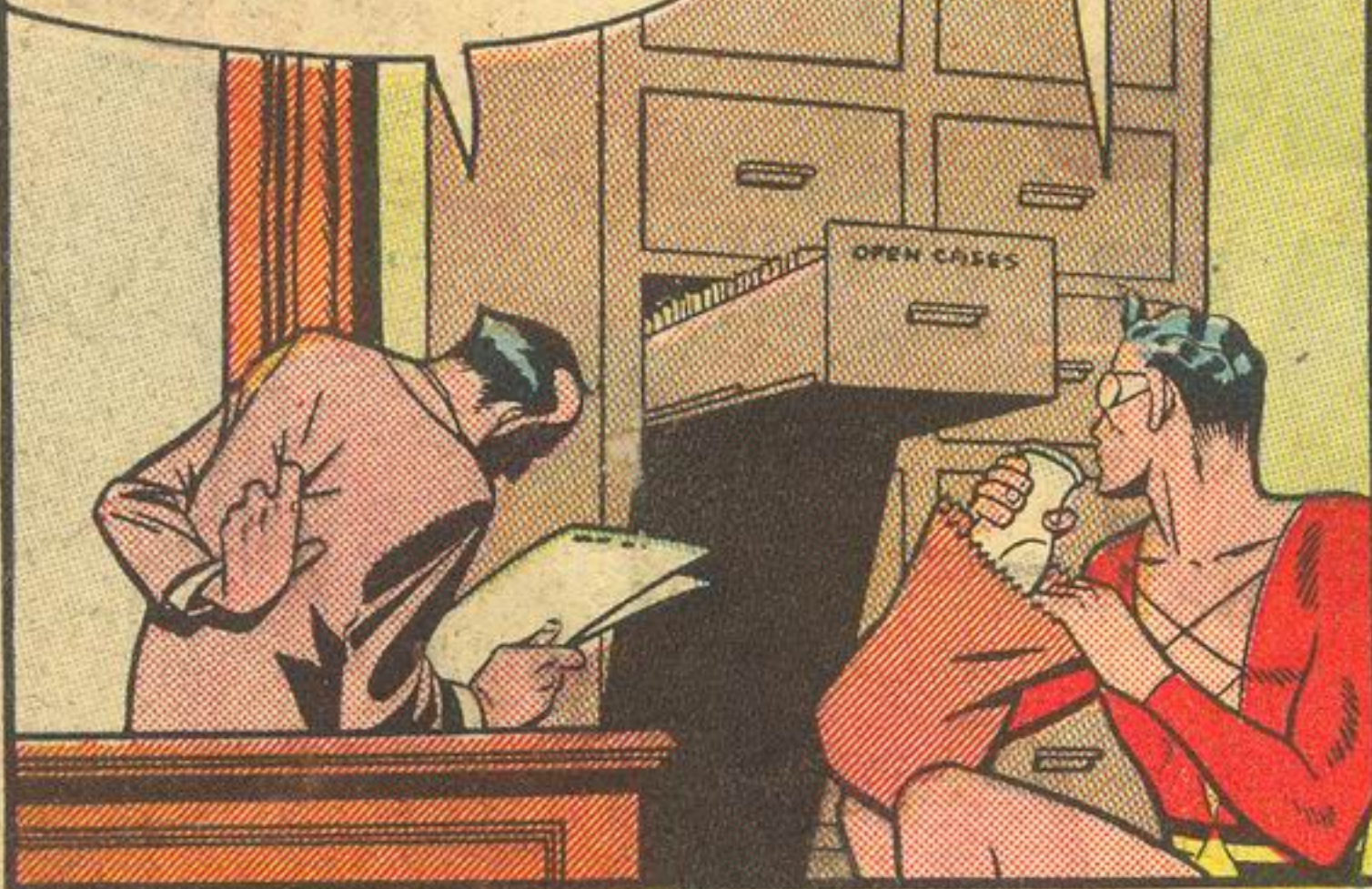
SOB! SOB! TAKE THEM, YOU POOR MAN! I CAN'T ENJOY WEARING THEM WHILE YOU LOOK SO WRETCHED!



PLASTIC MAN

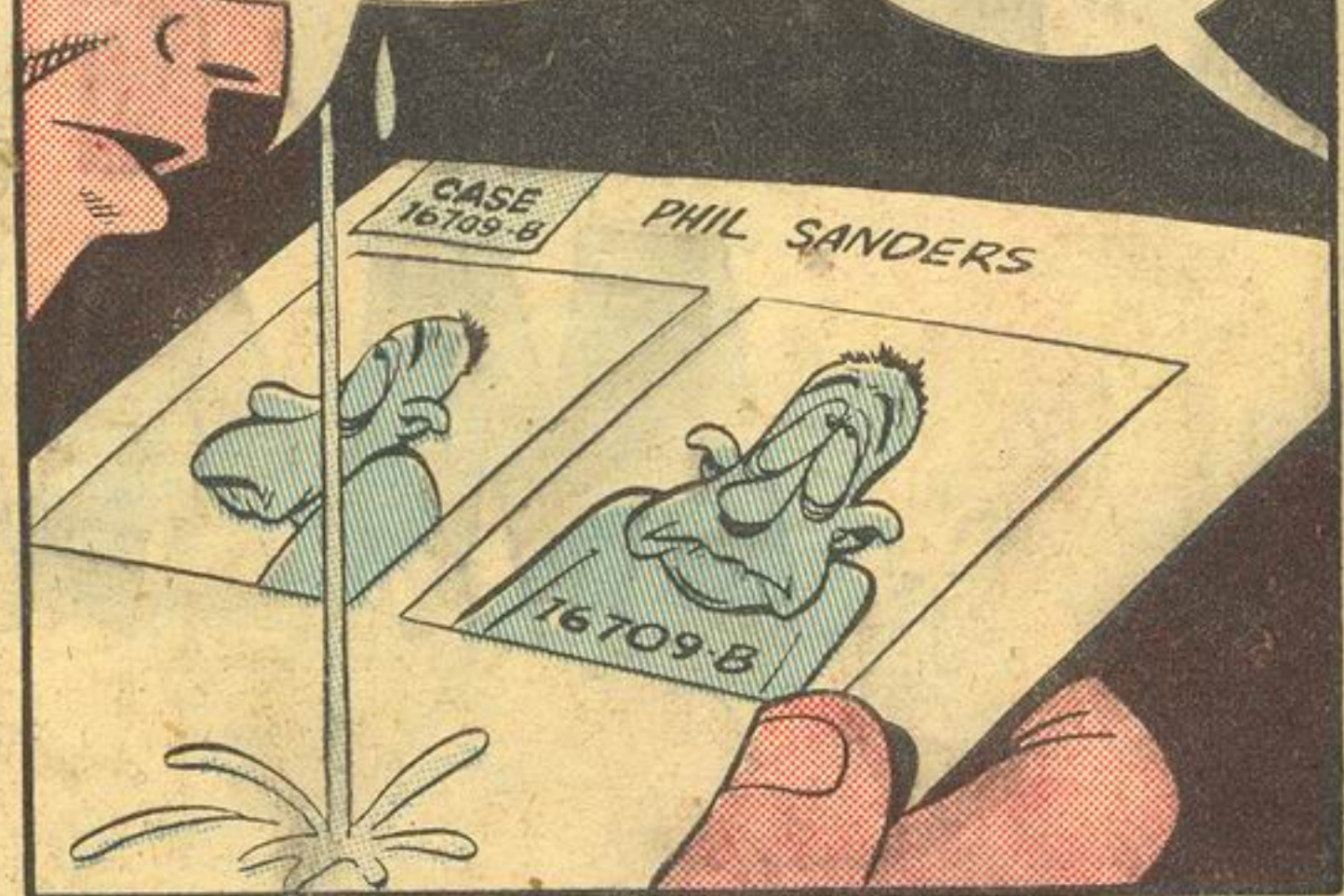
PHIL SANDERS...FORGER...
SMUGGLER...BANK ROBBER...
JEWEL THIEF! DISAPPEARED
TWO YEARS AGO AND NO
TRACE OF HIM SINCE!

DON'T RUB IT IN,
CHIEF! I KNOW I
LET HIM SLIP
AWAY!



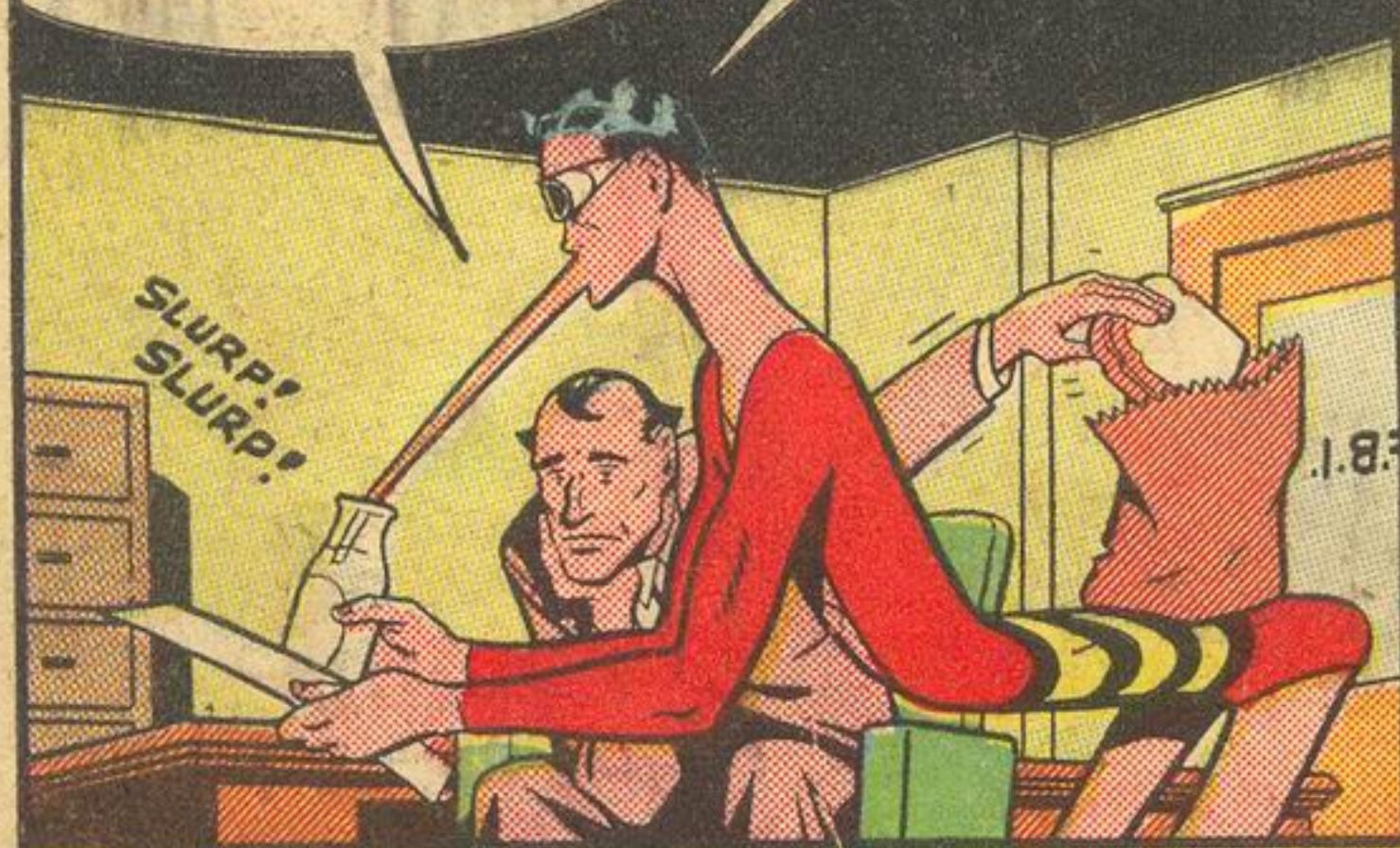
WHAT A FACE! IT
ALMOST MAKES
ME WEEP TO LOOK
AT IT!

IT ALMOST
MADE ME
WEEP WHEN
HE GOT
AWAY!



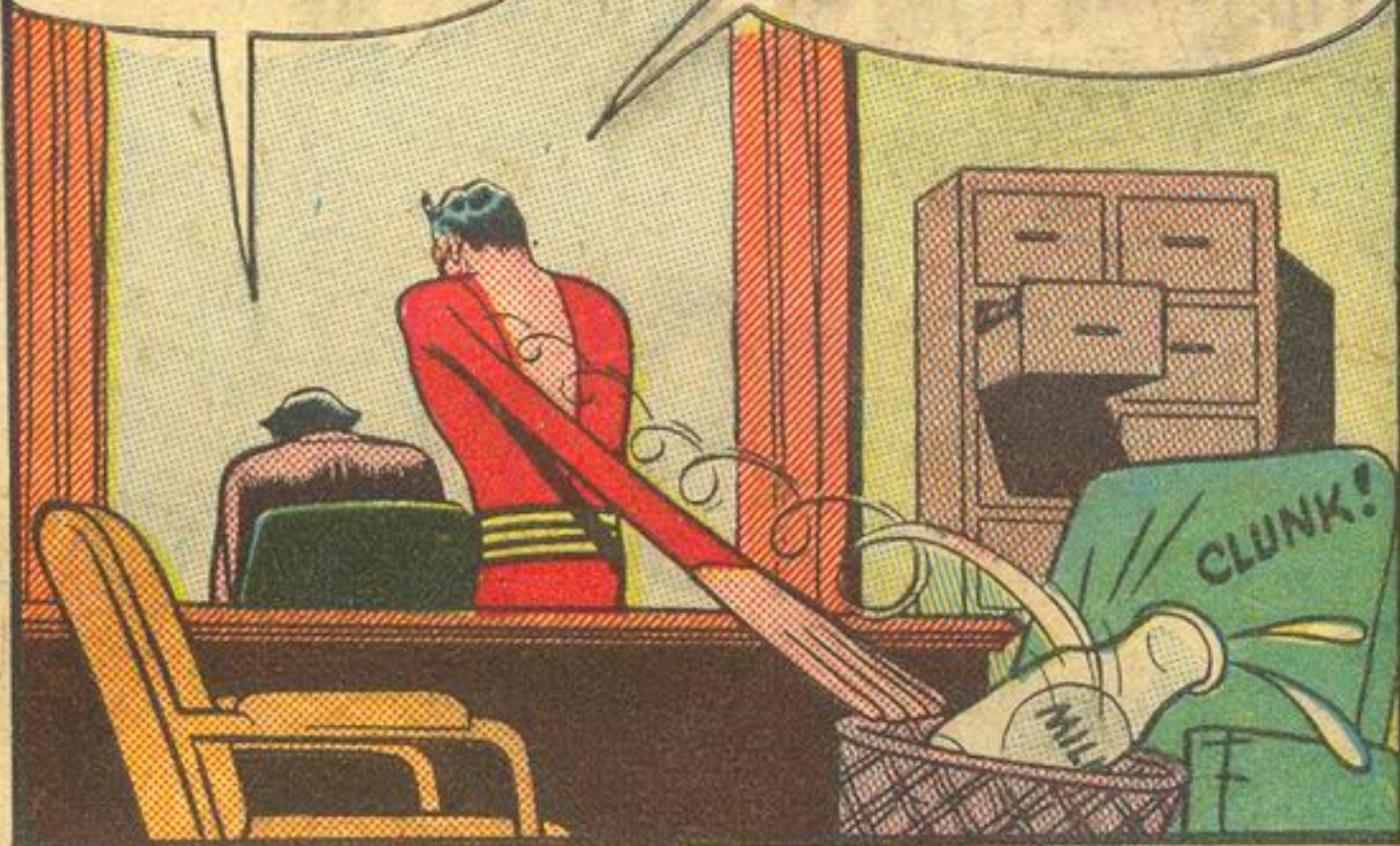
IT WASN'T YOUR
FAULT, PLASTIC MAN!
I ONLY CALLED YOU
IN AFTER THREE OTHER
OPERATIVES HAD
BUNGLED THE JOB!

THAT'S SMALL
CONSOLATION!



ANYWAY, IF HE'D PULLED
ANYTHING IN THE LAST
TWO YEARS WE'D HAVE
HEARD ABOUT IT!
HE'S CERTAINLY
LYING LOW!

EVEN IN THE UNLIKELY
EVENT THAT HE'S GONE
STRAIGHT, HE STILL
OWES THE LAW A
DEBT AND HE'S GOT
TO PAY IT SOMEDAY!



MEANWHILE...

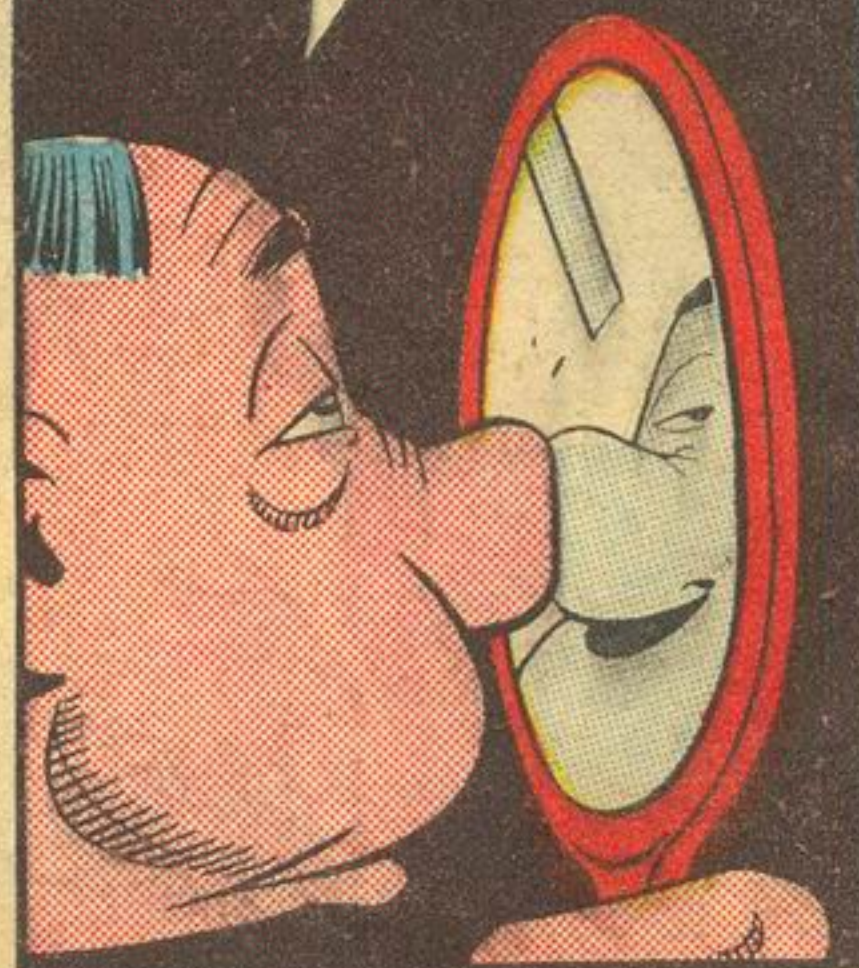
"MARLOW CAMDEN, GENIUS
DIRECTOR, SEEKS ACTOR TO FILL
ROLL OF SAD CHARACTER!"

HMM! A GUY'S FACE
WOULD HAVE TO BE
PRETTY AWFUL
TO DO THAT!

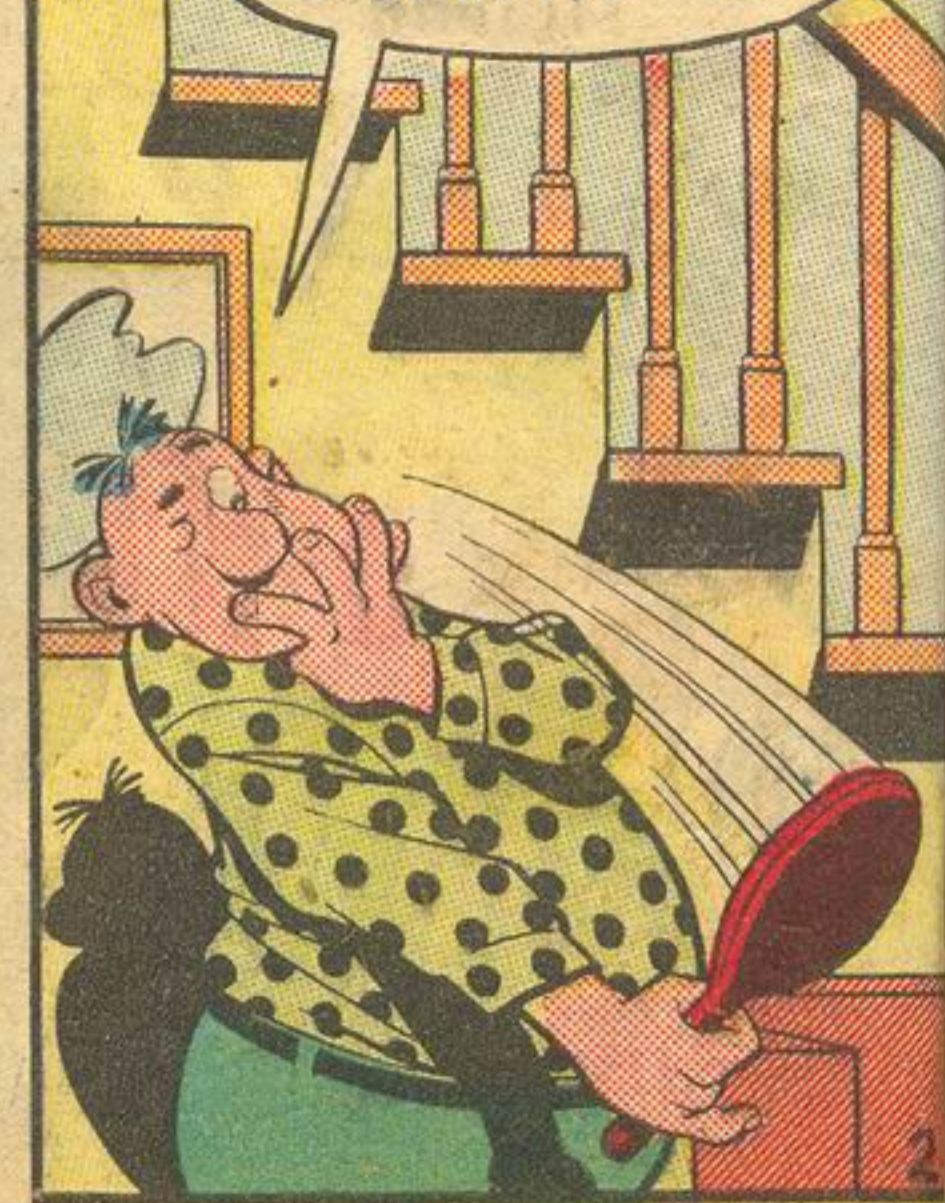
MARLOW
SAYS
FACIAL
EXPRESSION
MUST BREAK
HEARTS OF
AUDIENCE!



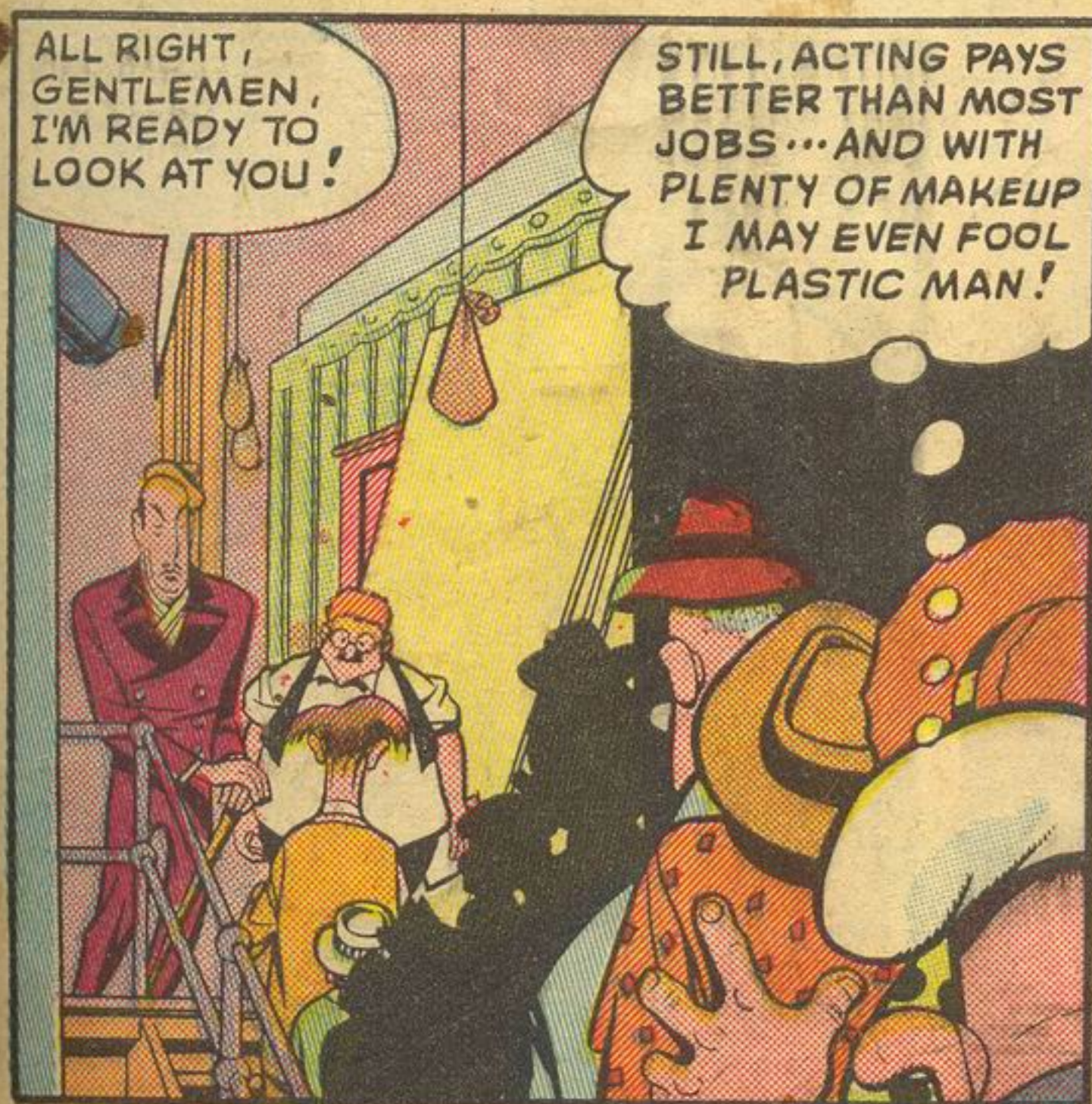
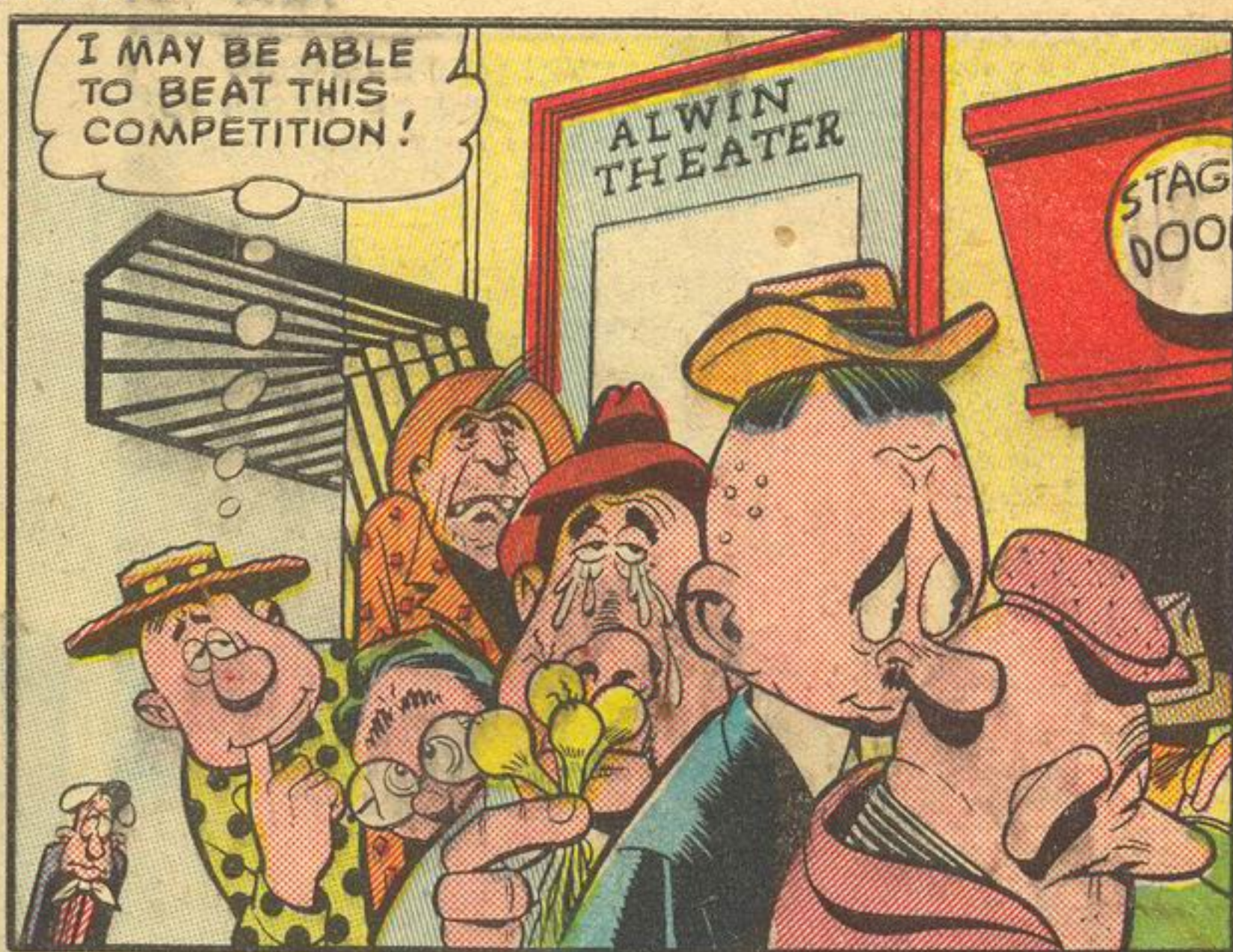
ON THE OTHER
HAND, PEOPLE
HAVE OFTEN TOLD
ME I HAVE A SAD
FACE!



THERE'VE ALSO BEEN
PEOPLE WHO'VE SAID
WORSE THAN THAT
ABOUT IT!

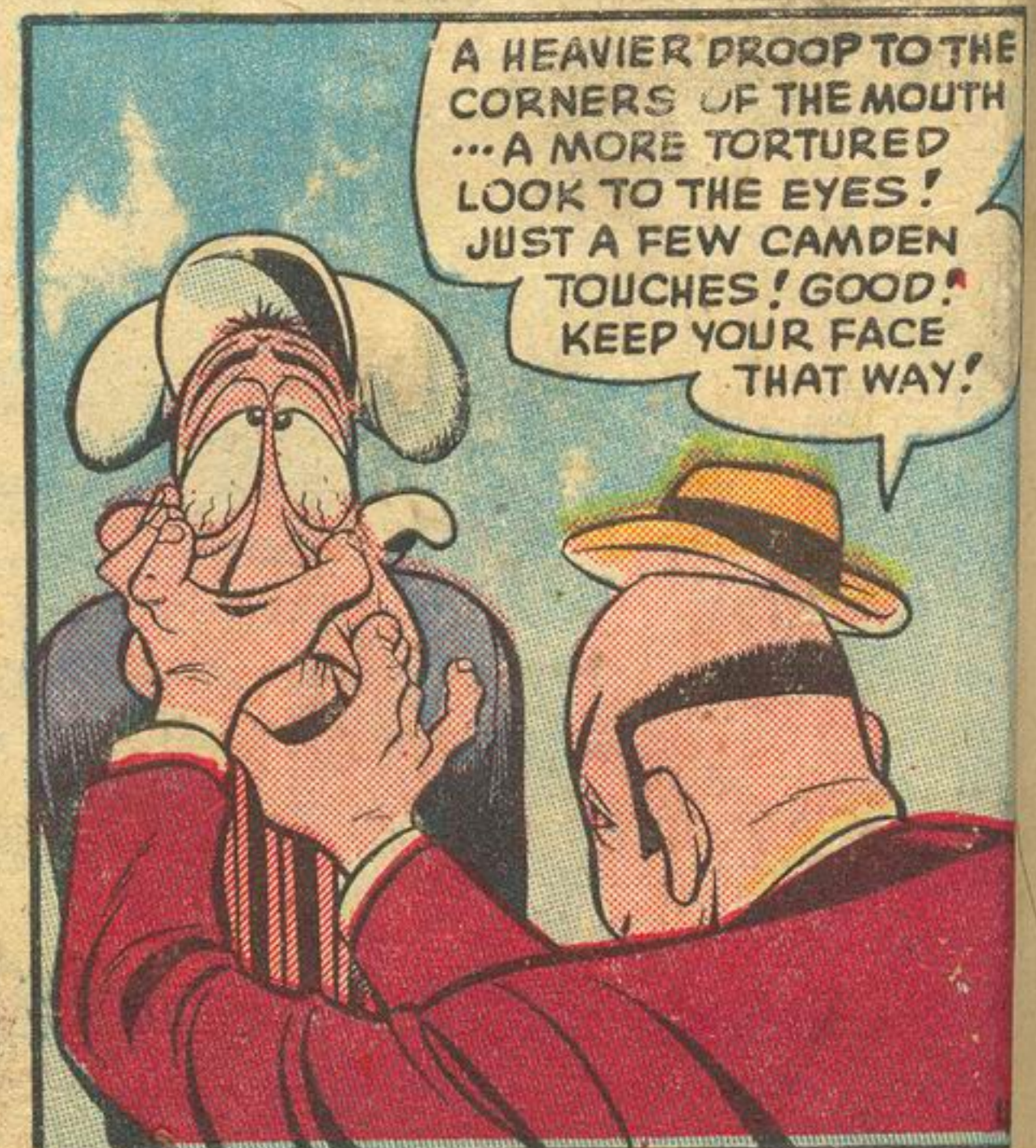
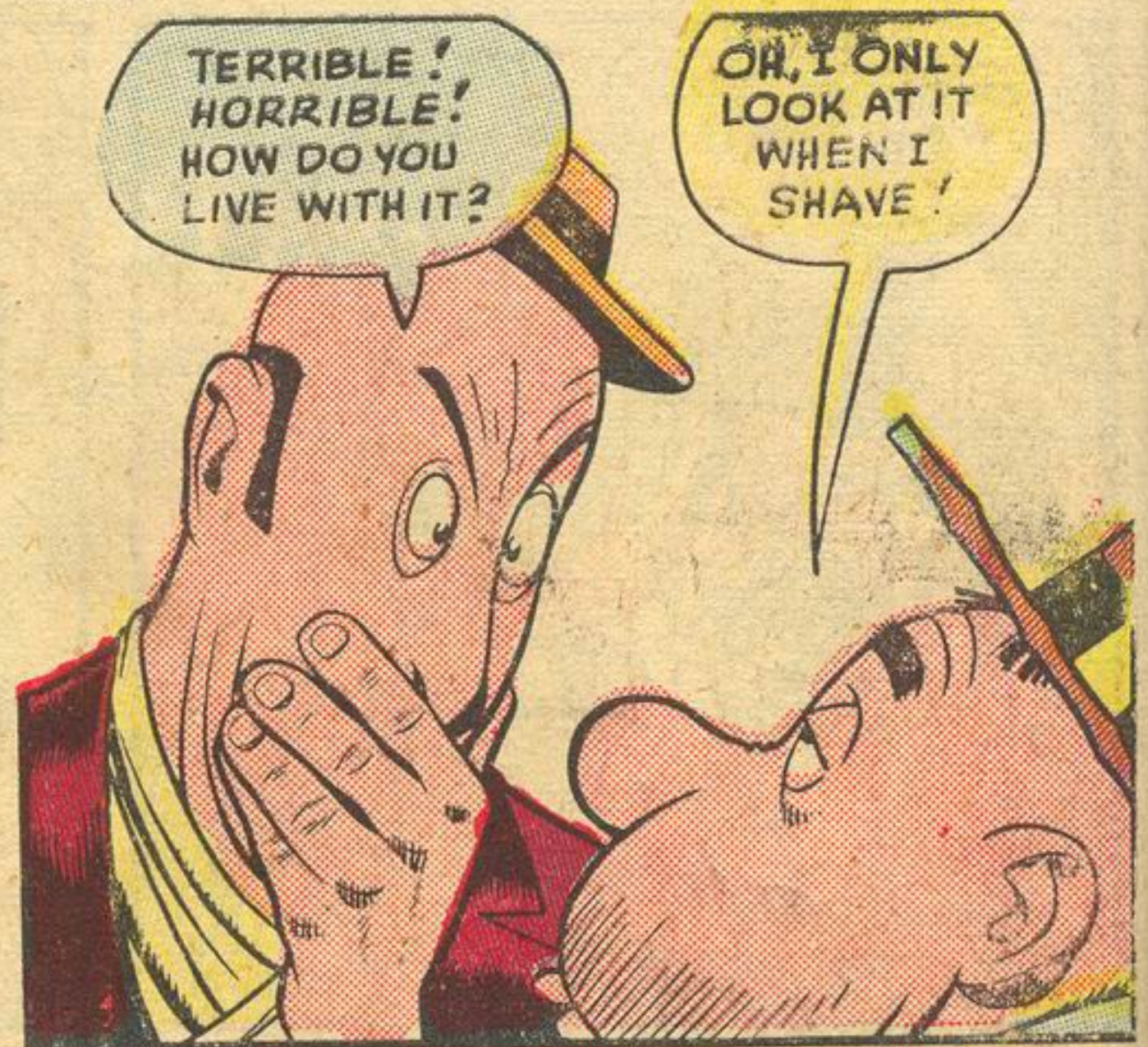
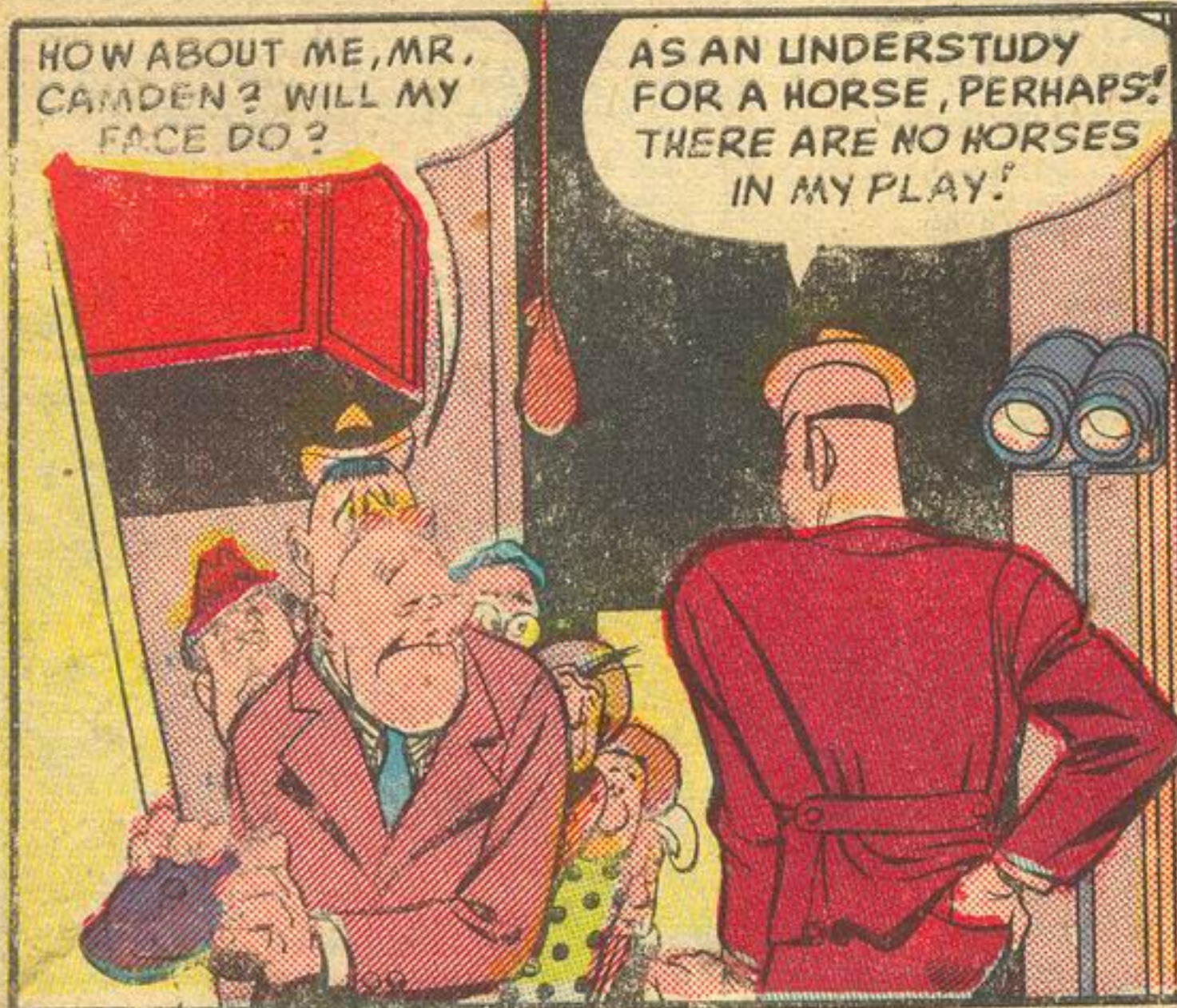


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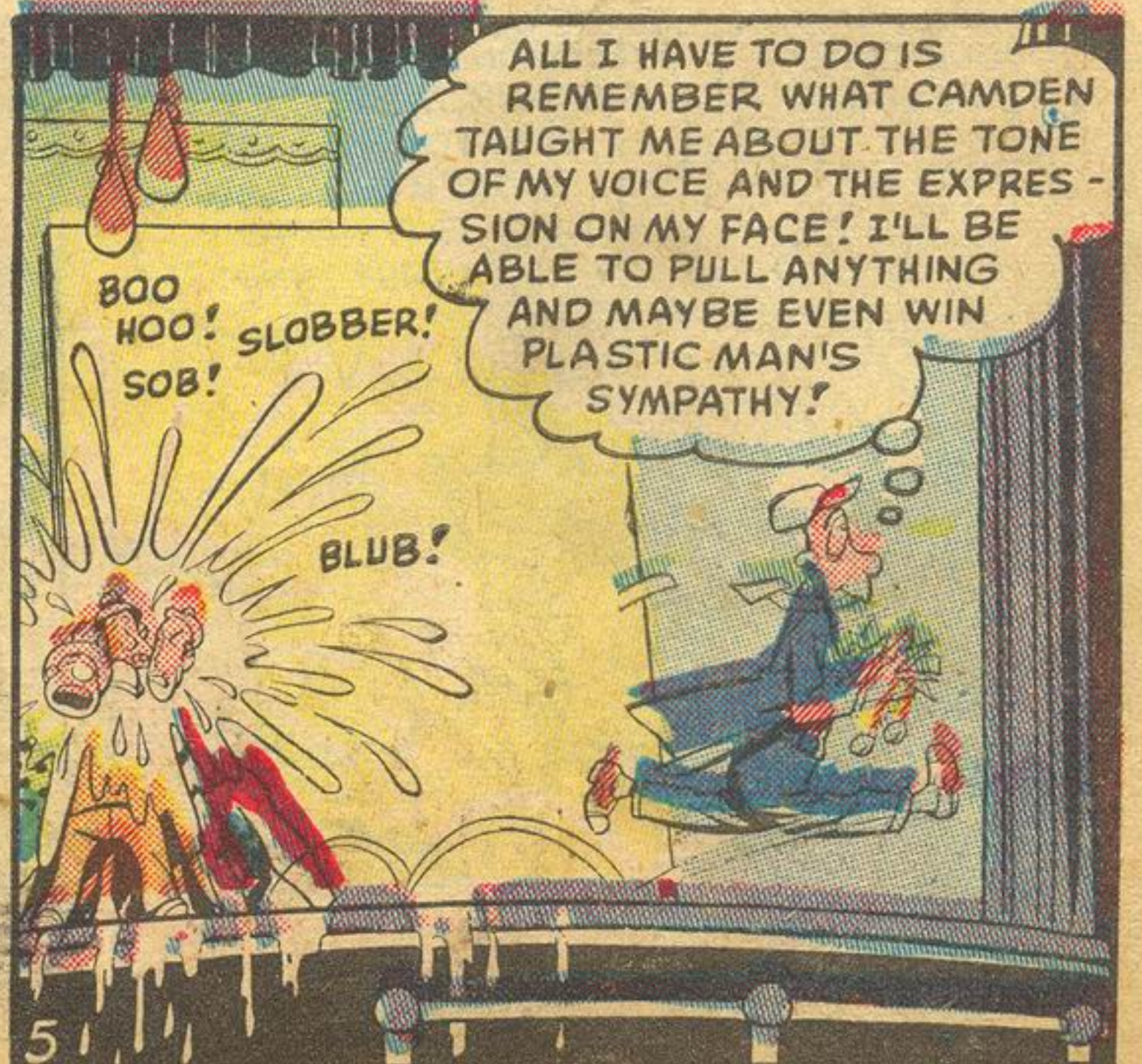
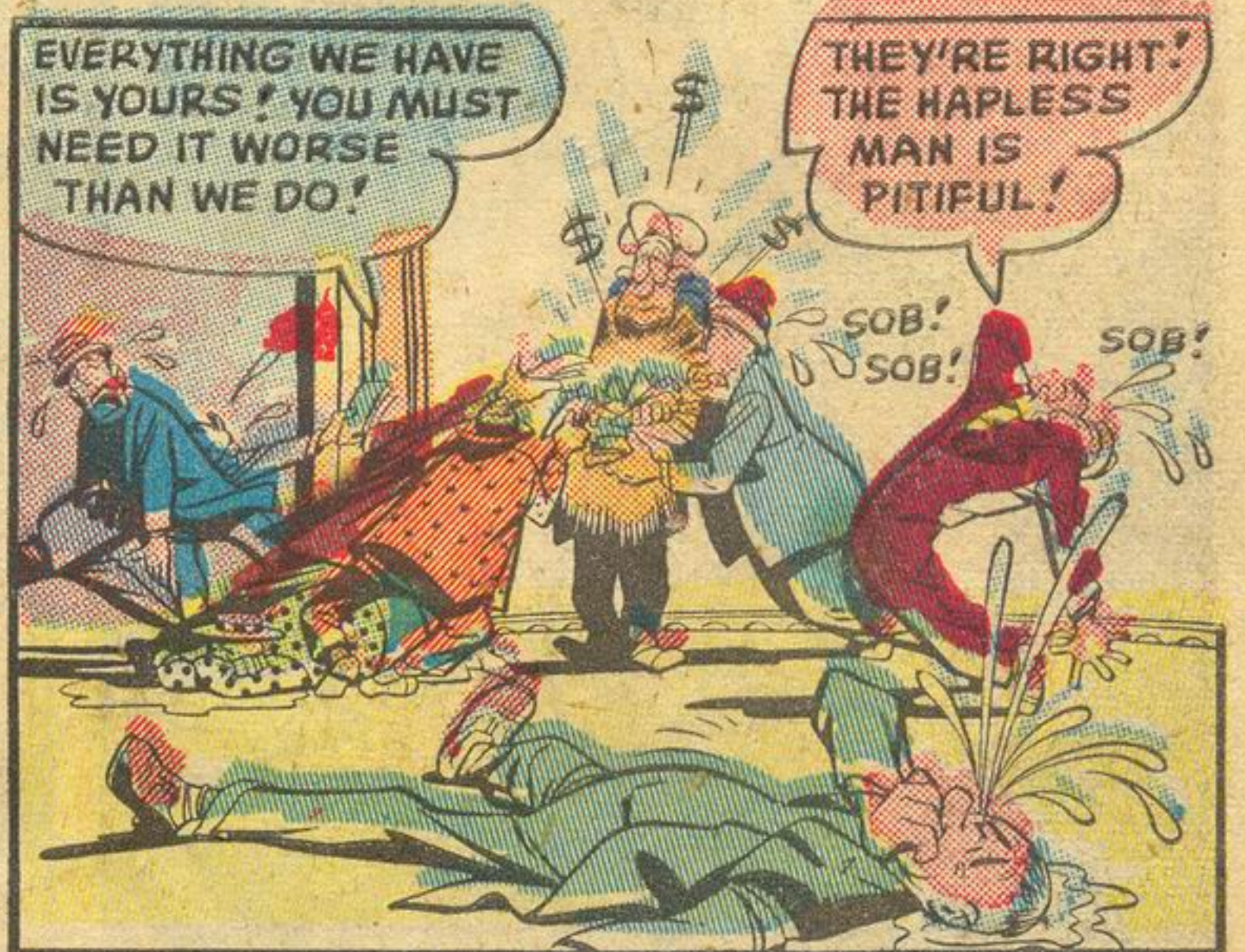
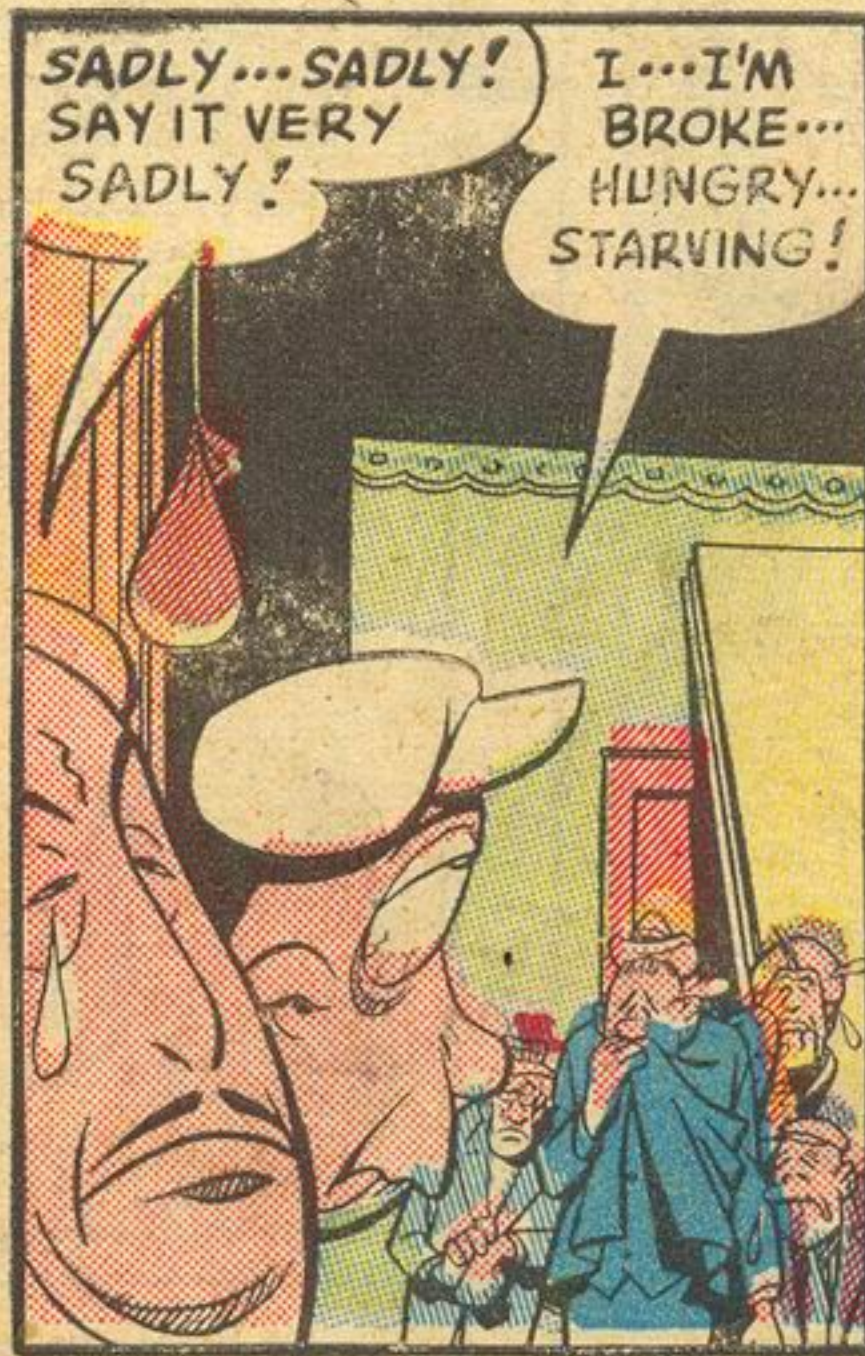


IT'S BAD, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT ISN'T SAD!

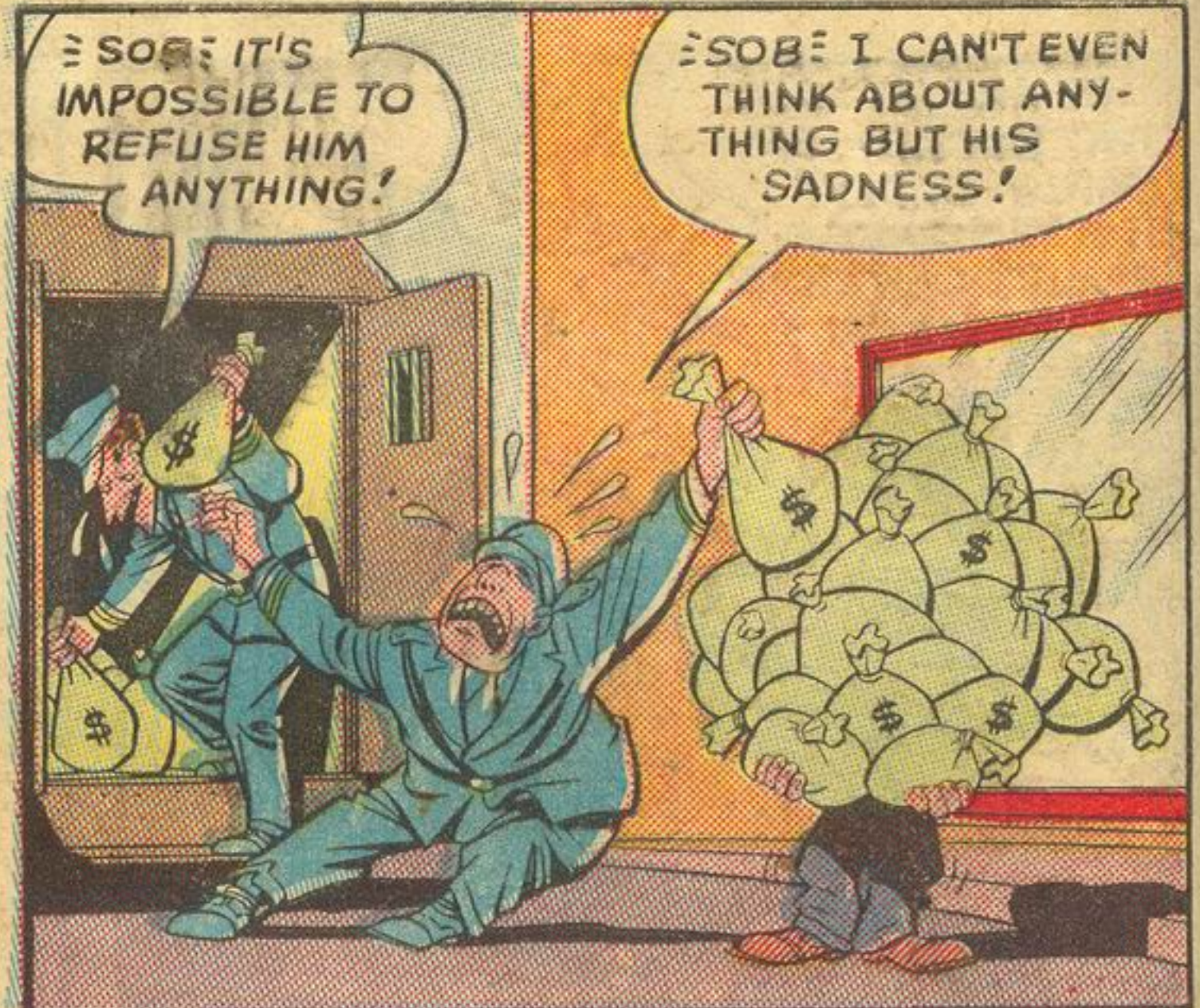
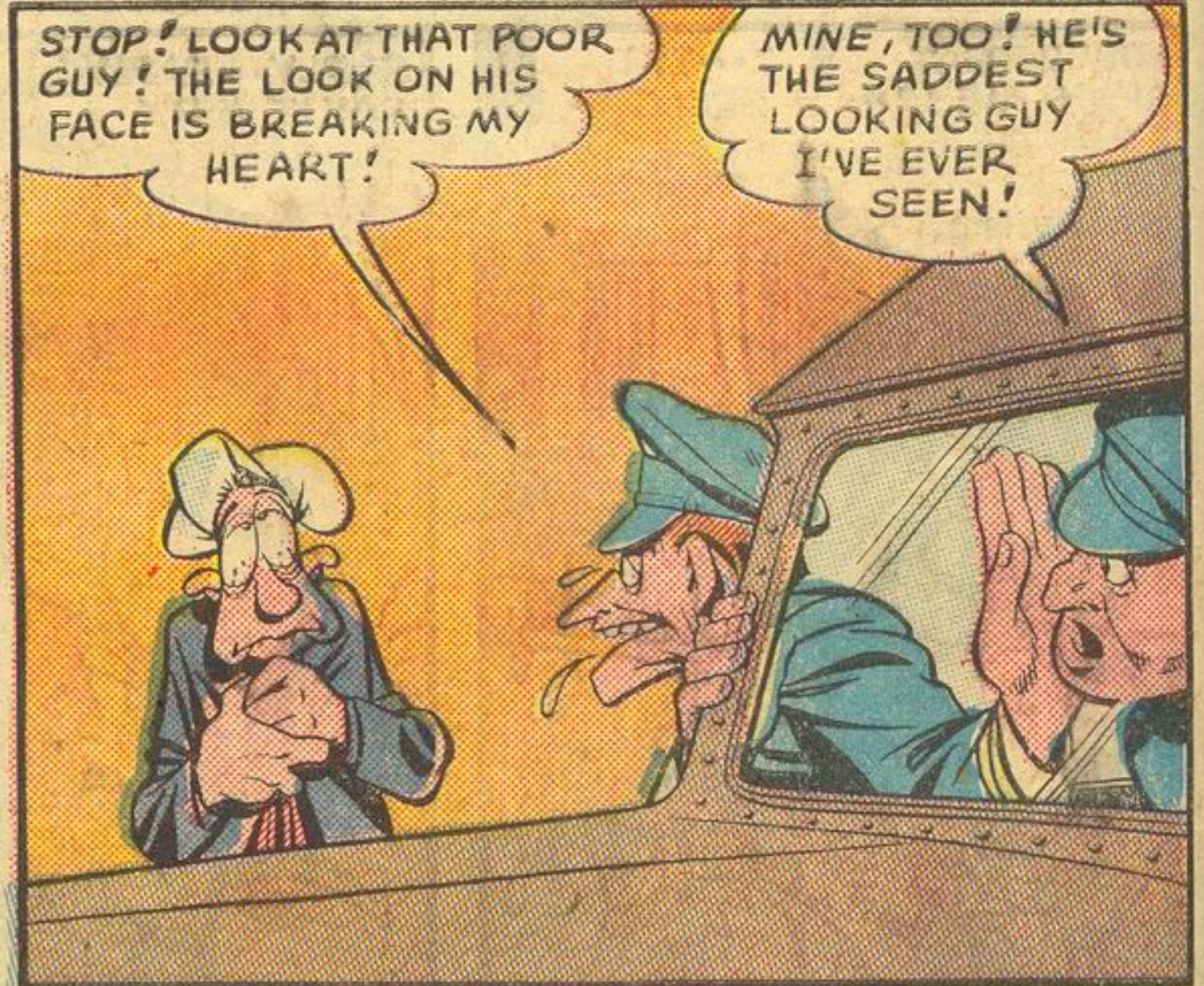
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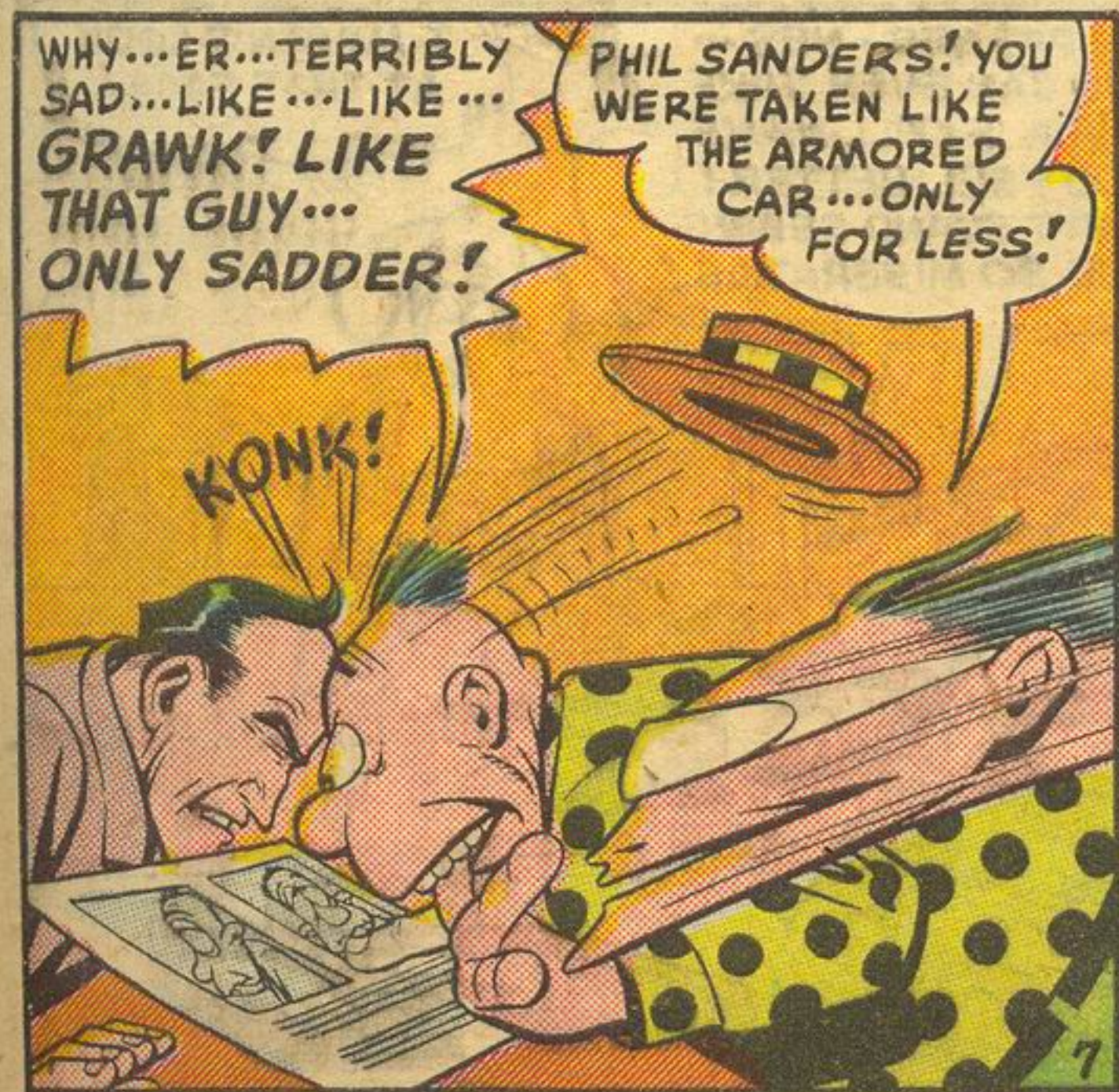
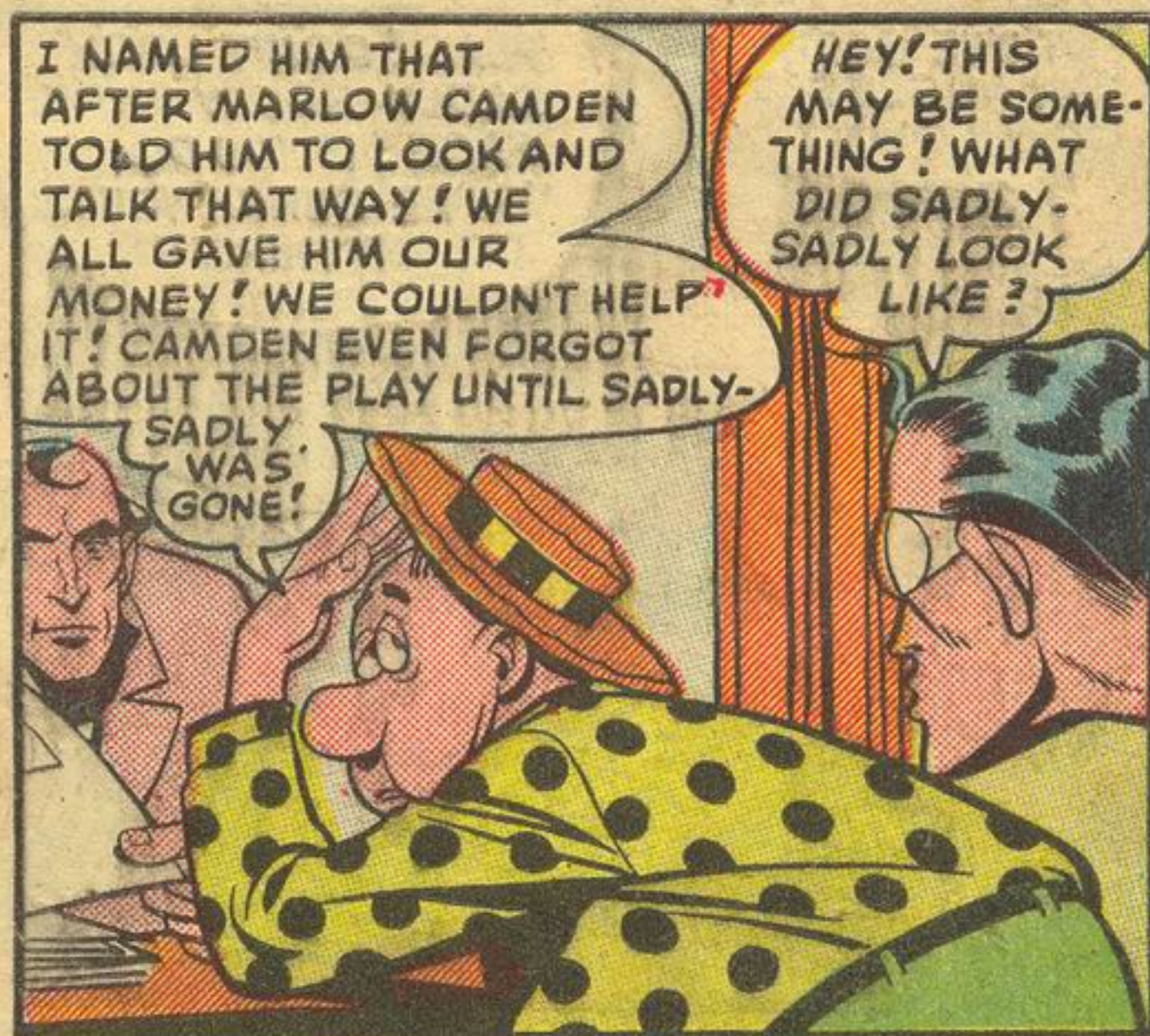
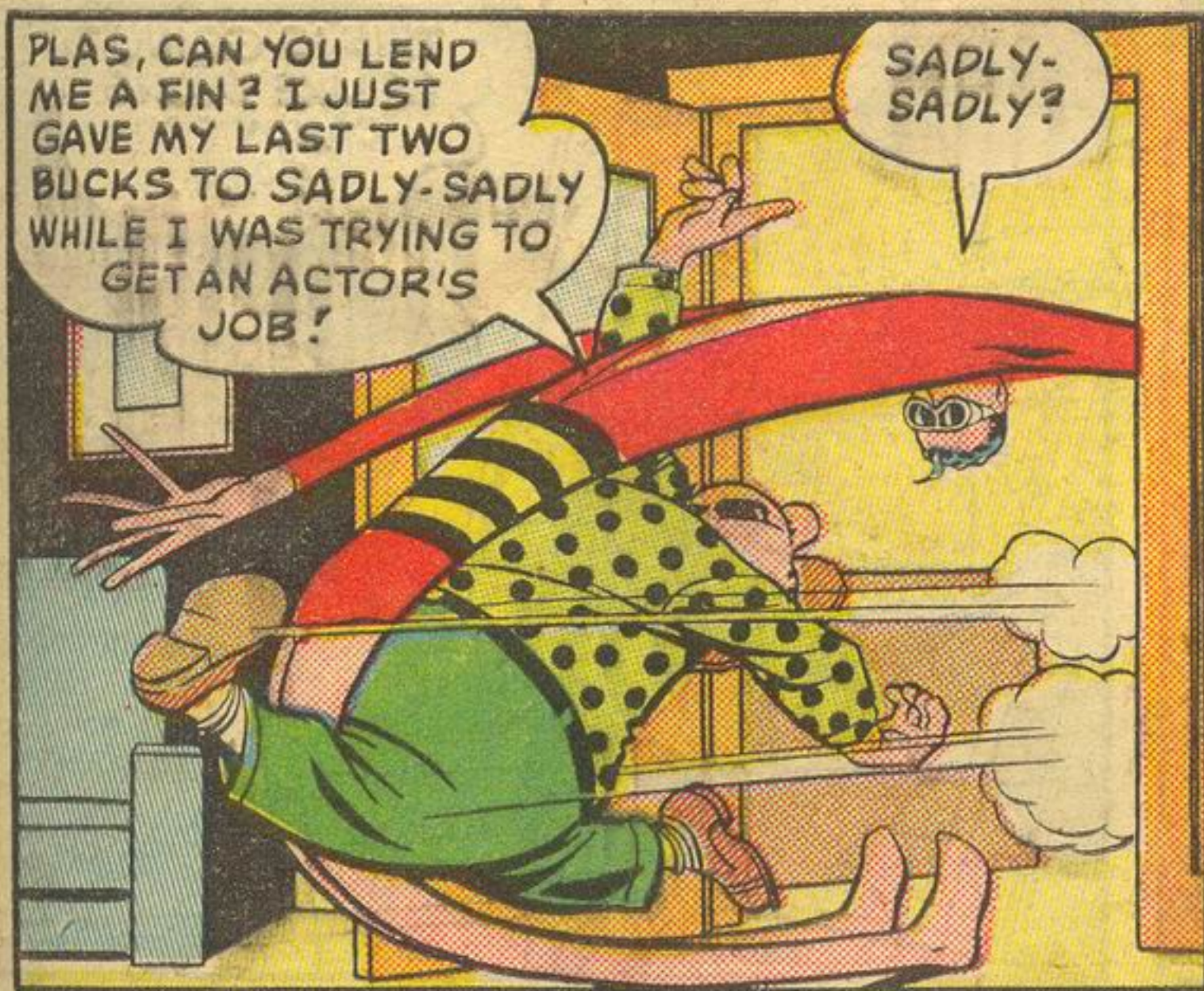
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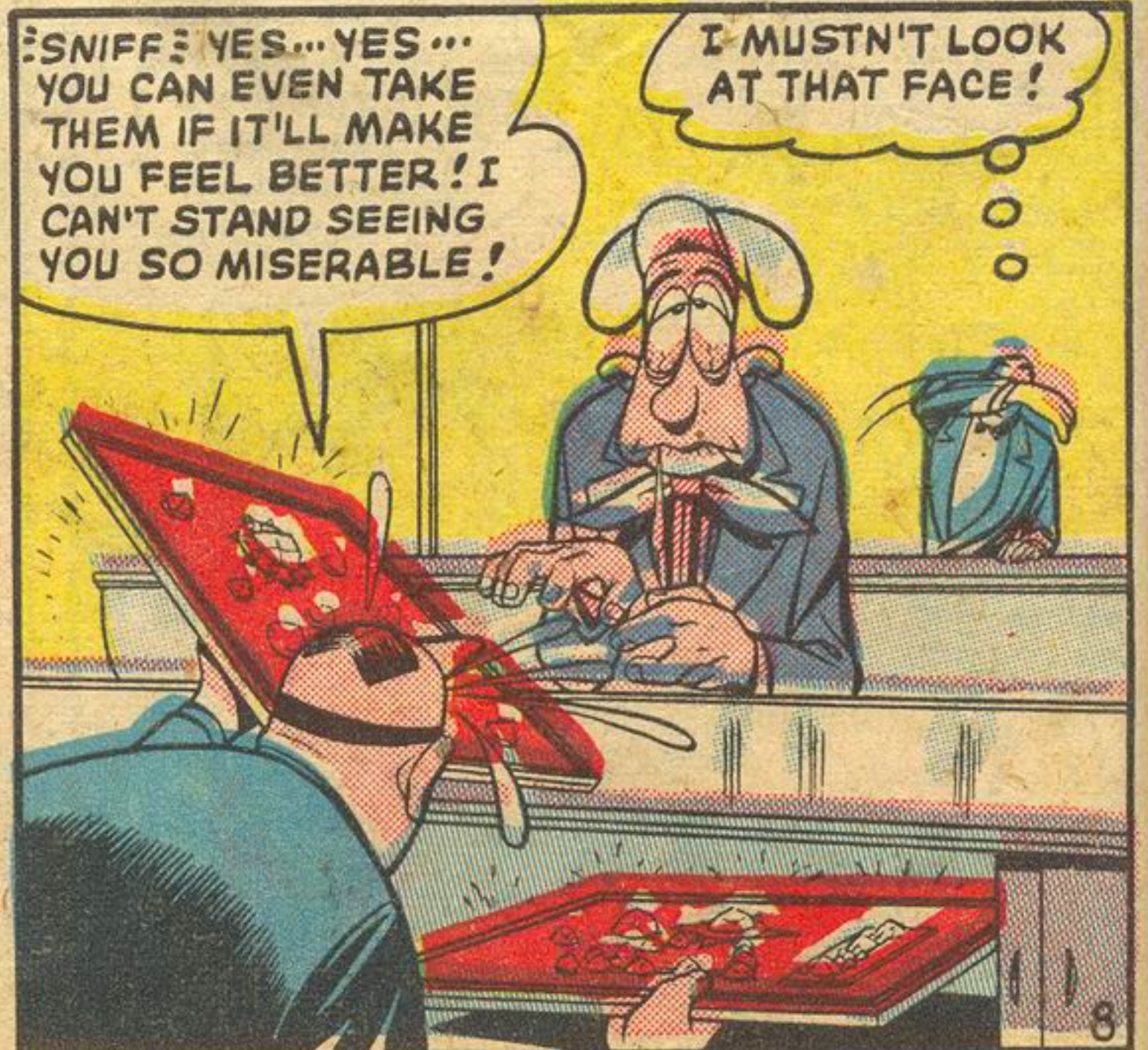
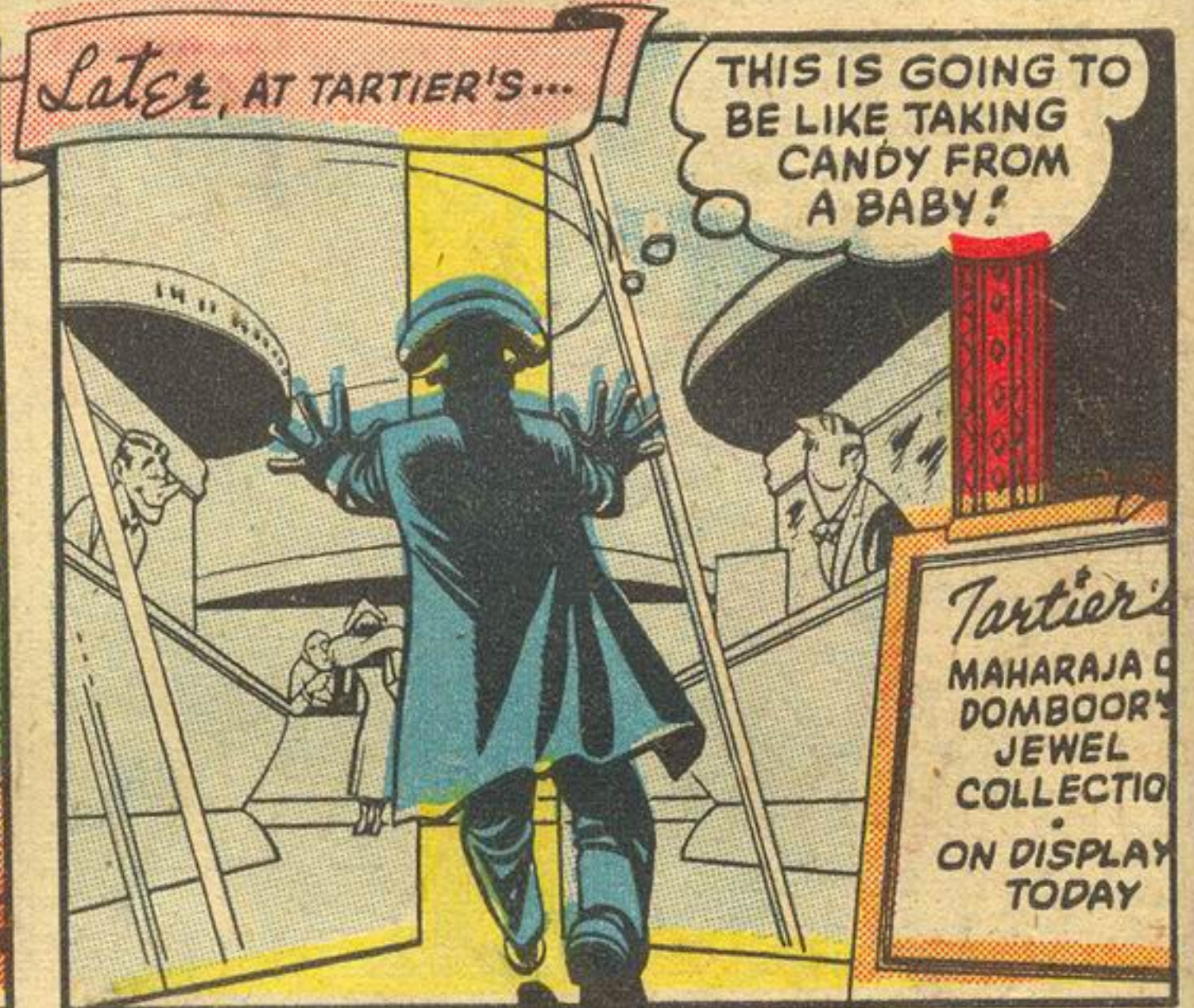
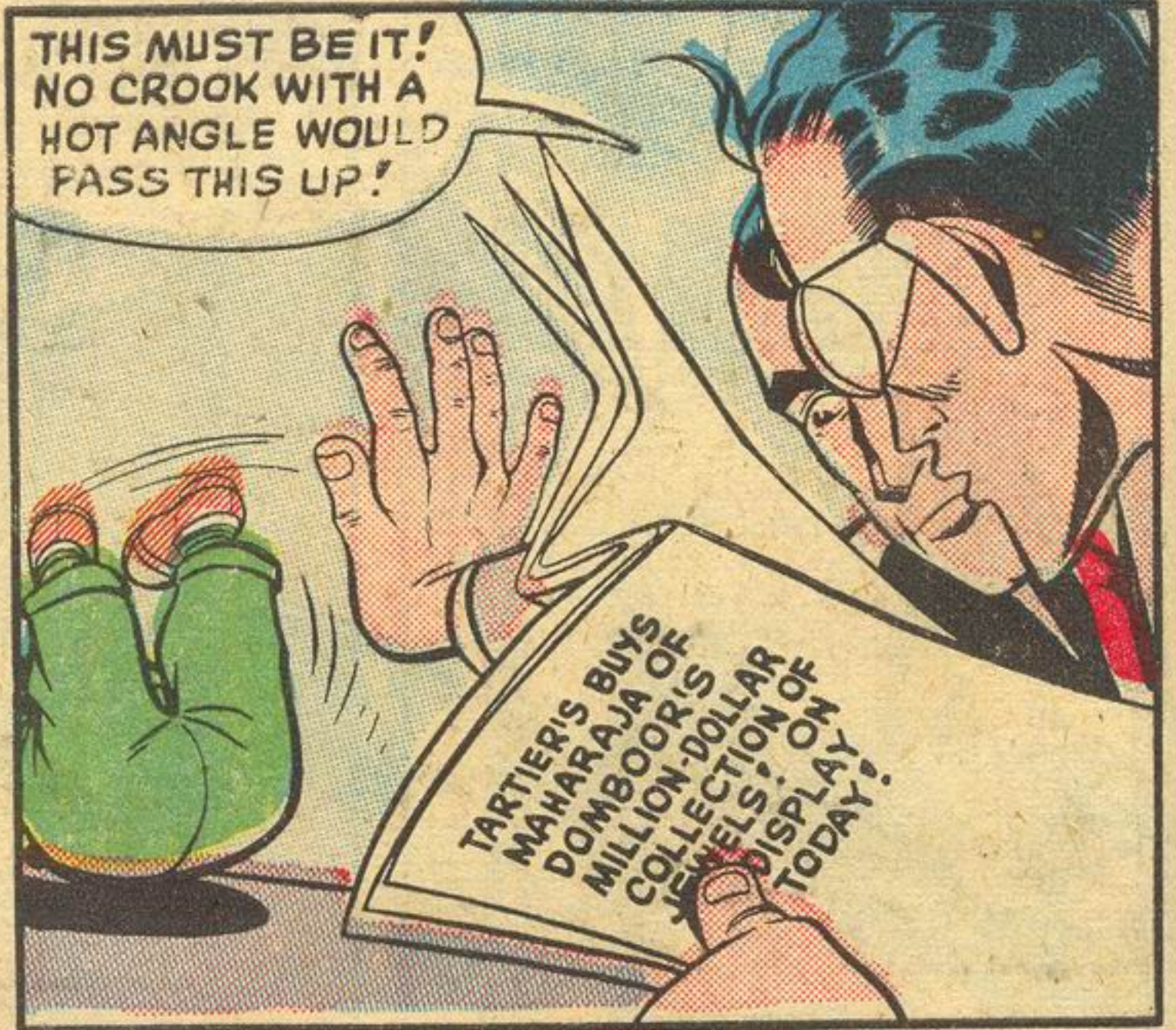
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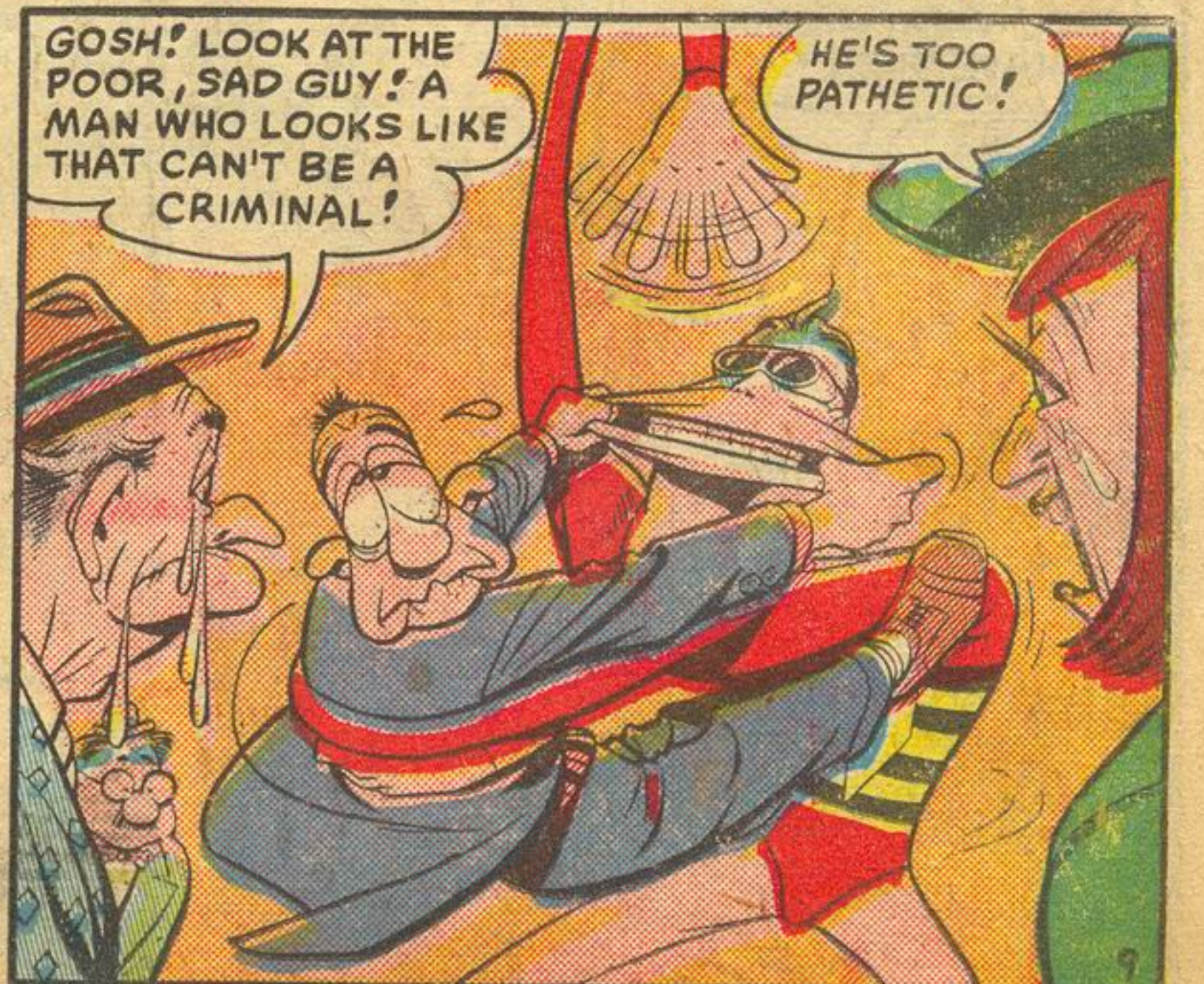
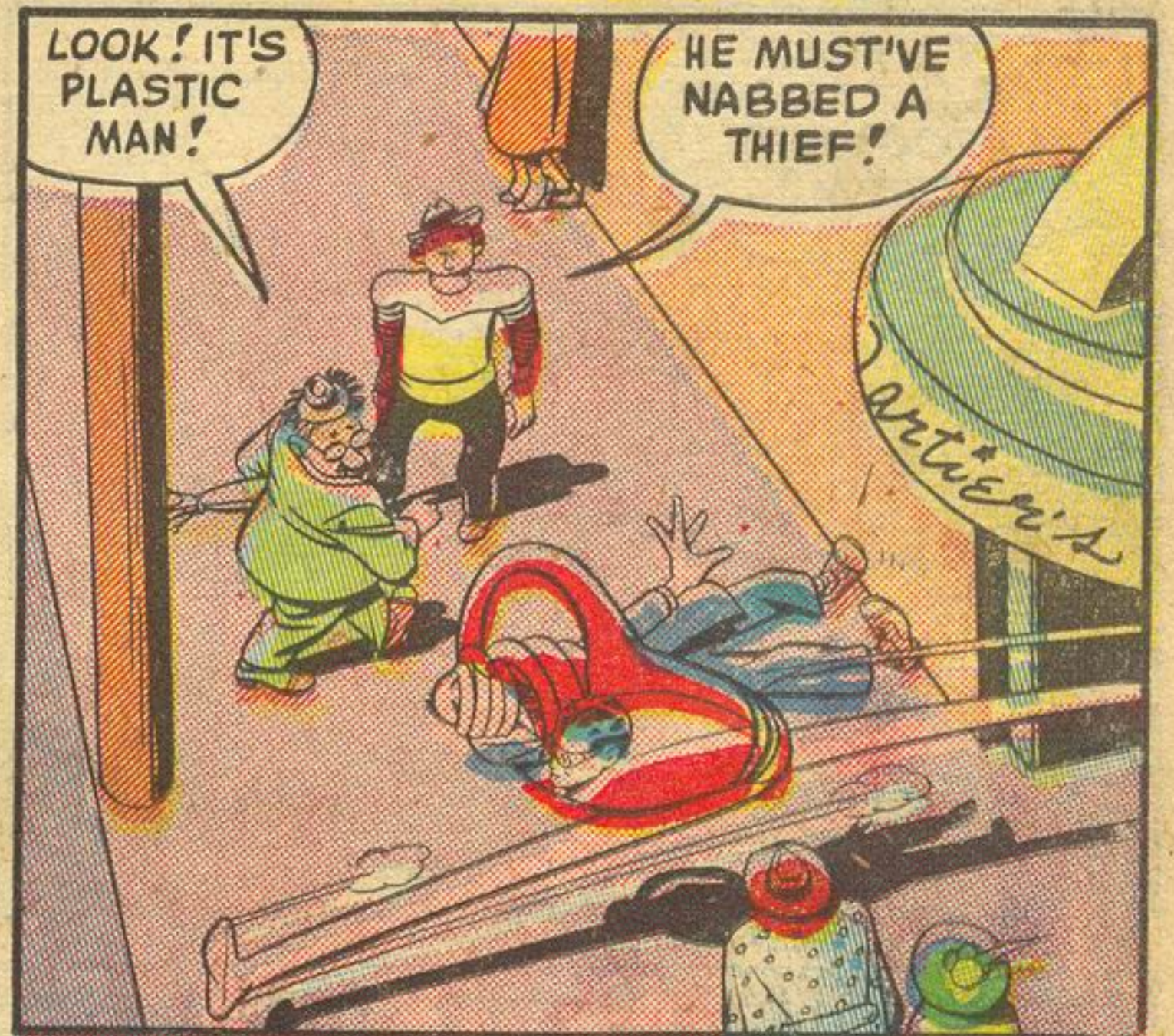
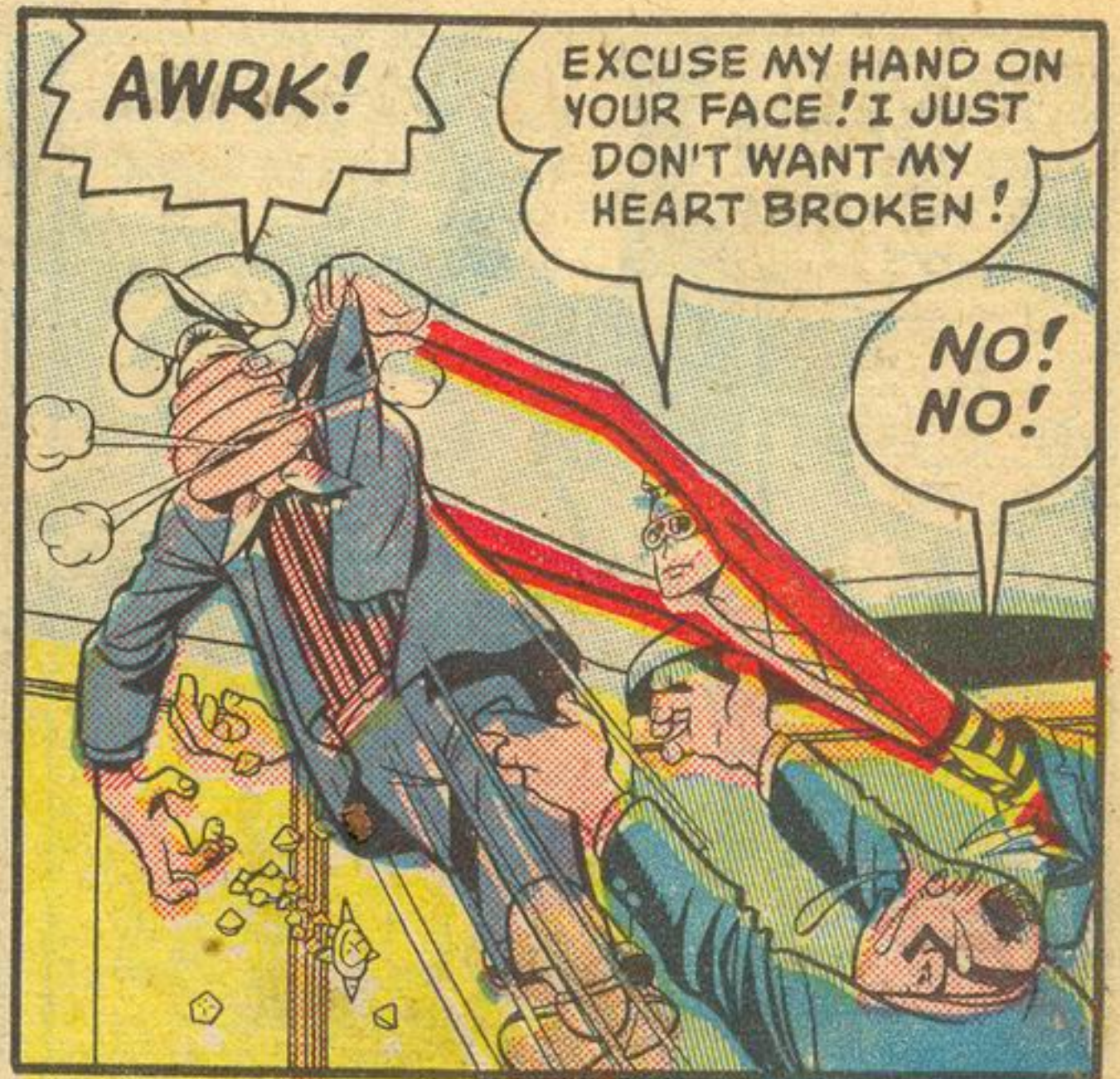
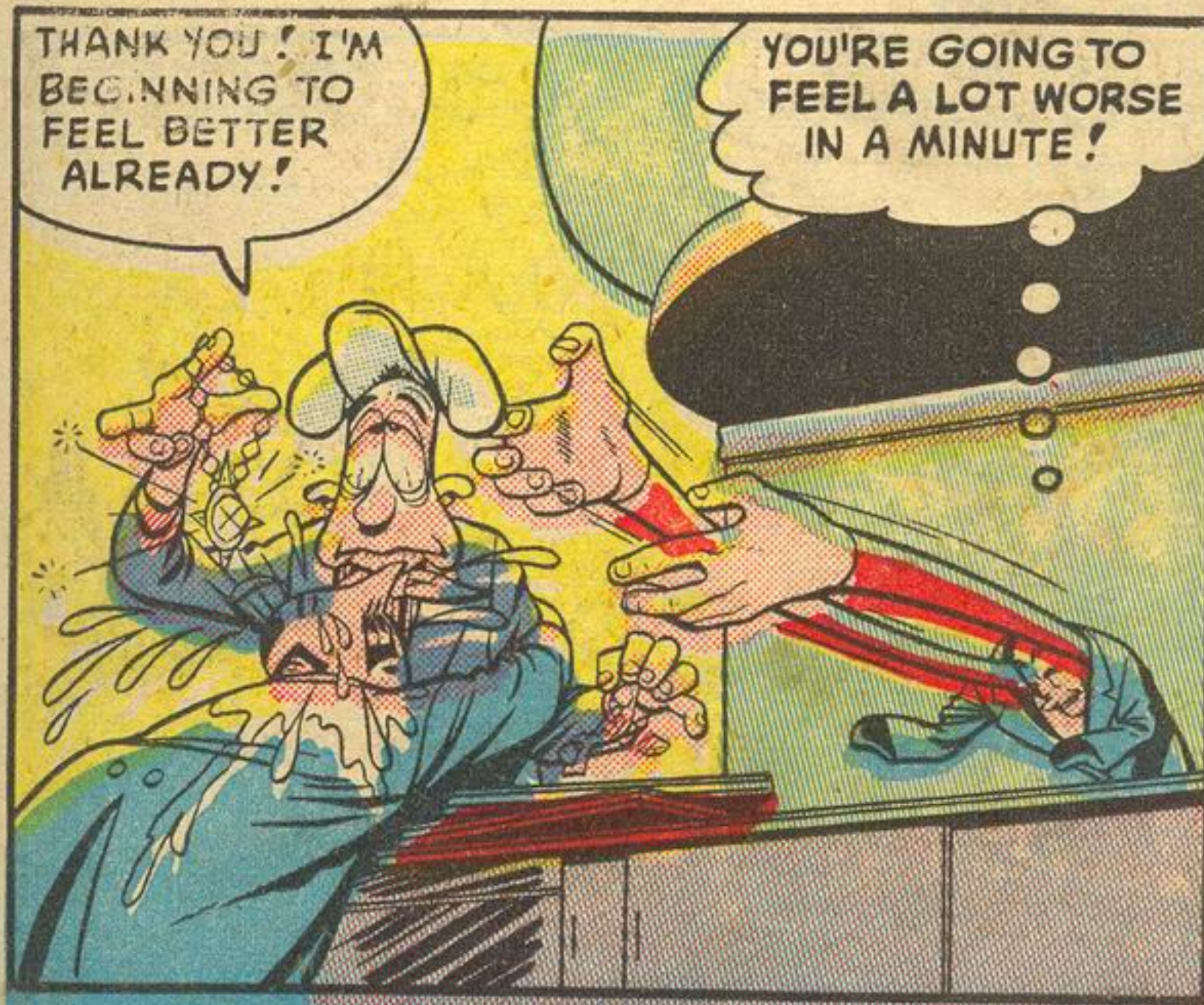
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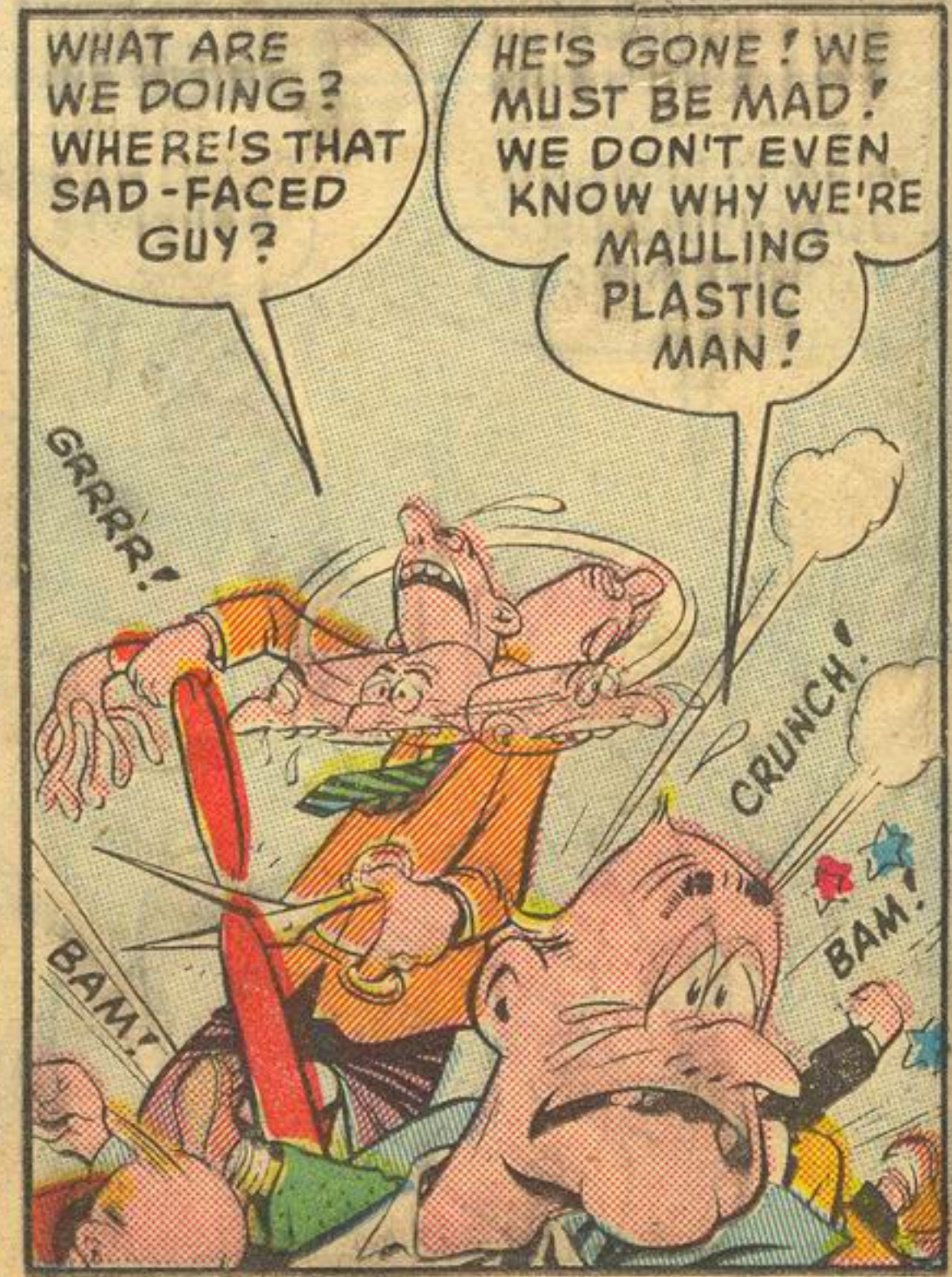
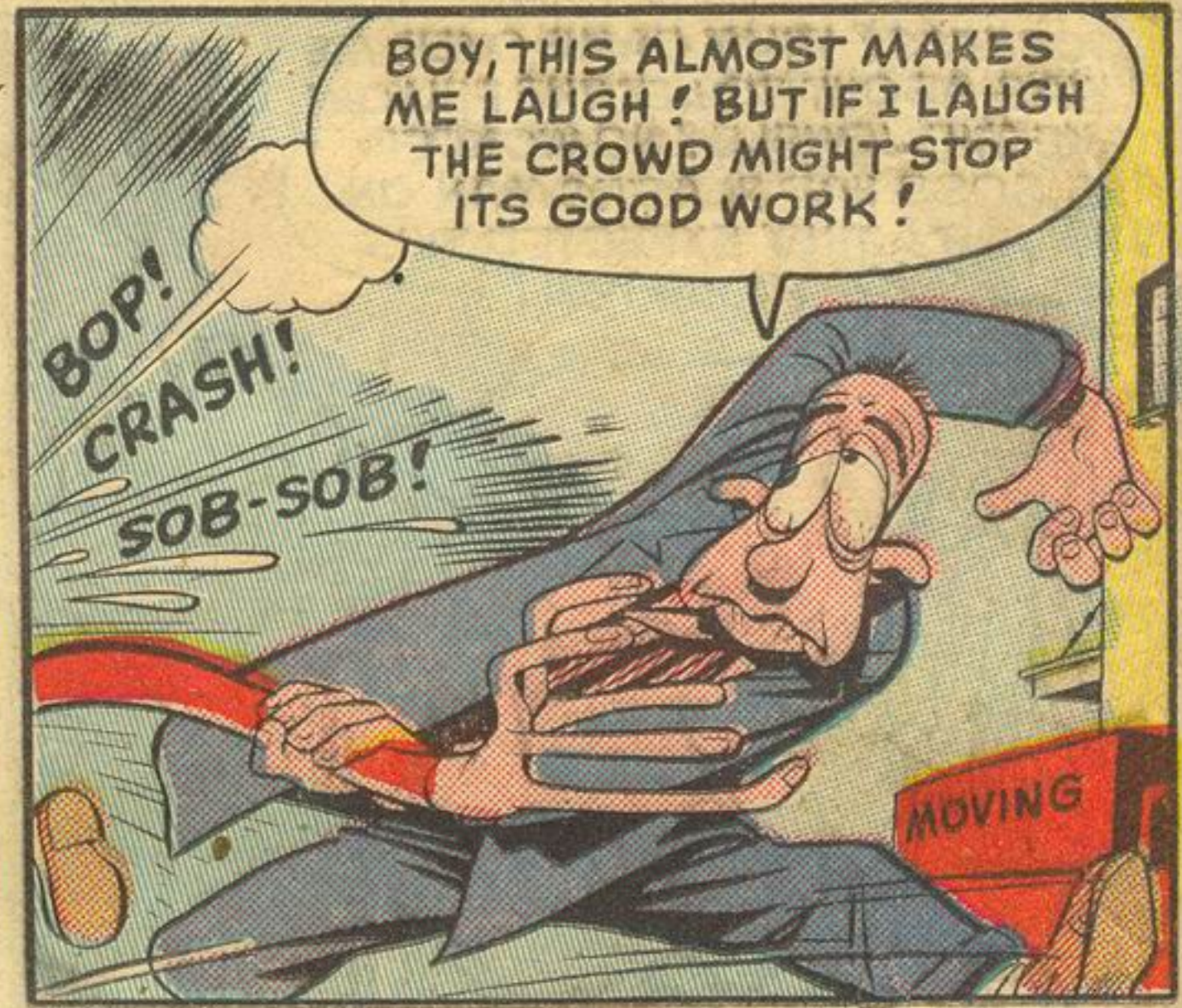
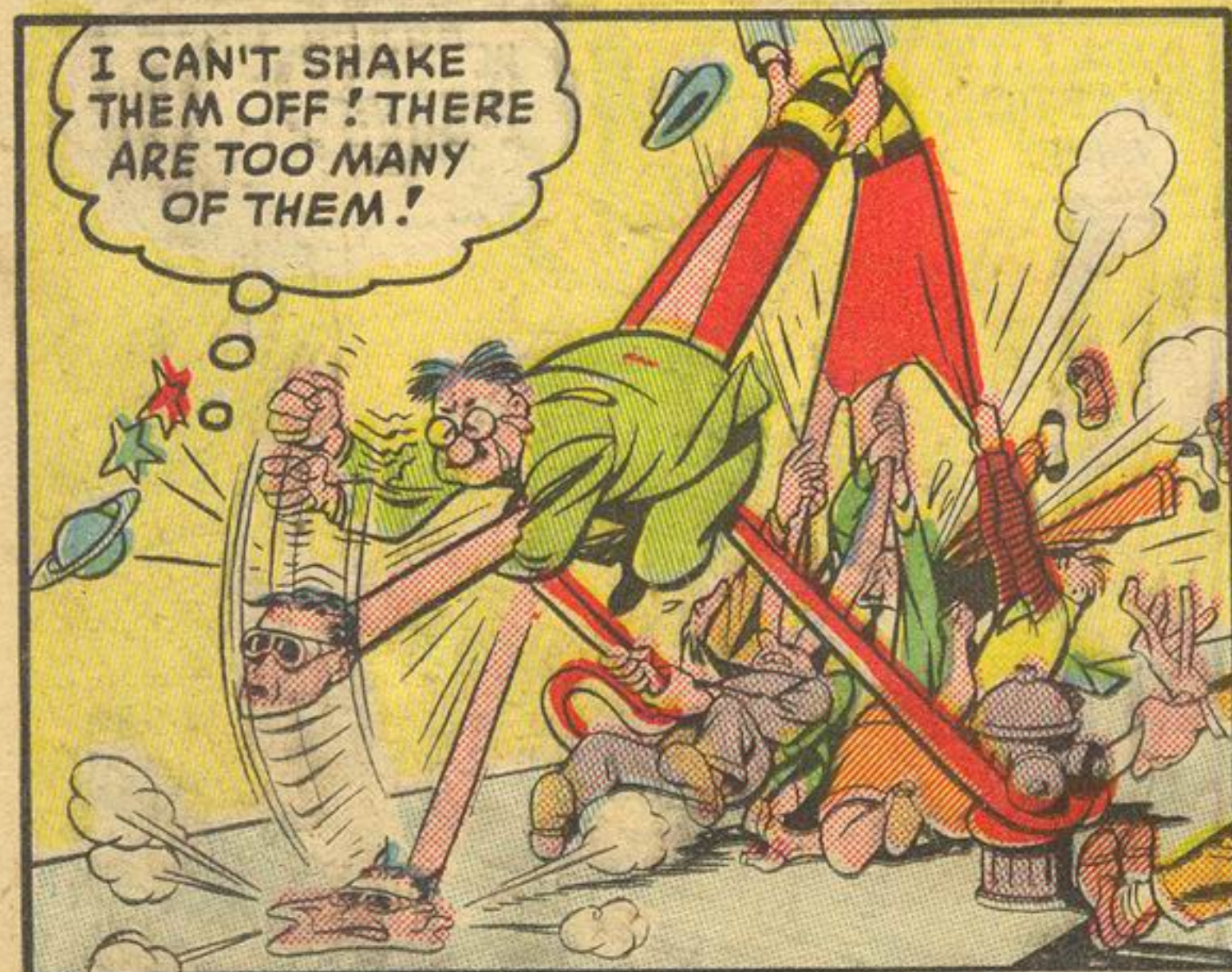
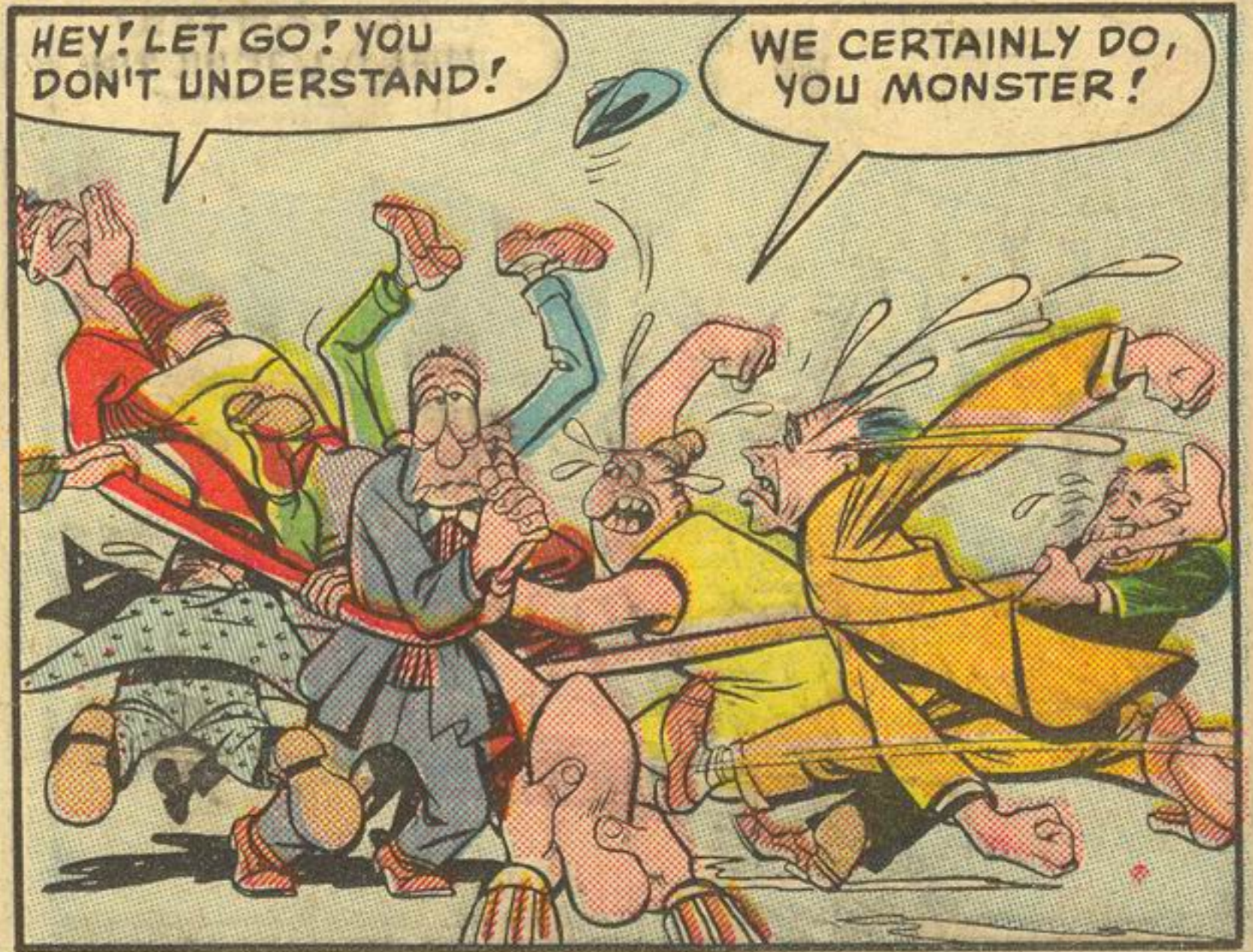
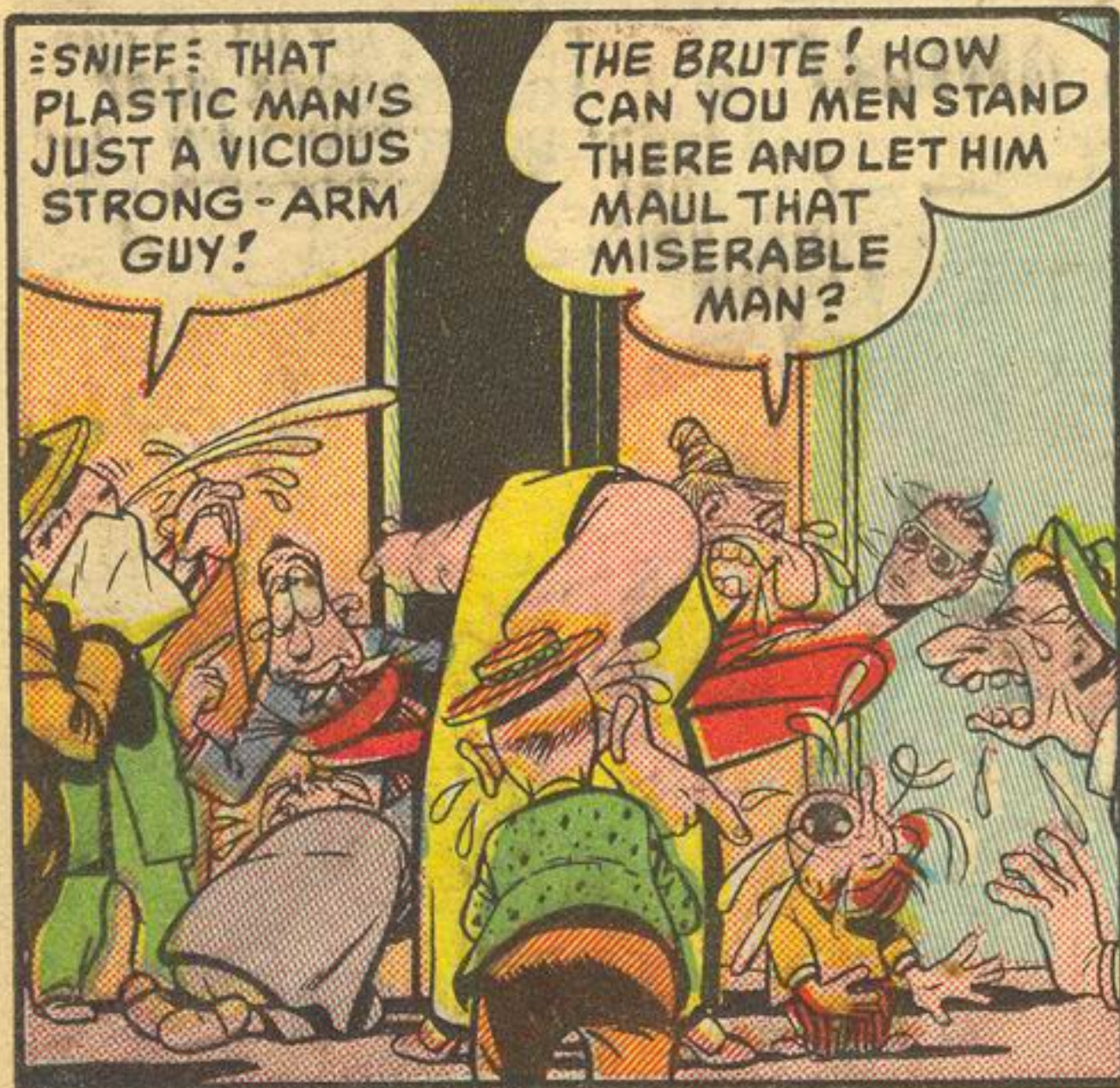
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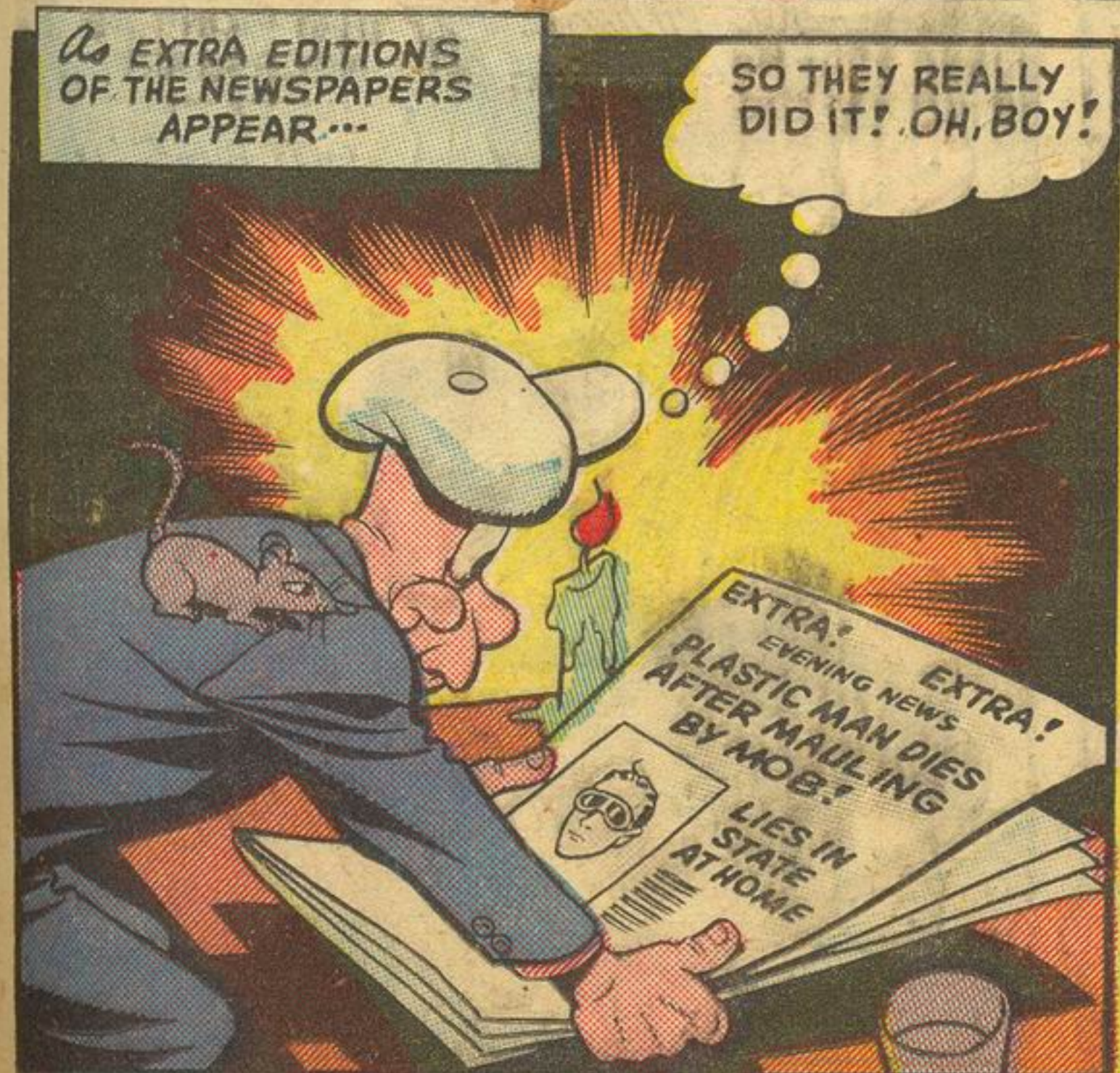
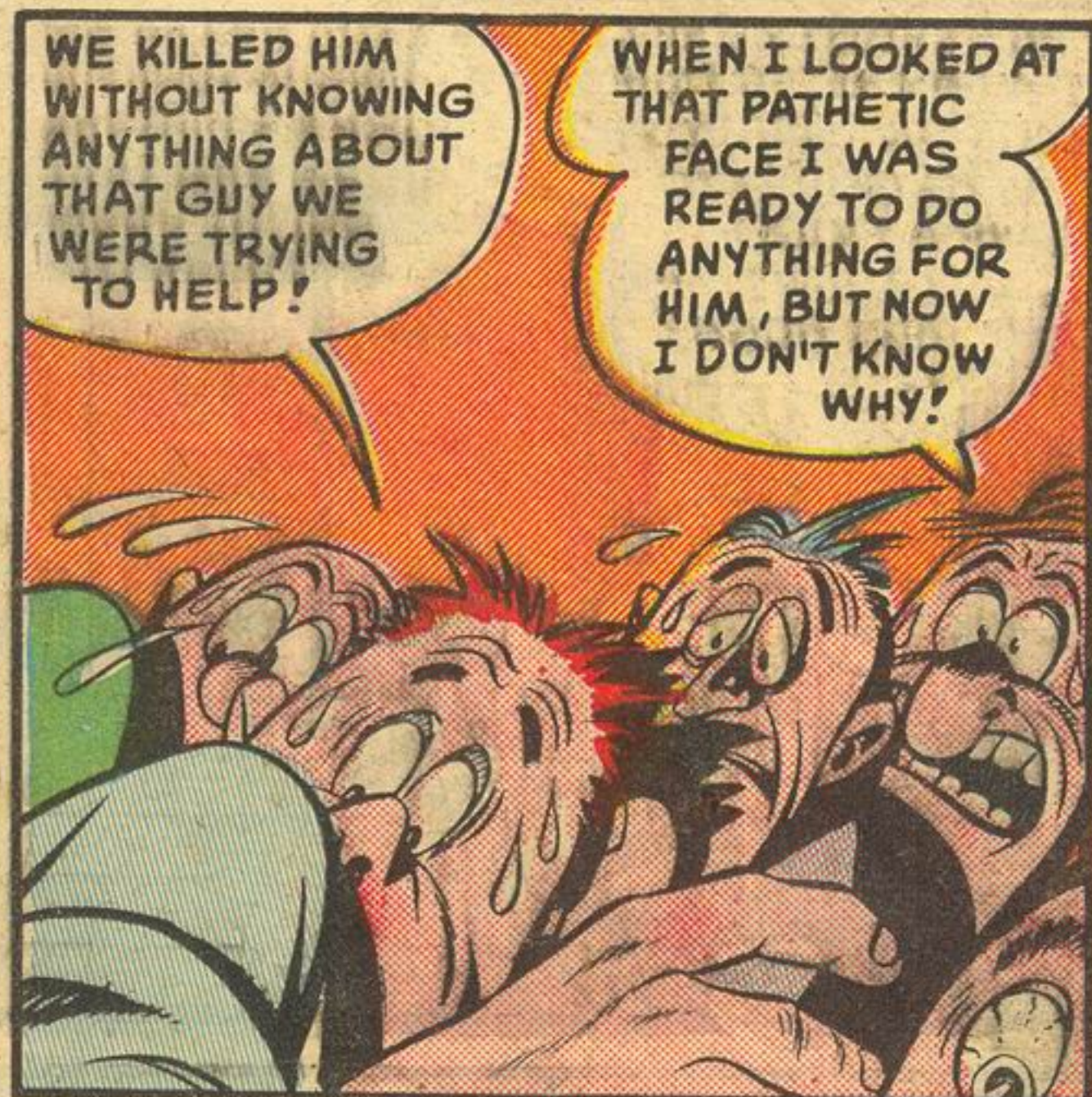
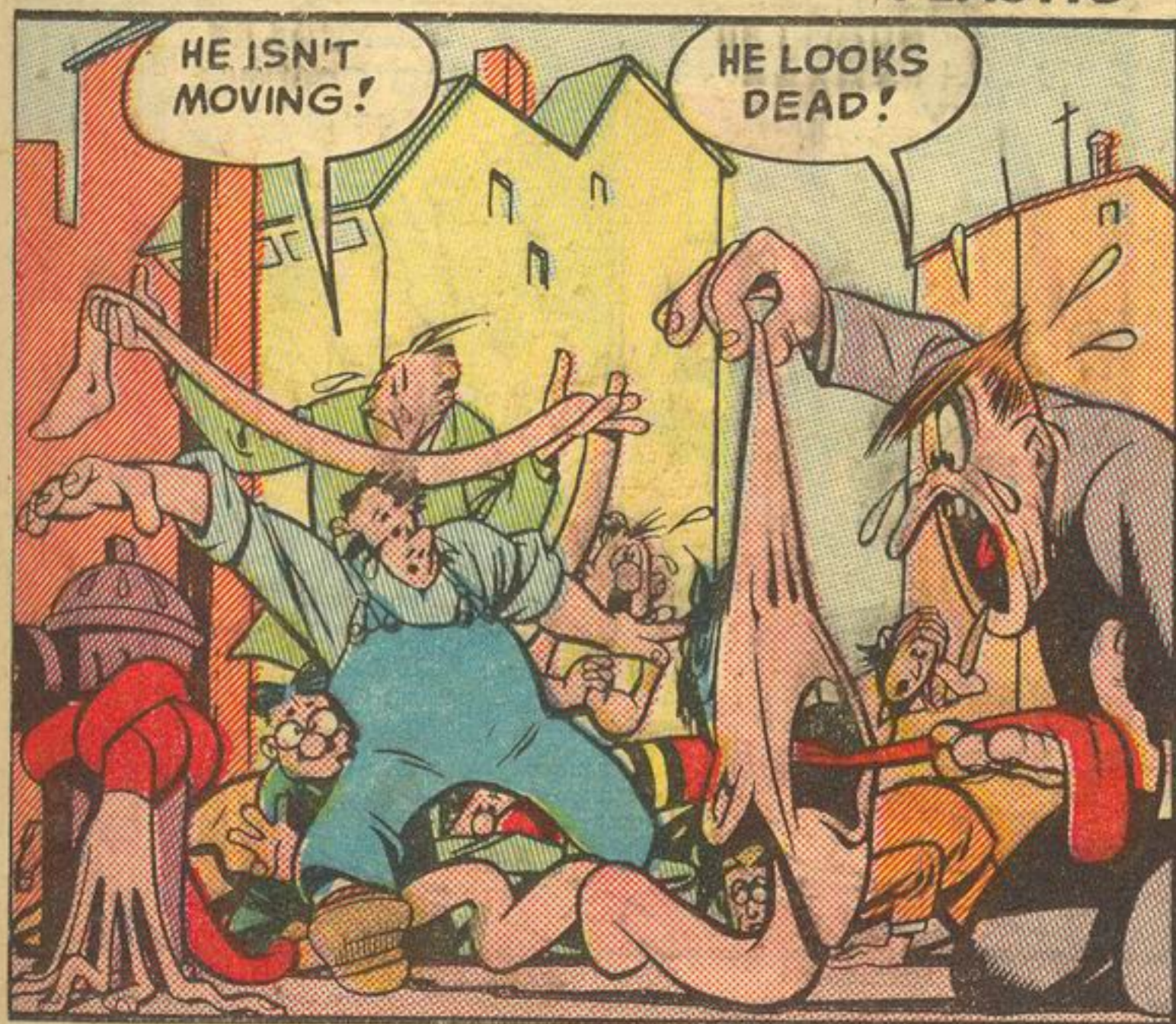
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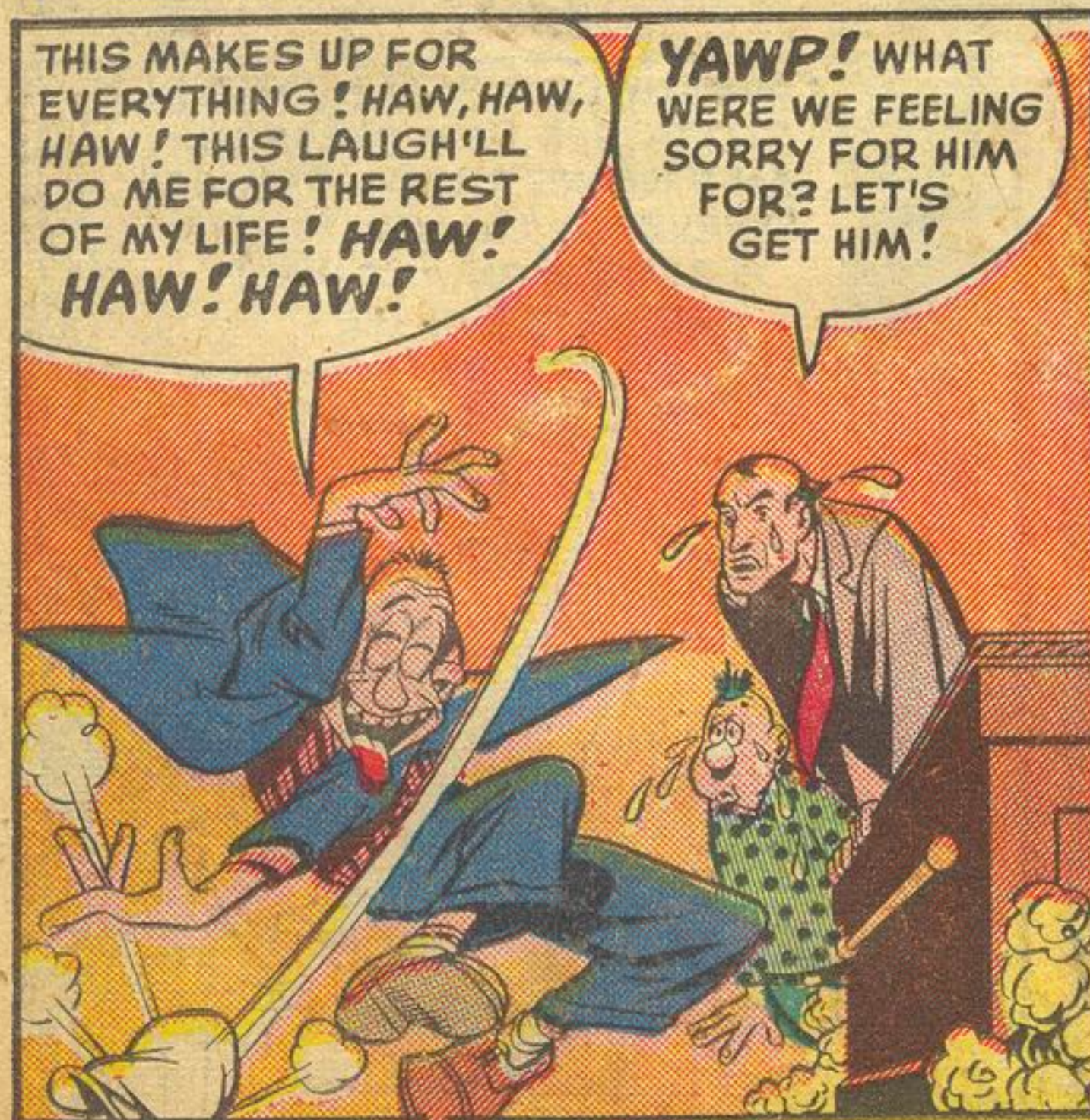
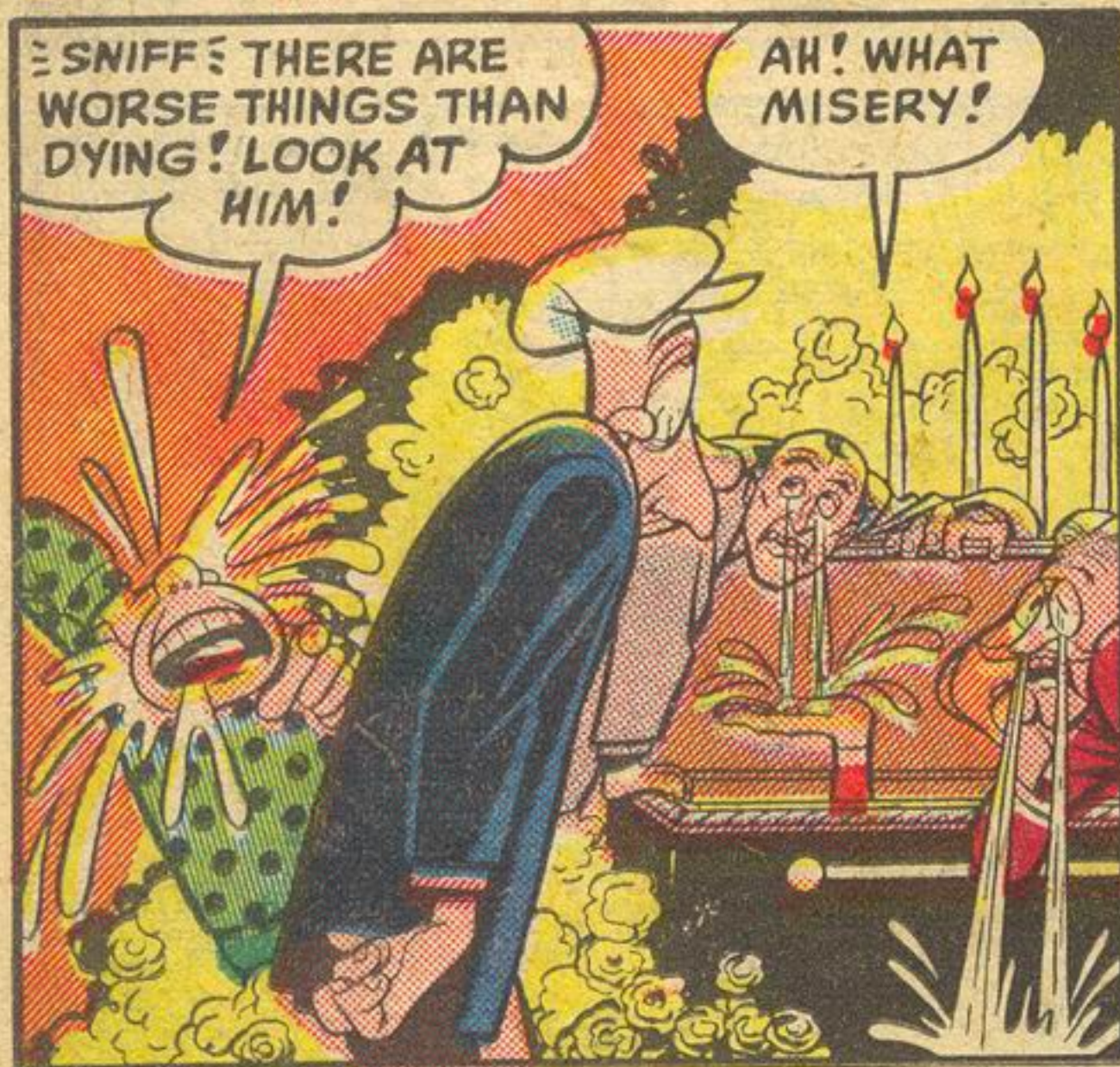
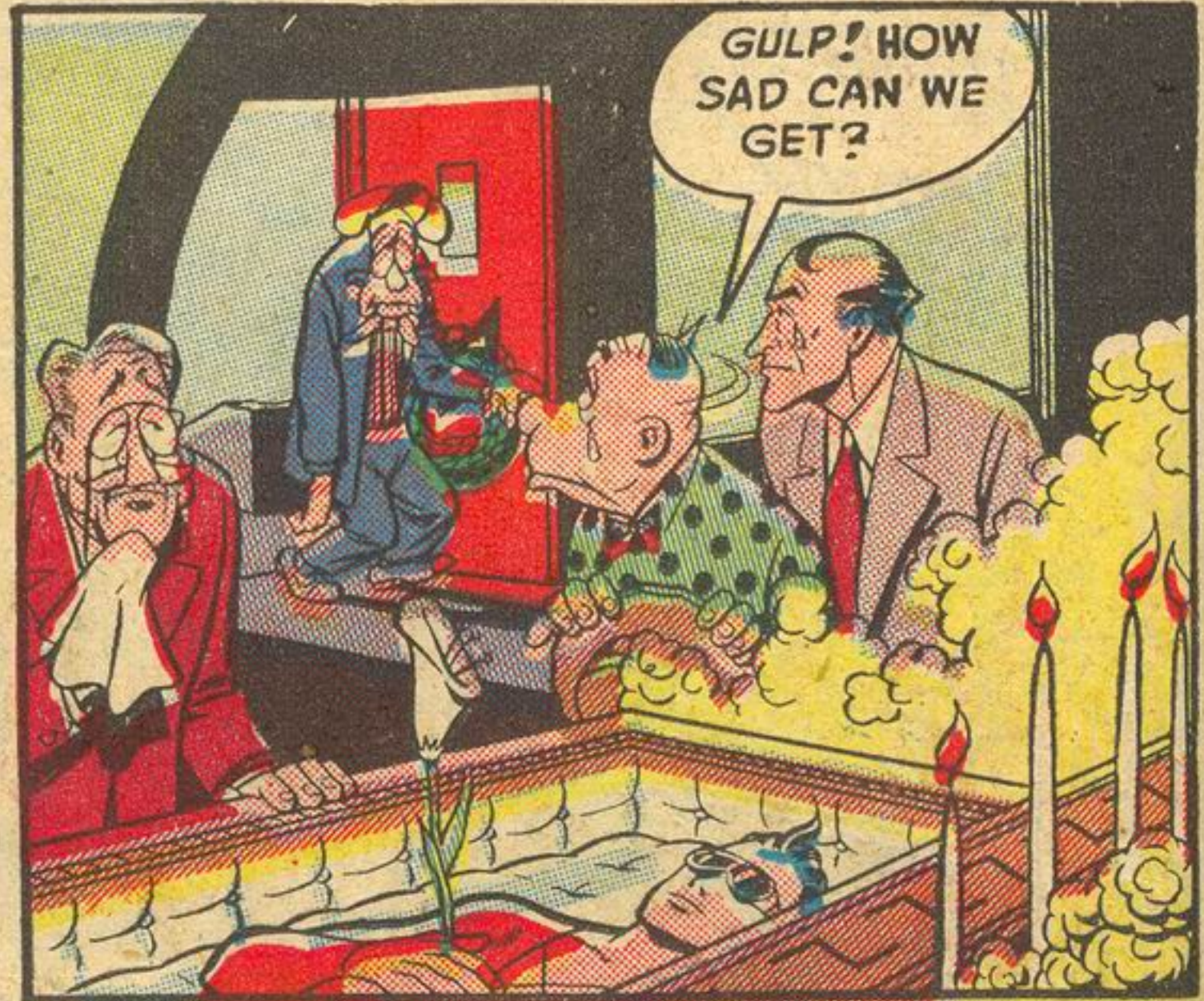
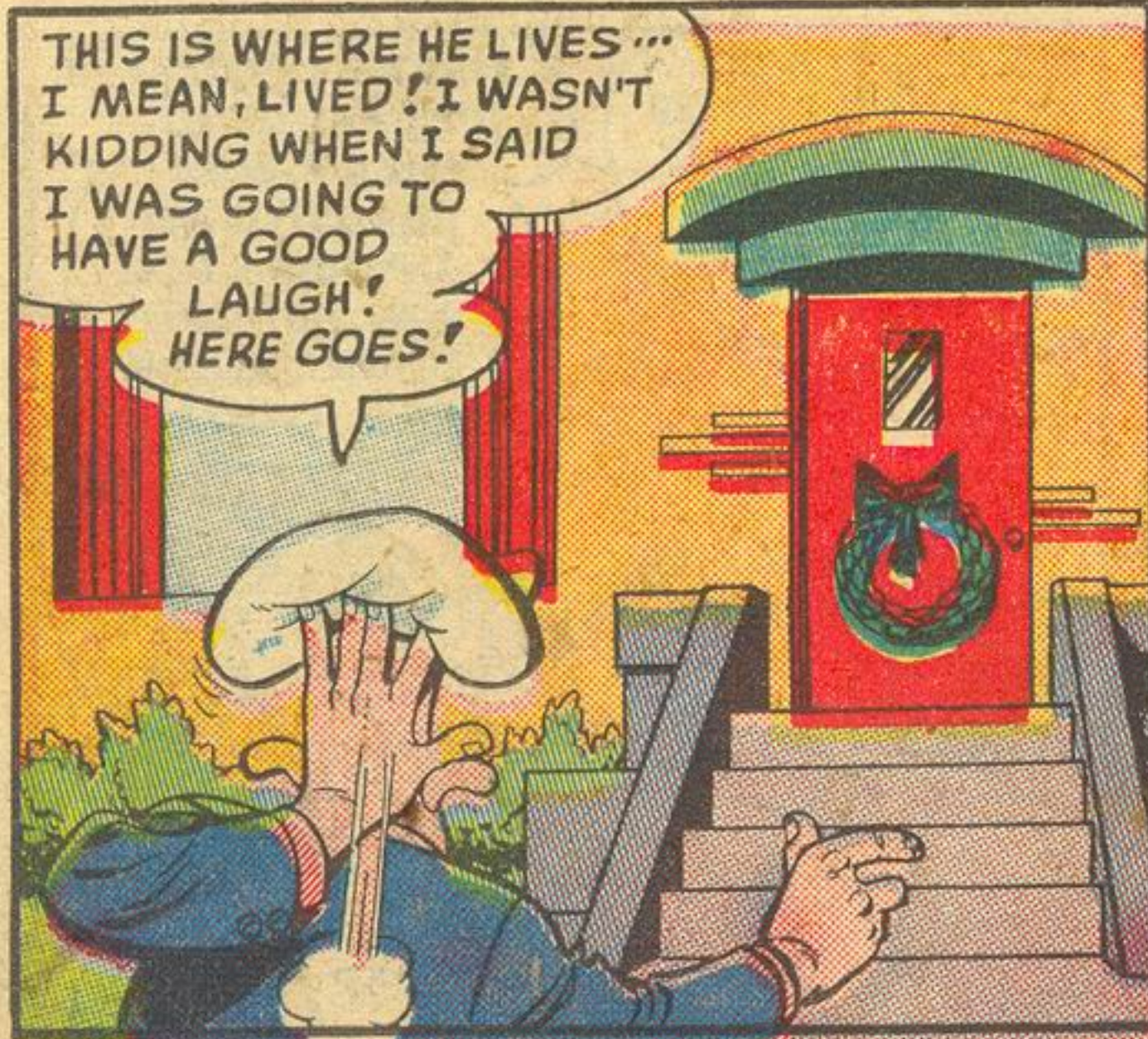
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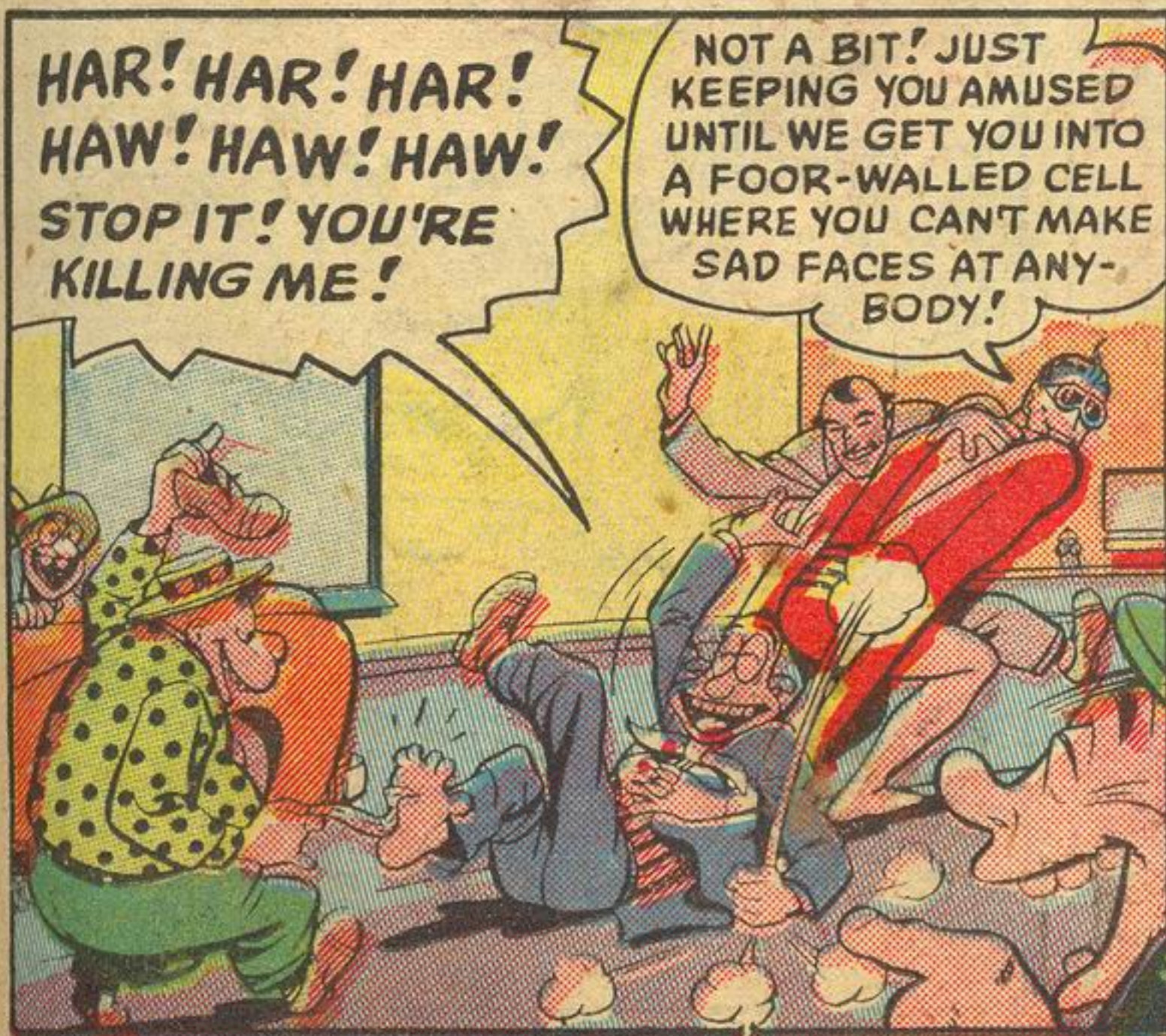
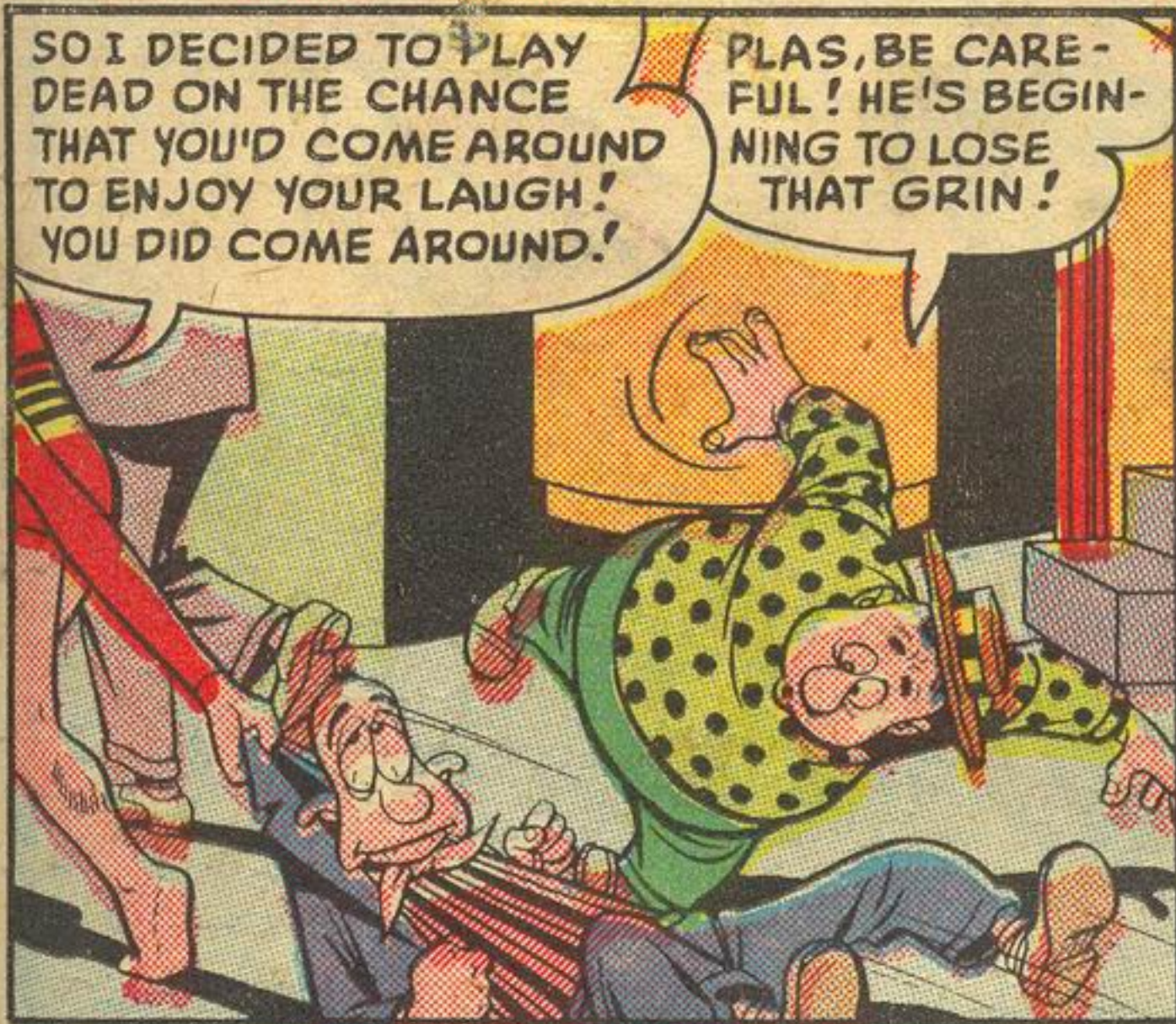
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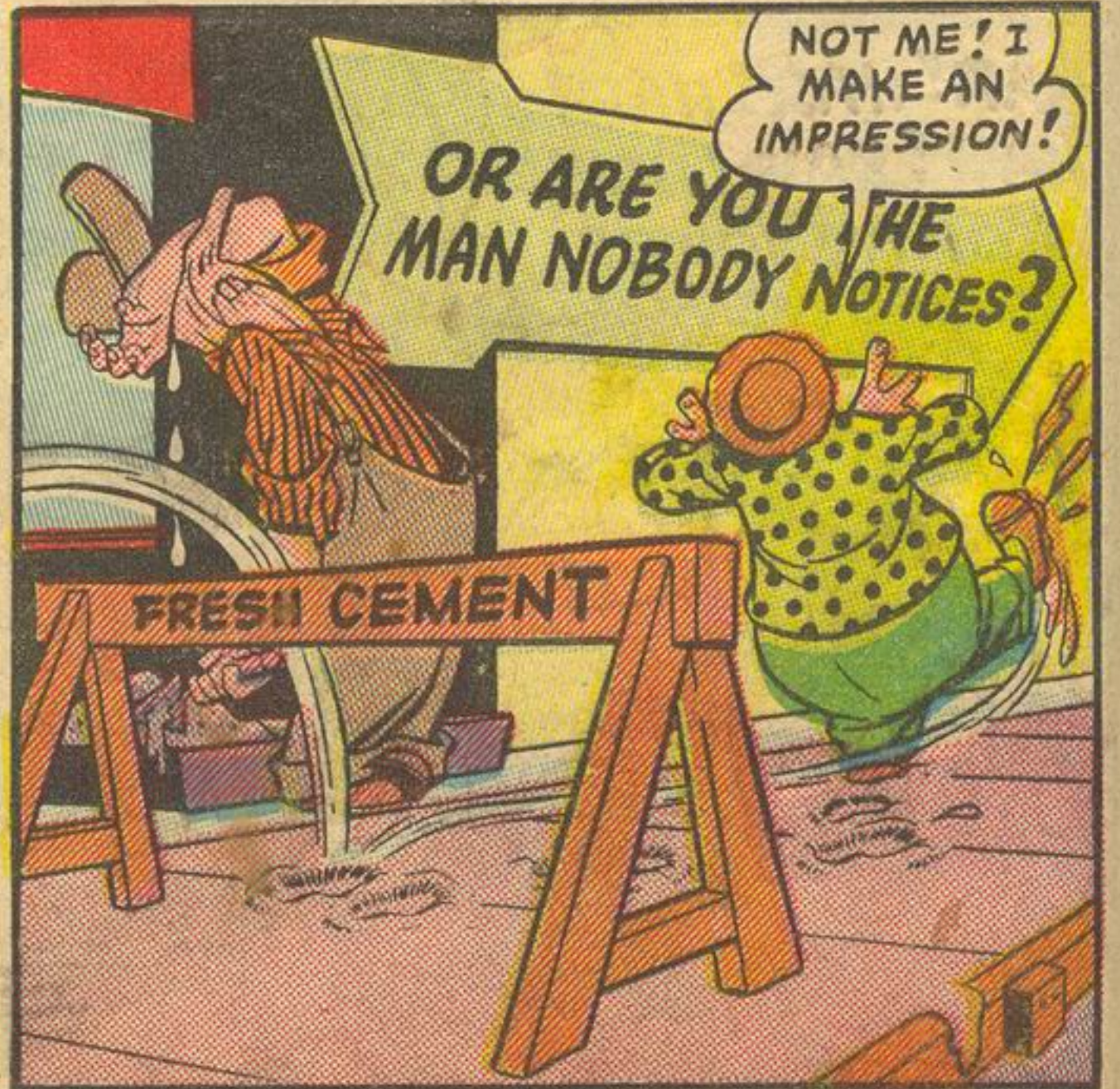
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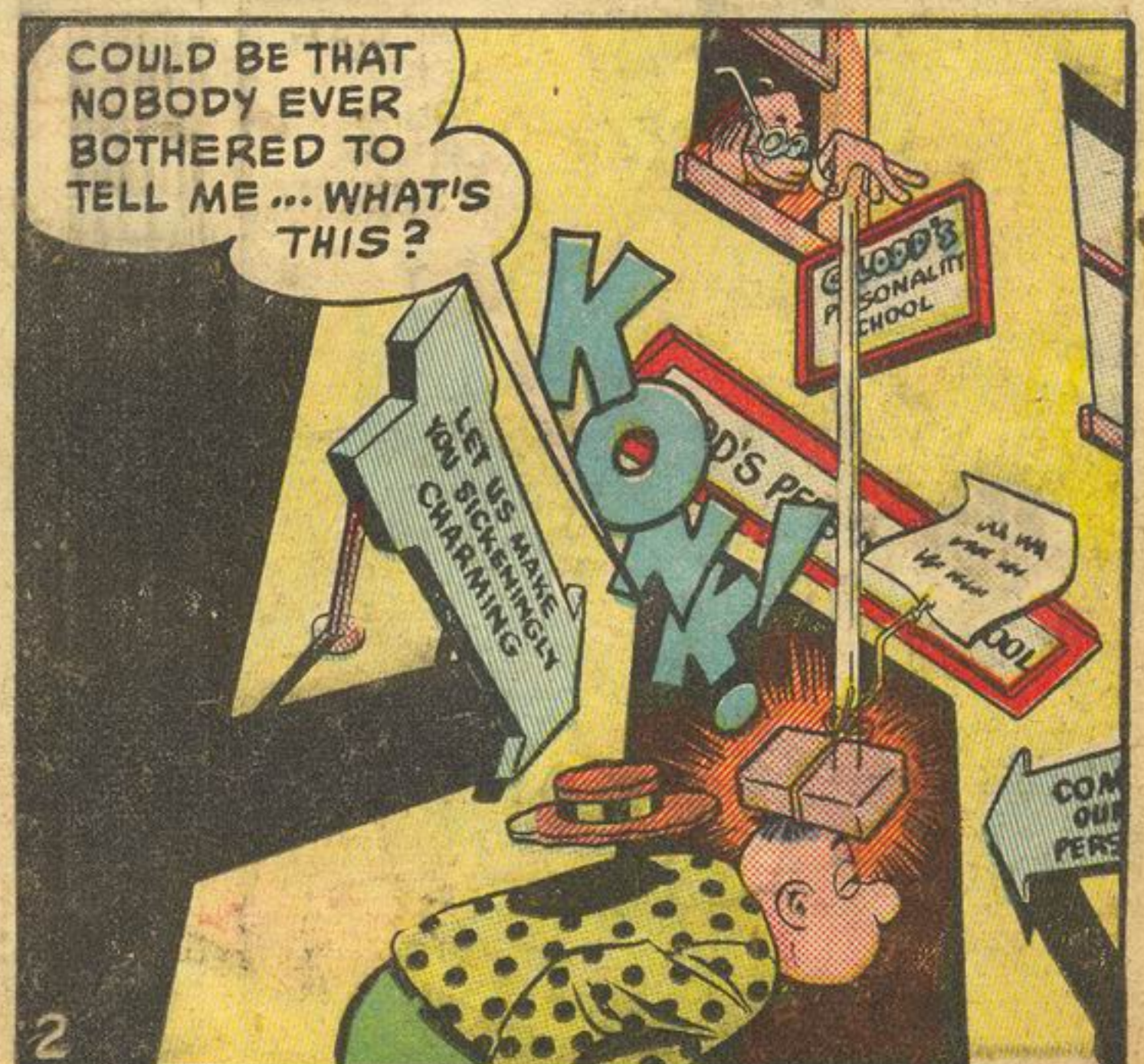
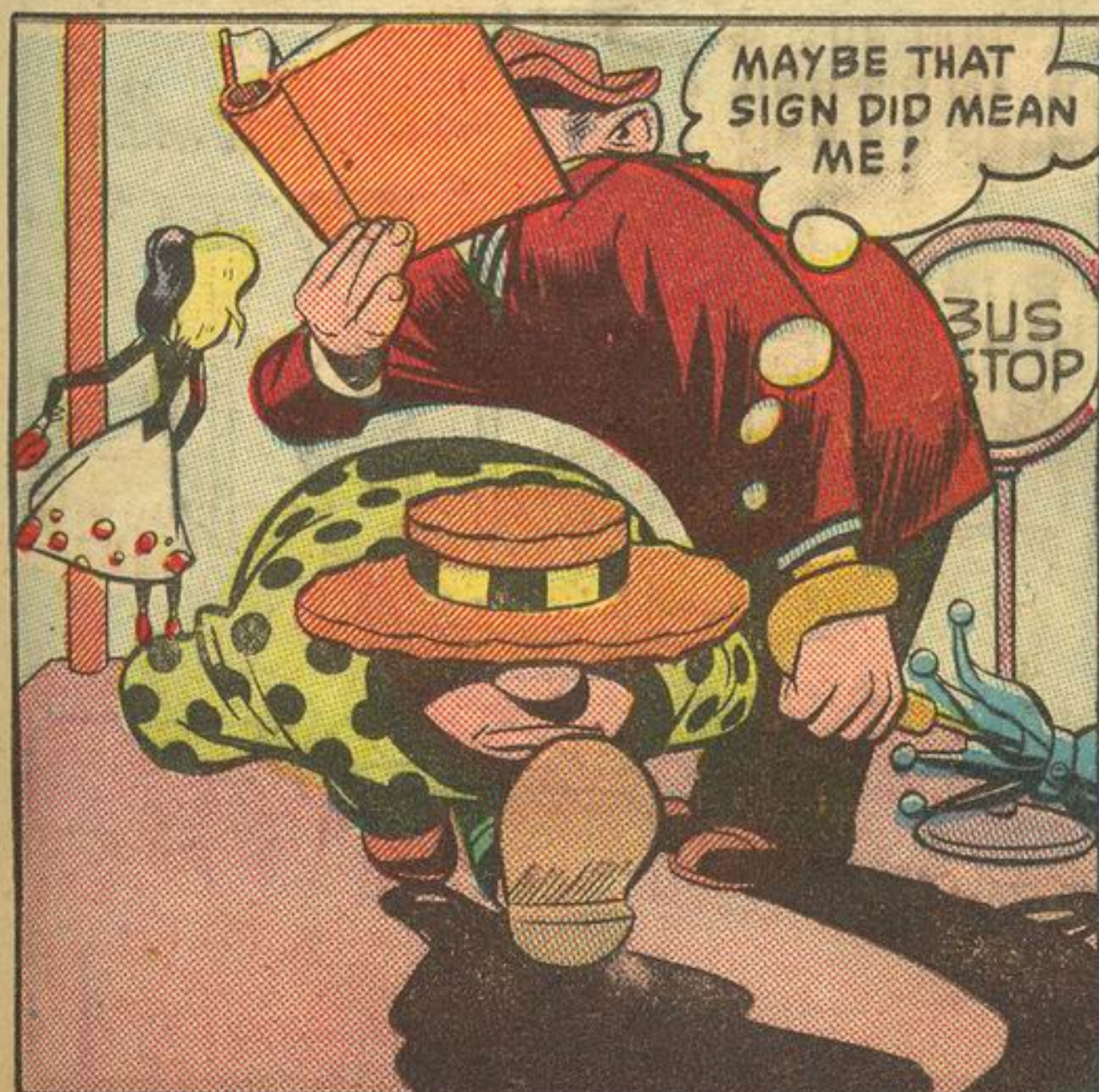
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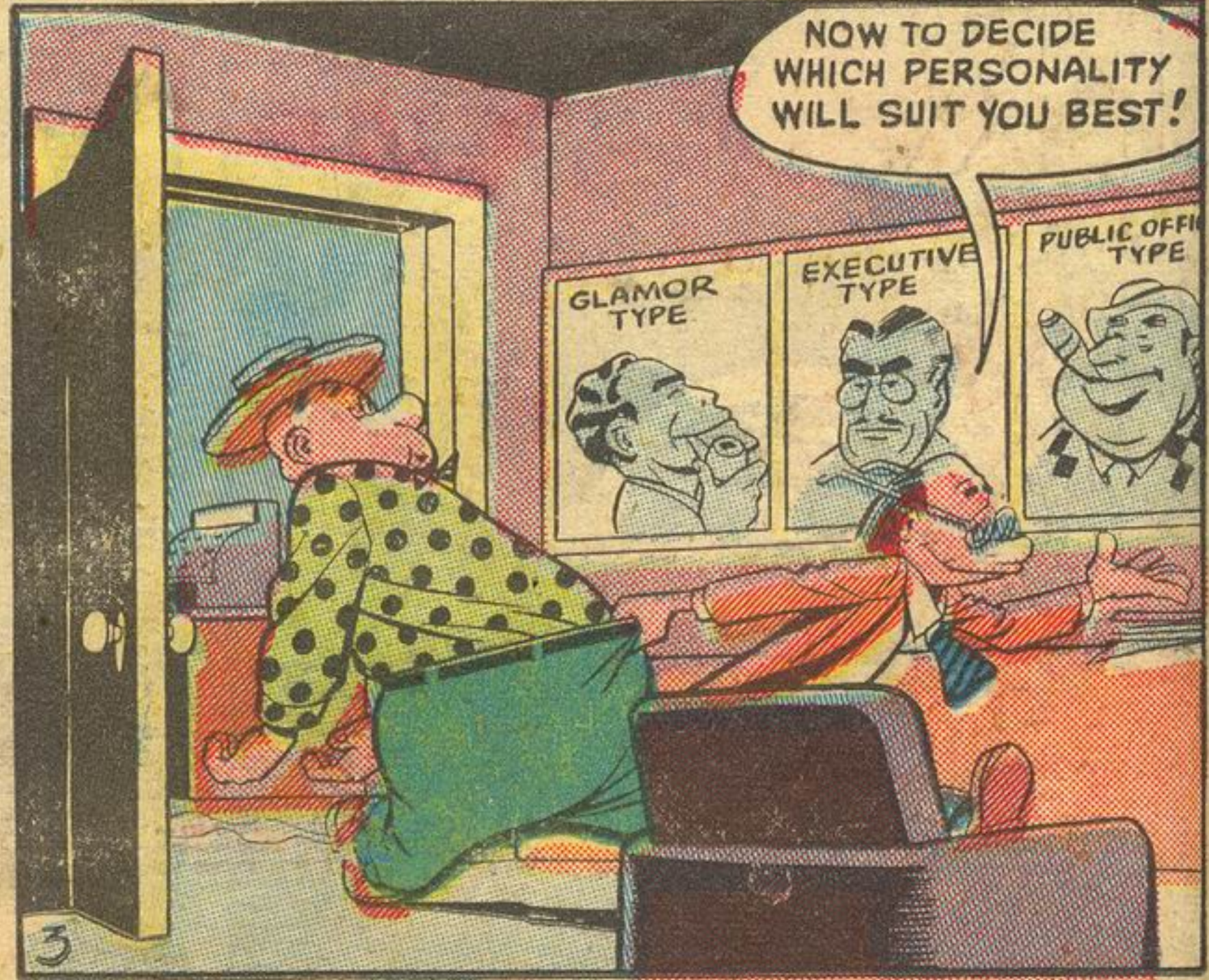
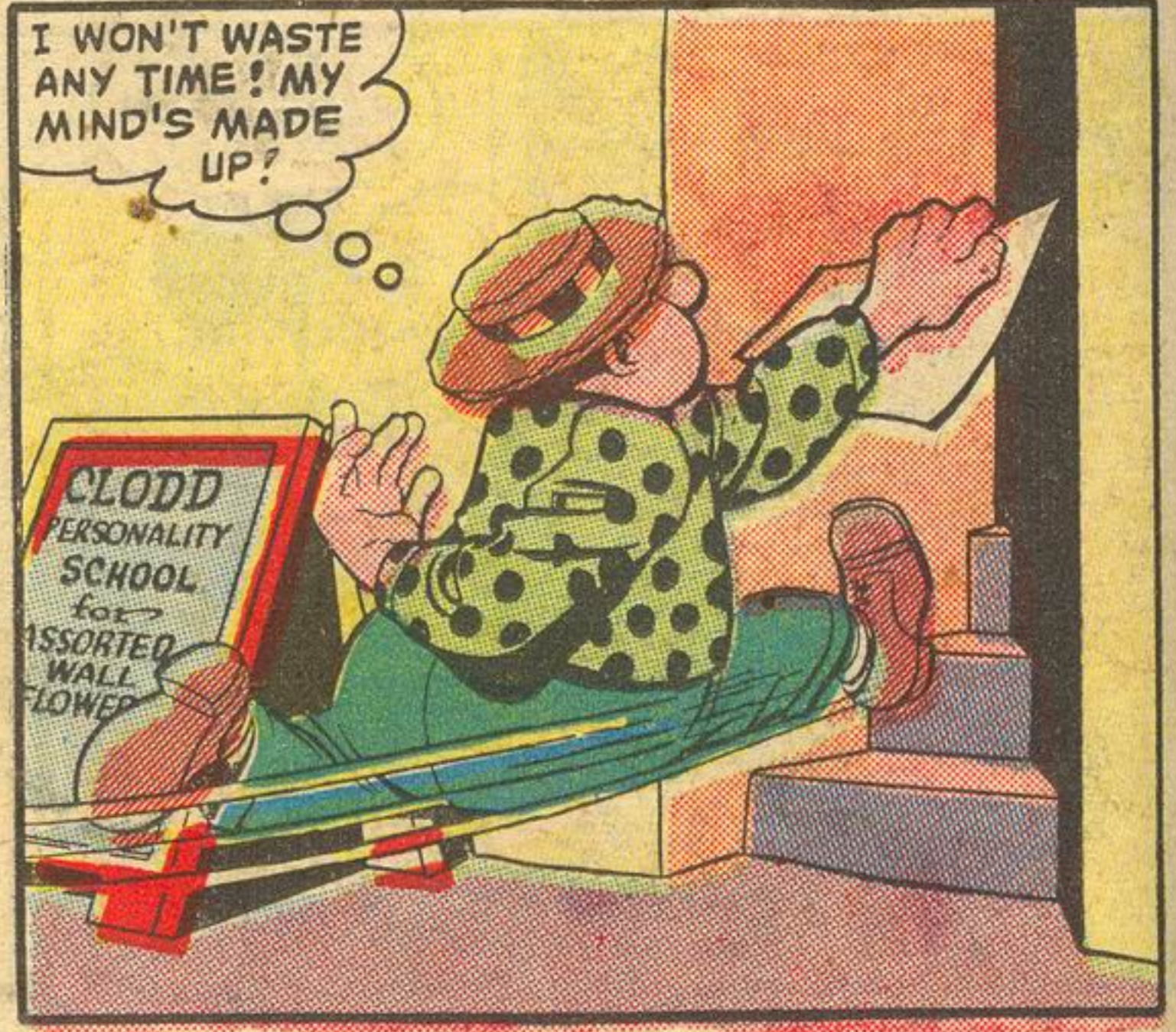
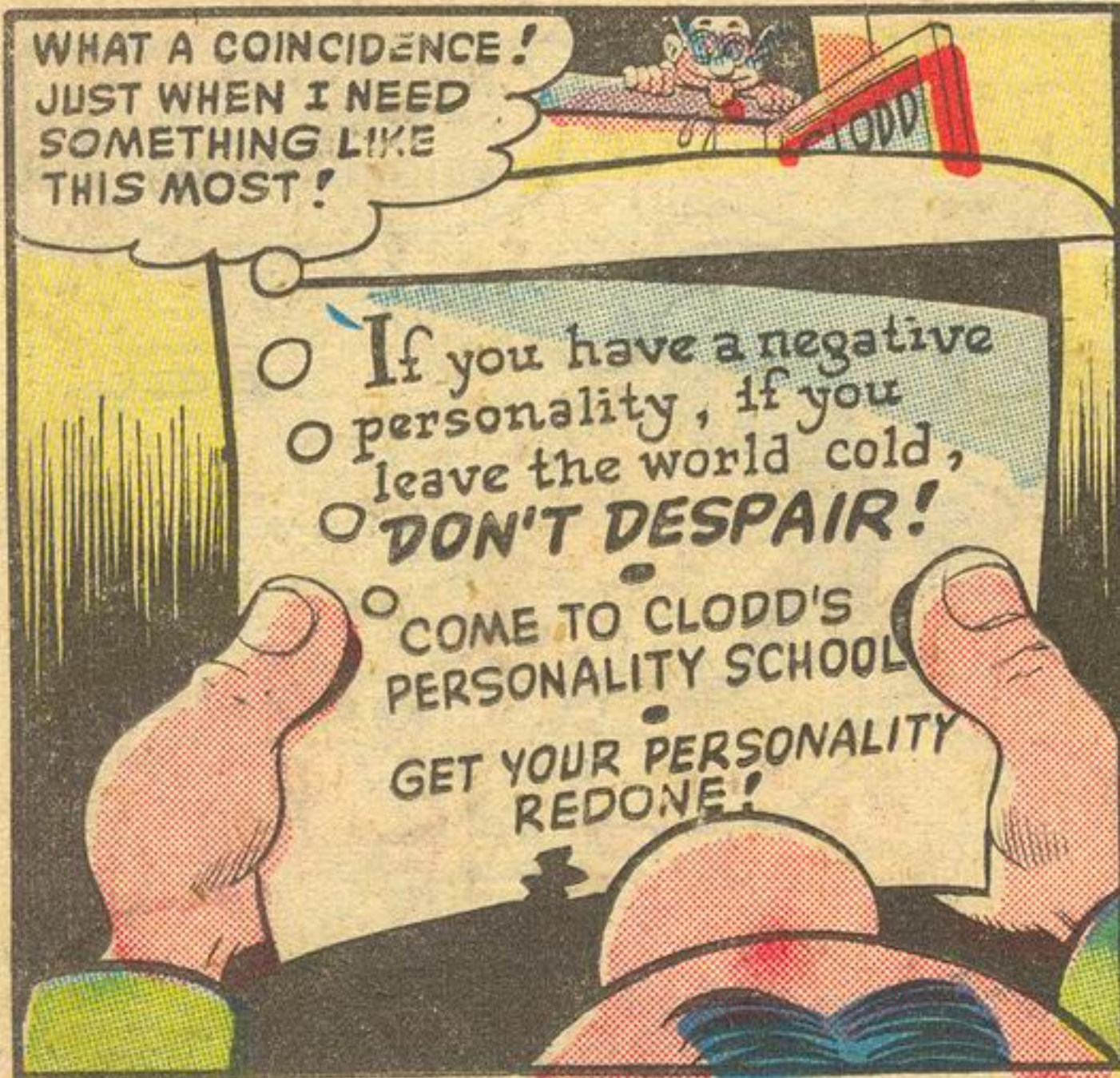
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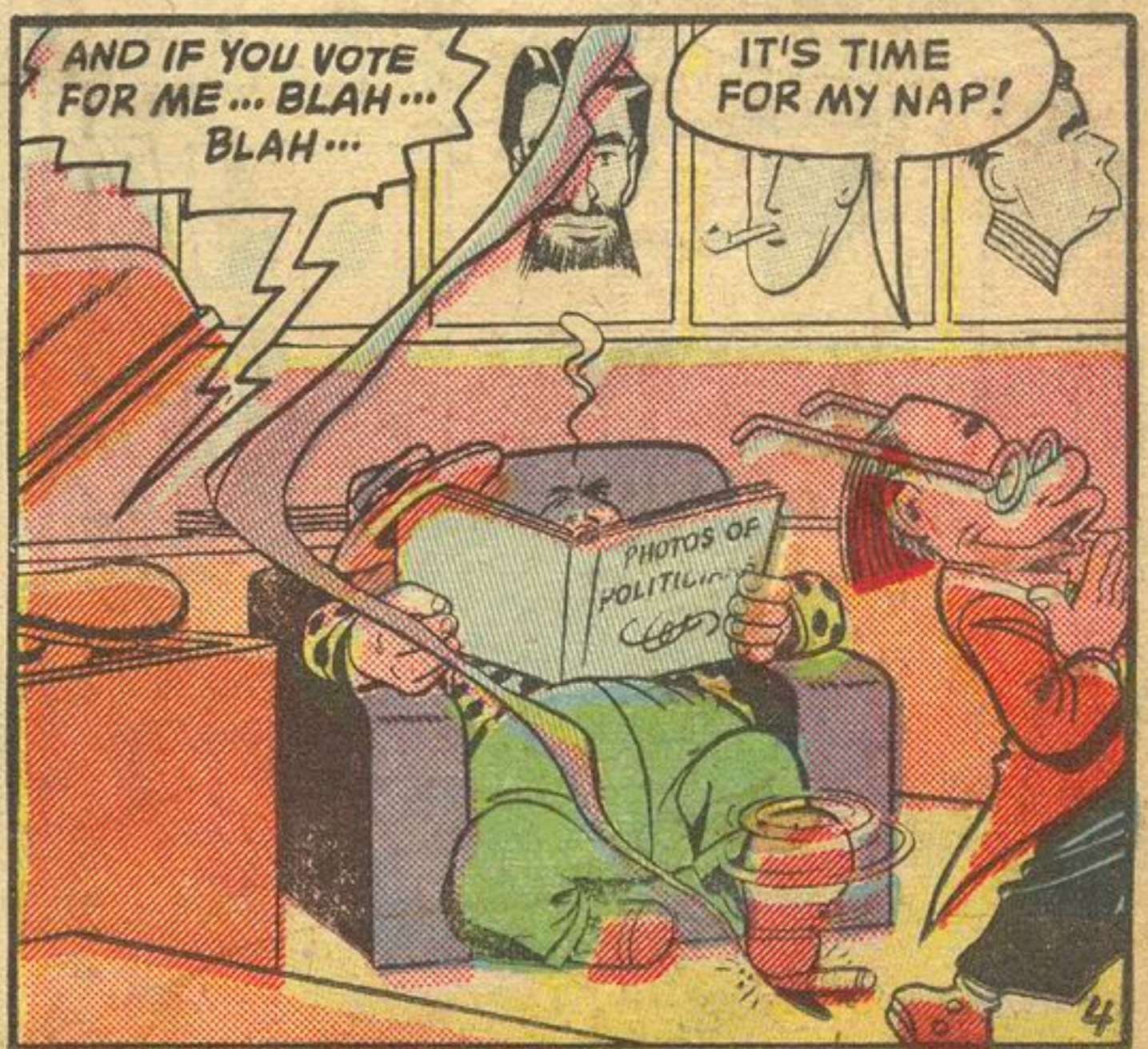
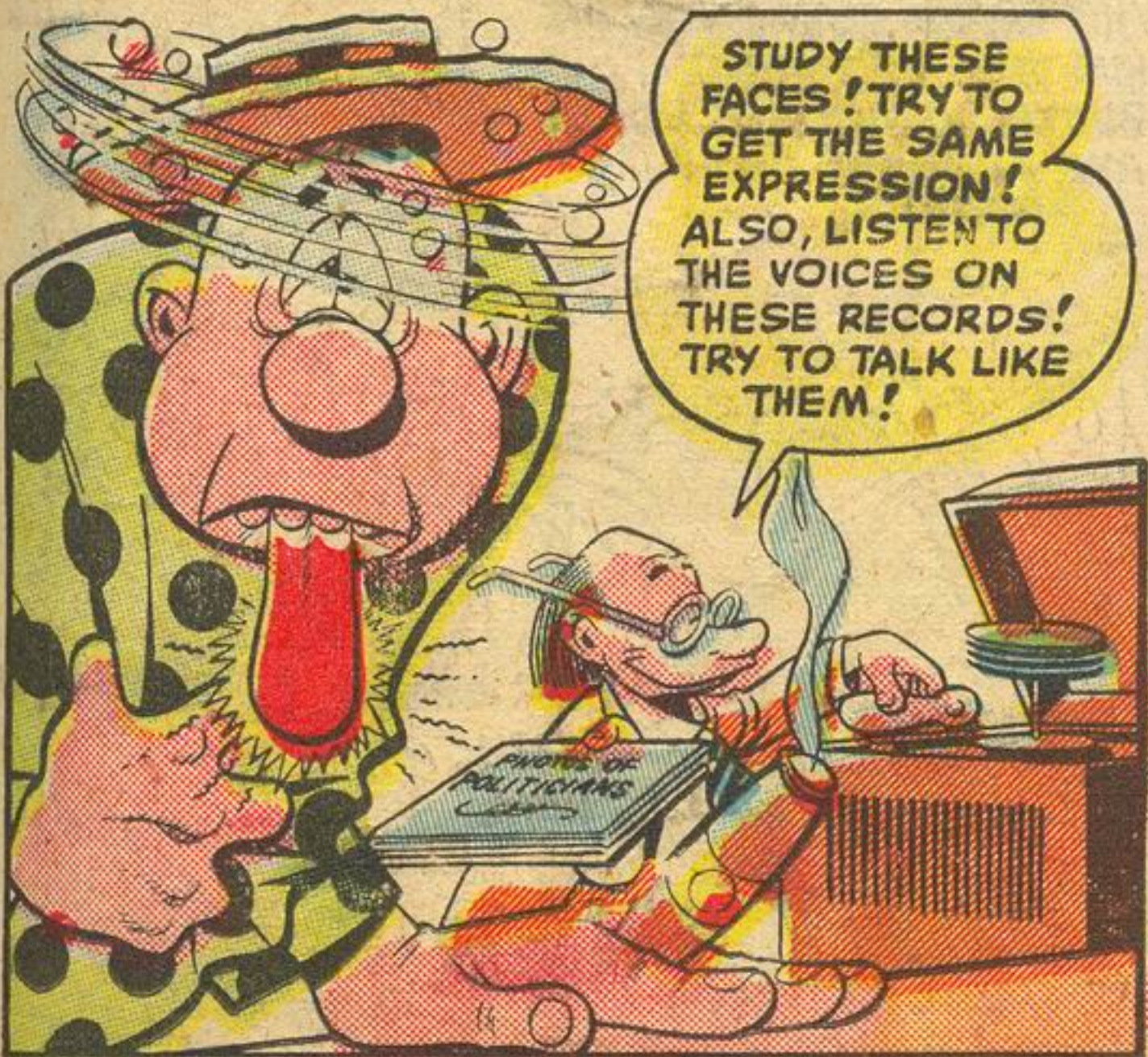
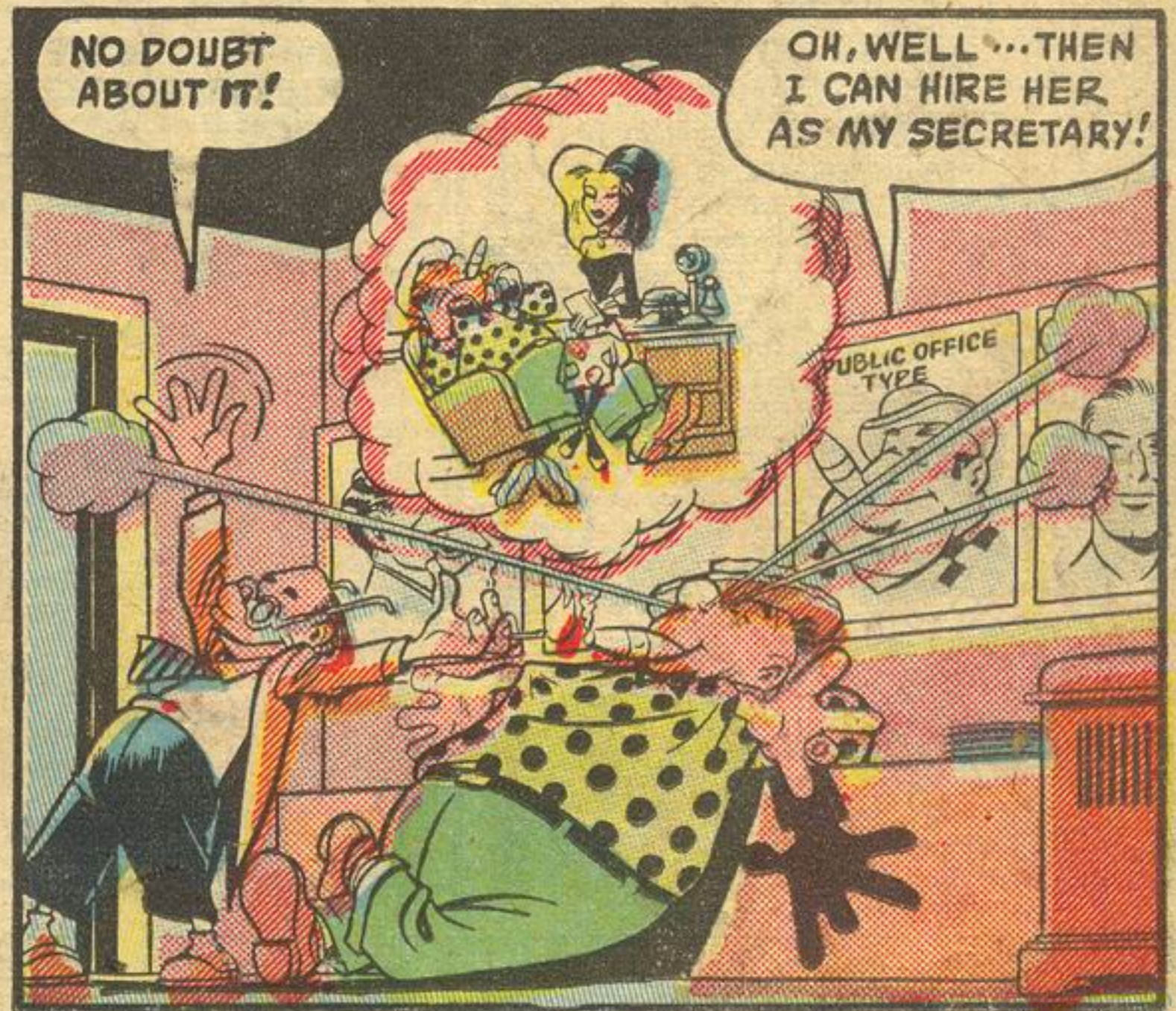
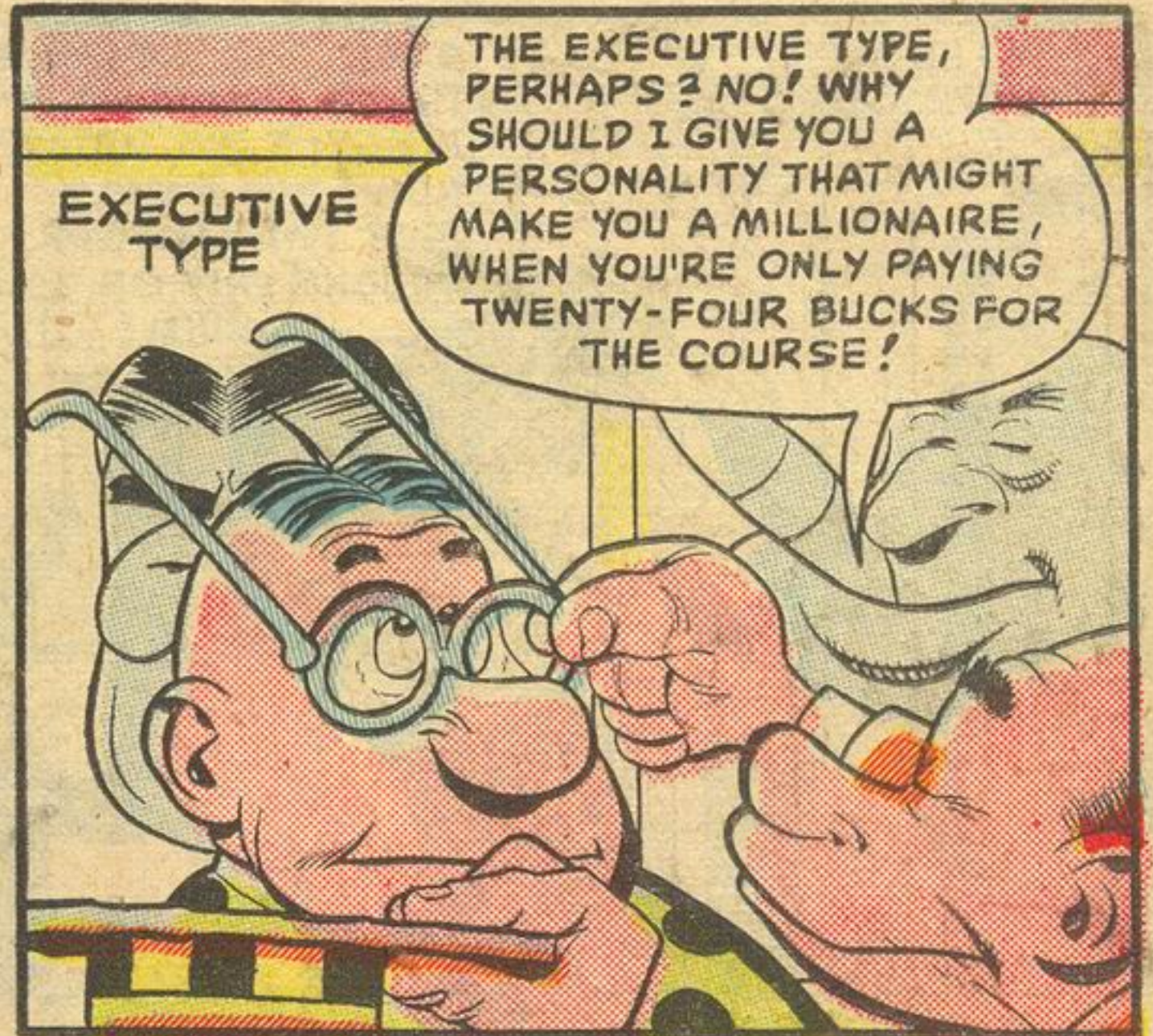
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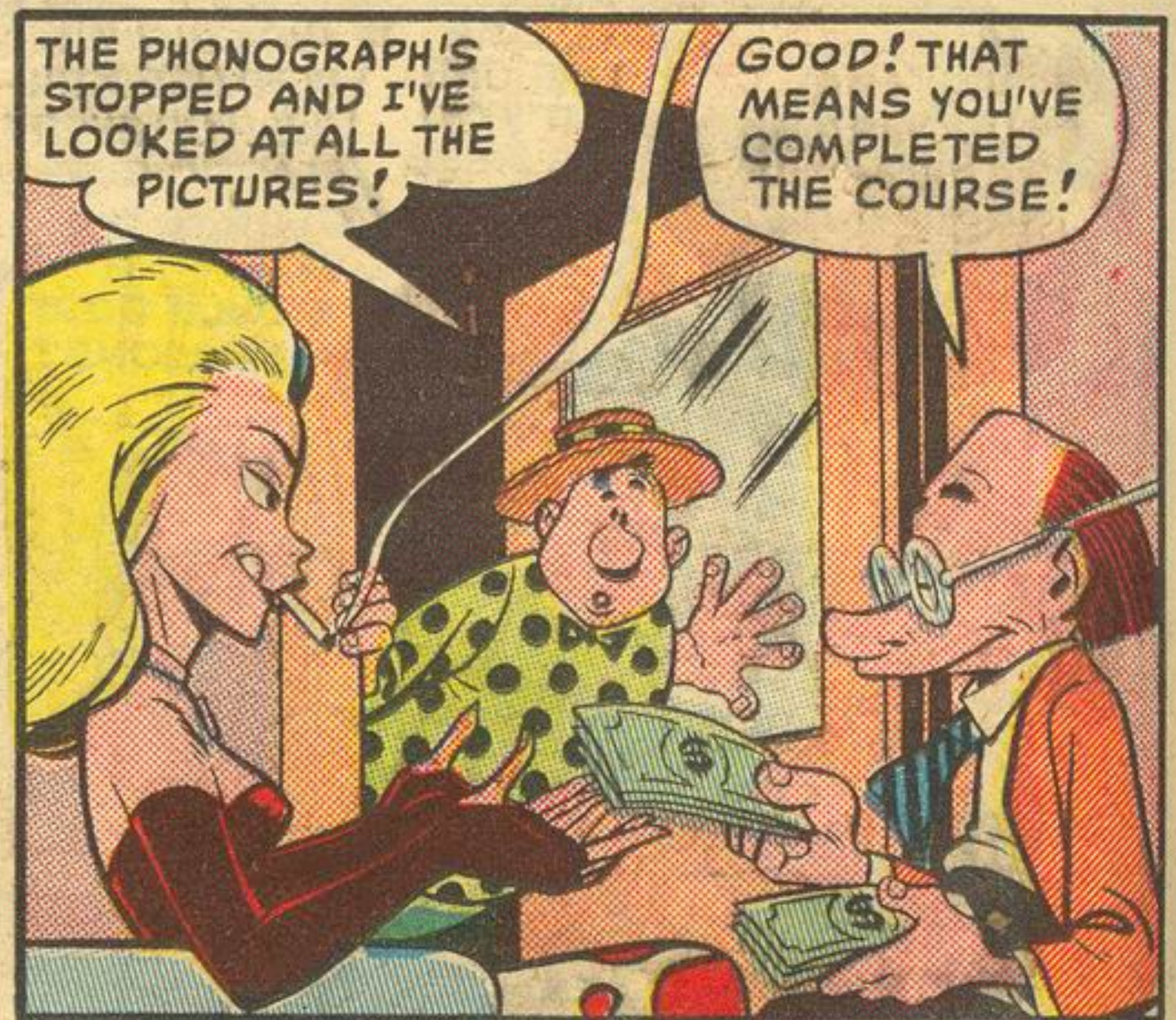
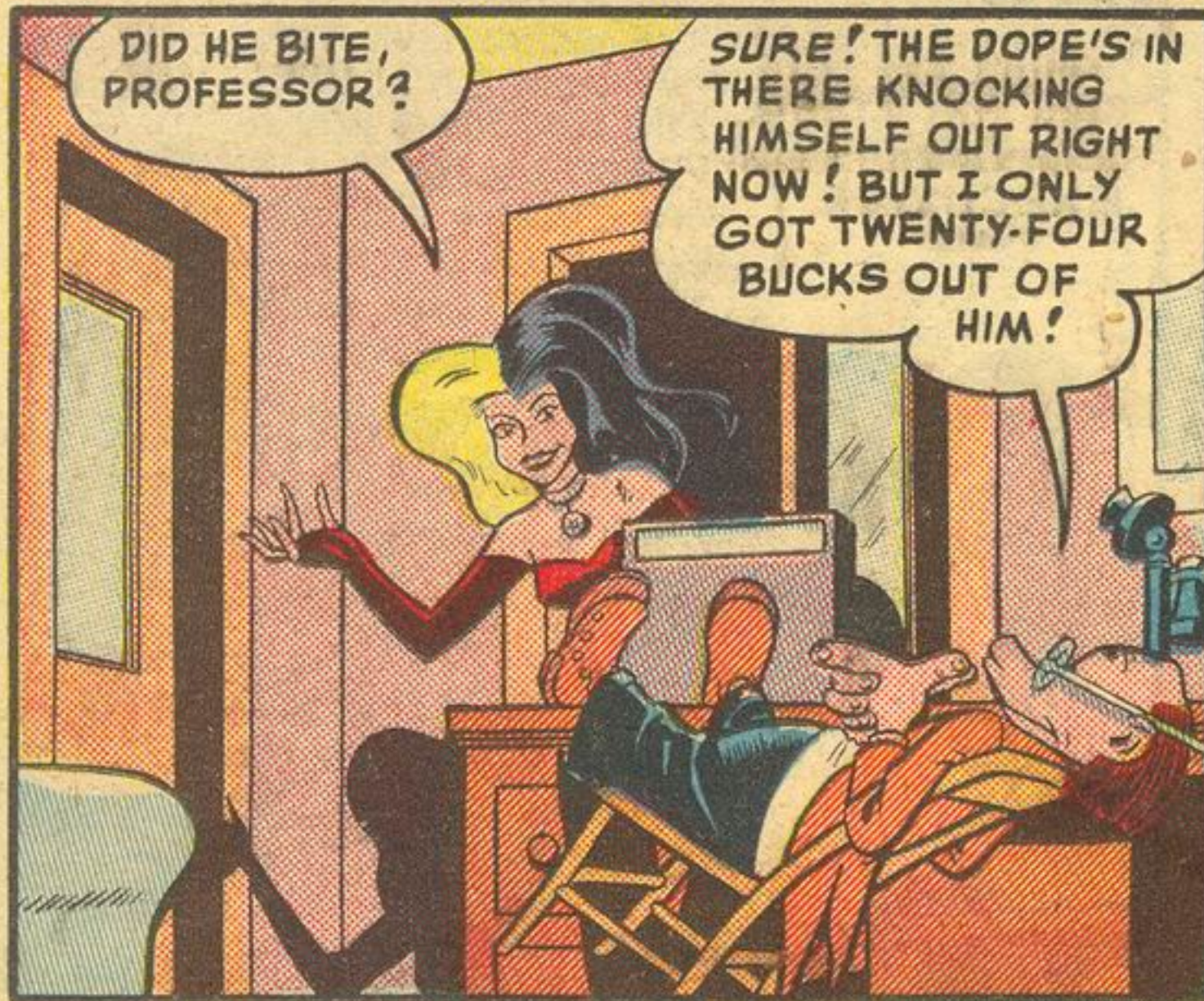
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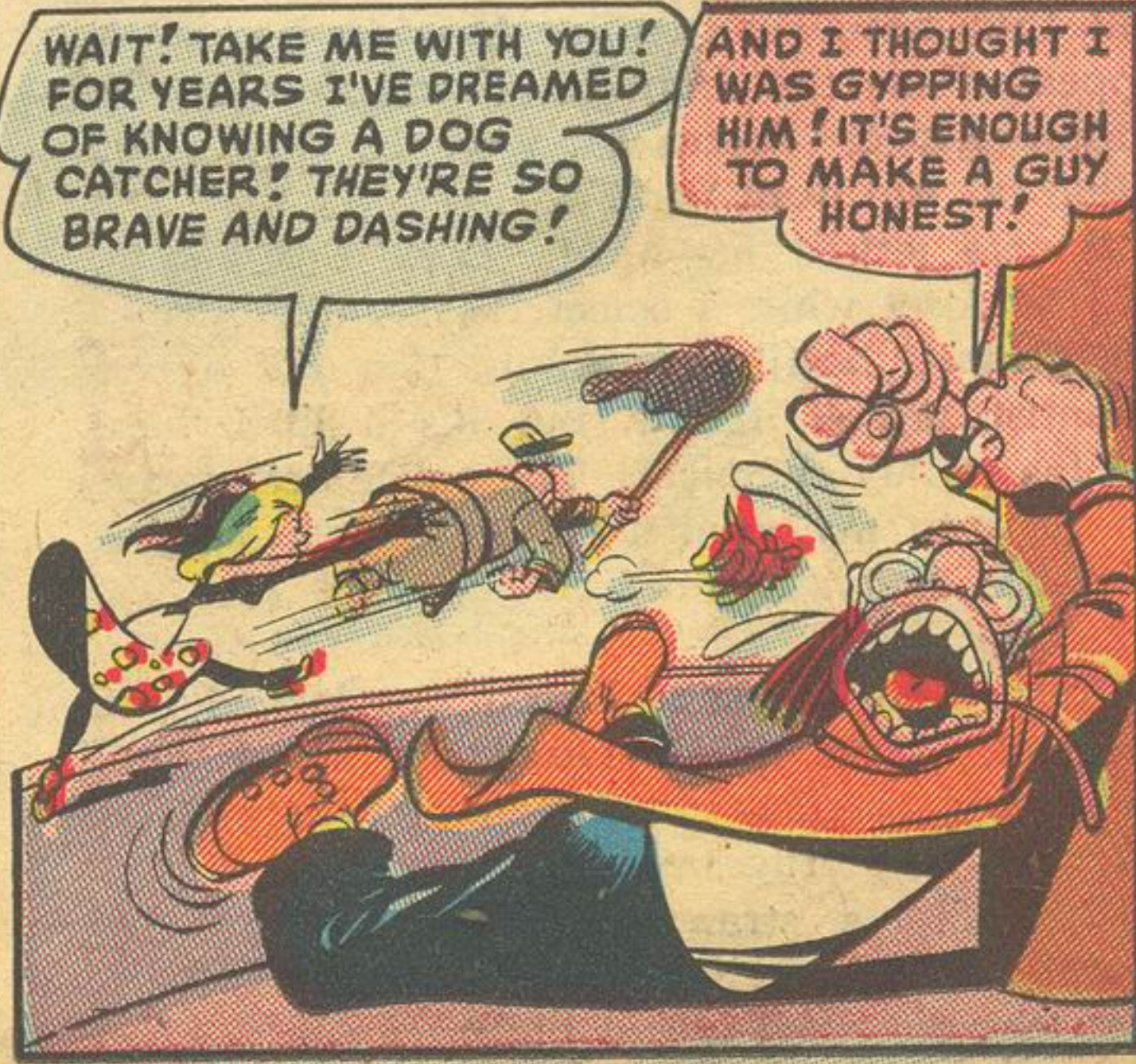
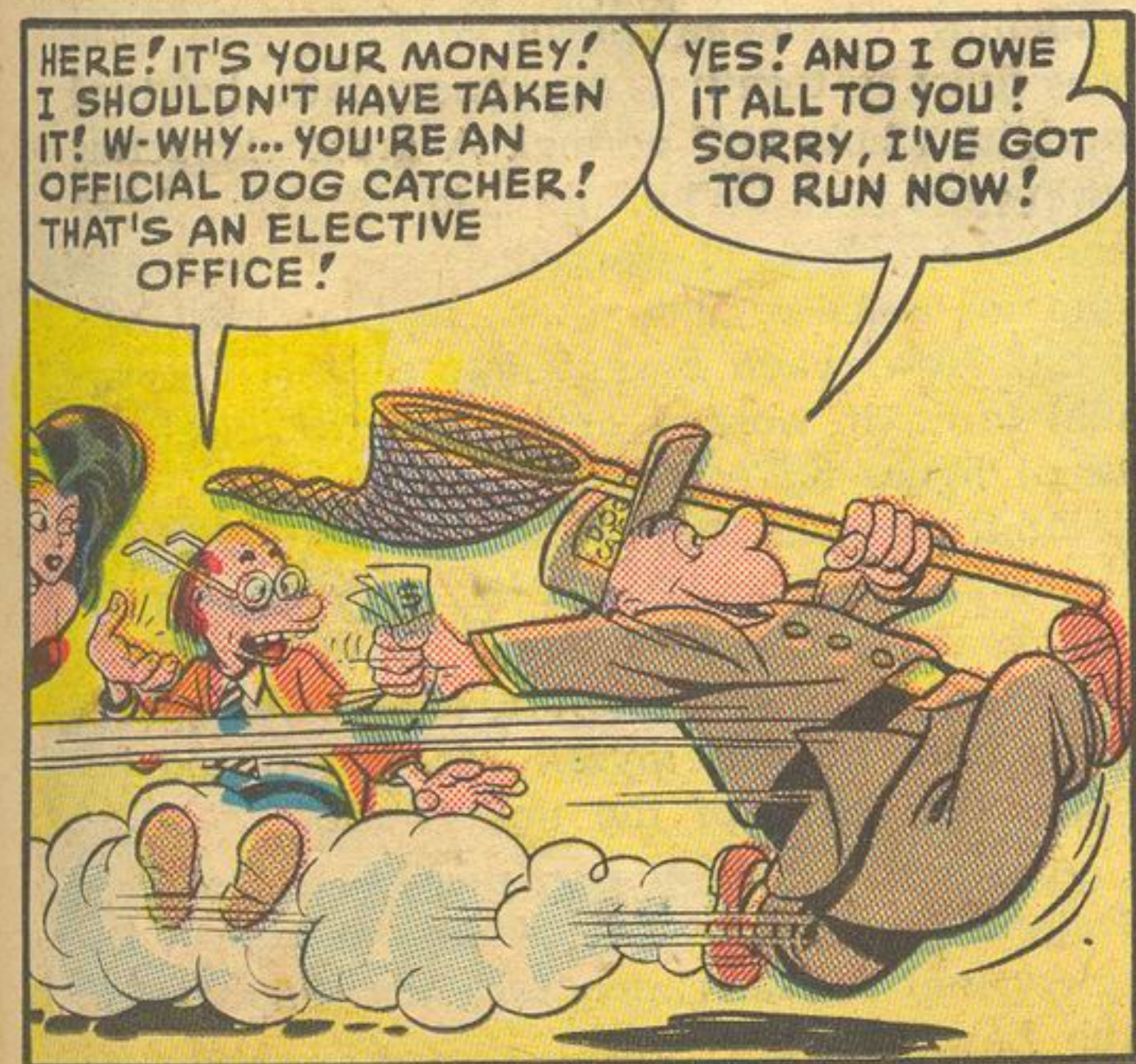
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



Mr. Blobb Goes to Town

MR. RALPH HAGAN, the renowned young scientist, stood hesitant in the center of his laboratory. He stared oddly at the pale amber fluid in the test tube. "If this is what I think it is," he whispered, "I've unlocked one of Nature's most closely guarded secrets. If it isn't—it means the end of me. Well—here goes." And resolutely he put the test tube to his lips and drained the sweetish liquid.

"I should have the characteristics of the amoeba," he whispered thinly. "If my formula was correct, I should turn into a flowing jelly mass of protoplasm."

It was an odd experiment that had held him for months, this goal of transforming his rugged body into the shapeless ooze of Nature's simplest organism. What was the gain? Ralph was not sure but the passion of science was too strong in him to worry about practical uses for his discoveries. If he could learn a secret of Nature, then he was content, no matter what the price.

He stood waiting, flexing his muscles, moving arms and legs. An odd sensation stirred his nerves but nothing physical was happening. Presently he hurled the test tube to the floor in disgust. "I've failed again. Whatever that stuff did, I'm certainly no blob of jelly."

Without warning the door of his laboratory crashed in. Three grim-faced hoodlums tramped in, covering him with guns. The leader, a tall, thin man, was familiar. His face had often appeared on the front pages of newspapers. Ralph gasped, "Shoots Mangro, the gang chief. What do you want here?"

Shoots jerked his head. "Lock this chump in the closet while I select the stuff we need." He grinned nastily at Ralph. "I'm not a bad scientist myself, fellow, but it's a little hard for me to buy chemicals. The police are always nosing into my affairs. So we're just helping ourselves to your stock. Keep quiet and you won't get hurt."

Raging but helpless, Ralph was locked into a small, airless supply closet. He stood there in a fury, listening as the gangster looted his stock of rare drugs and chemicals.

Suddenly a strange sensation swept over Ralph. His whole body seemed to be melting. His legs dissolved into a blubbery mass. Then

his whole body melted down into jelly. Yet his brain was clear and active and a surge of triumph swept through him. "It worked after all. I've turned into an amoeba. I can think and move myself, but I'm no more than a formless mass of protoplasm."

Then he heard the crash of breaking glass beyond the door and a new rage filled him. Ruthlessly the gangsters were wrecking what they could not use. With sudden purpose Ralph exerted his will and felt himself squeezing out under the crack of the closet door. He surged out into the open, rolling across the floor by poking out a section of his own jelly-like substance.

A mobster saw the apparition and yelled in terror. Shoots swung around and his pistol spat flame and thunder. Ralph felt the bullets ripping thru him but the wounds sealed over instantly and there was no pain. Triumph filled him. He was impervious to bullets. He could even be torn apart and he would merely rejoin and become whole.

He exerted his will and long, amber tentacles swept out to engulf the gangsters. Yelling and screaming, they were swept into the jelly-like embrace. Then, with incredible strength, Ralph slammed their heads on the floor. As they went limp, he thought, "I wish I had my normal body now, so I could call the police."

Almost with the thought he felt himself stiffening. He looked down and the jelly-form was drawing together. A moment later he stood upright, whole and normal. A great wondering awe filled him. "Why," he said dazedly, "I can control my body. I wanted desperately to turn into an amoeba back there in the closet and I did. Now, when I wanted to resume my normal form, it worked again. I'm the most unusual figure on earth."

And then he knew his destiny. "What a crime fighter I could be with my strange power. As an amoeba, I could crawl anywhere, face any danger, penetrate any hiding place. Why not? I'll call myself Mr. Blobb and become the terror of the underworld."

And with a look of new purpose on his face, Ralph Hagan, alias Mr. Blobb, strode to the telephone to surrender his first captives to the Law.

PLASTIC MAN

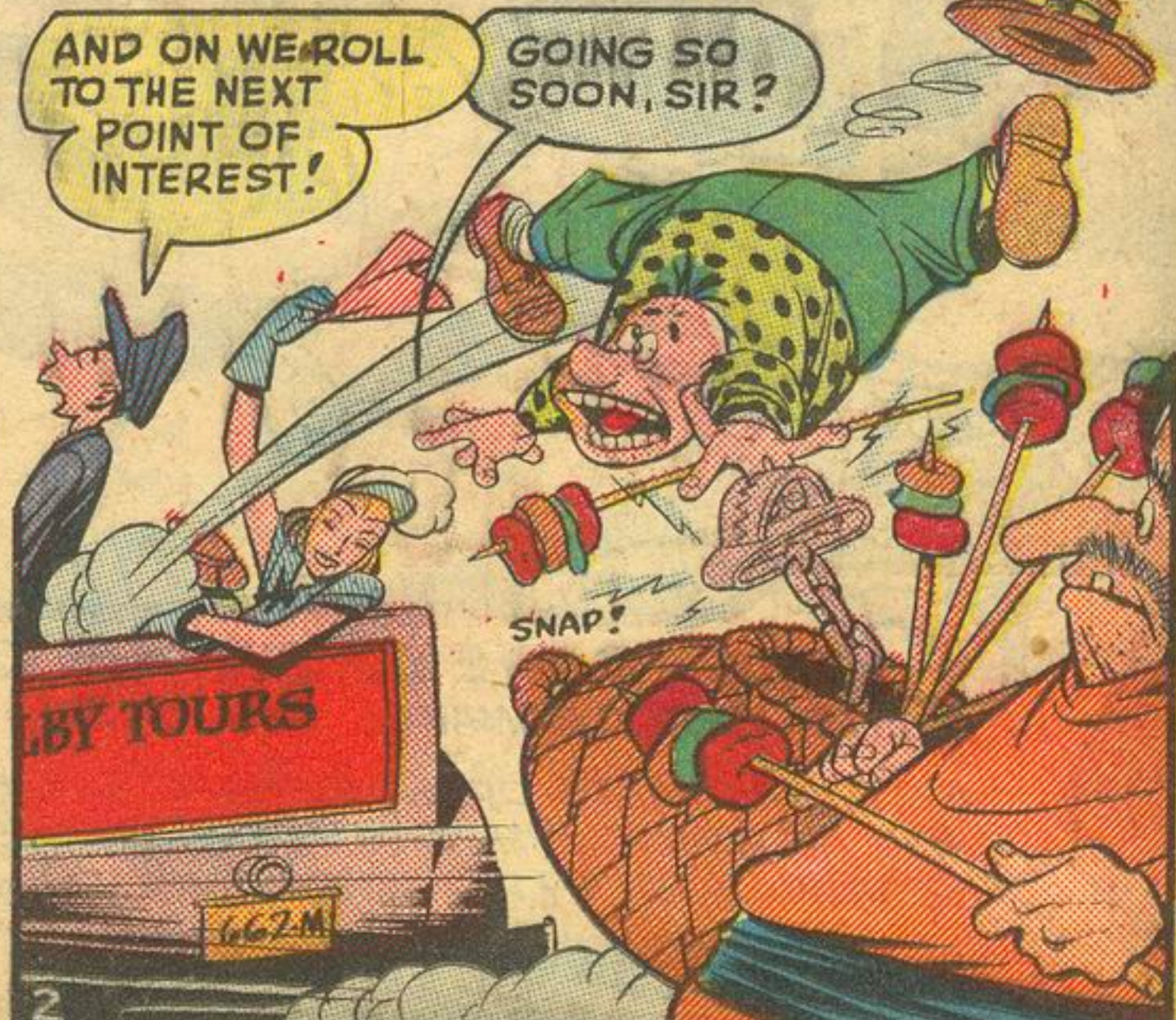
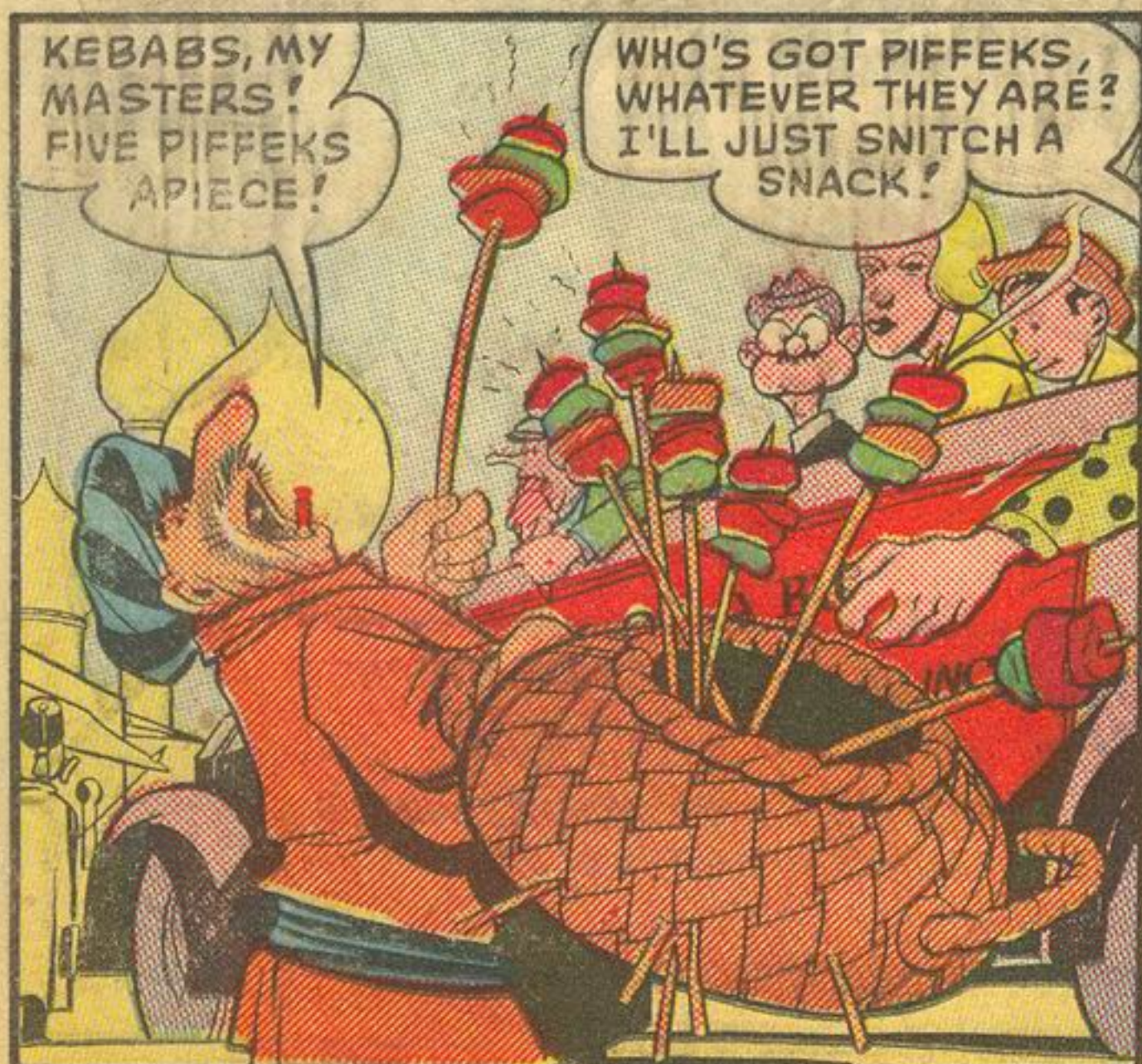
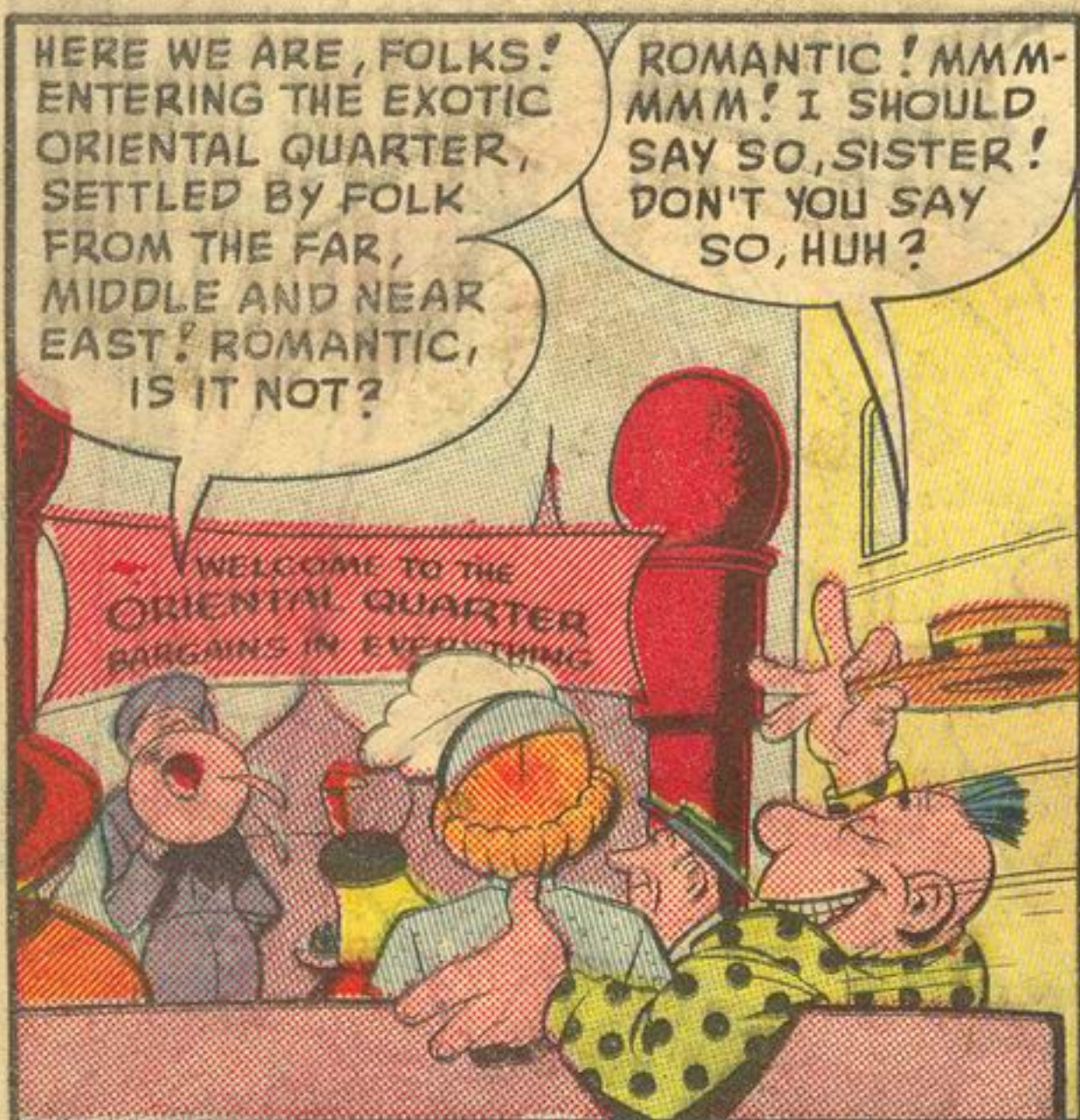
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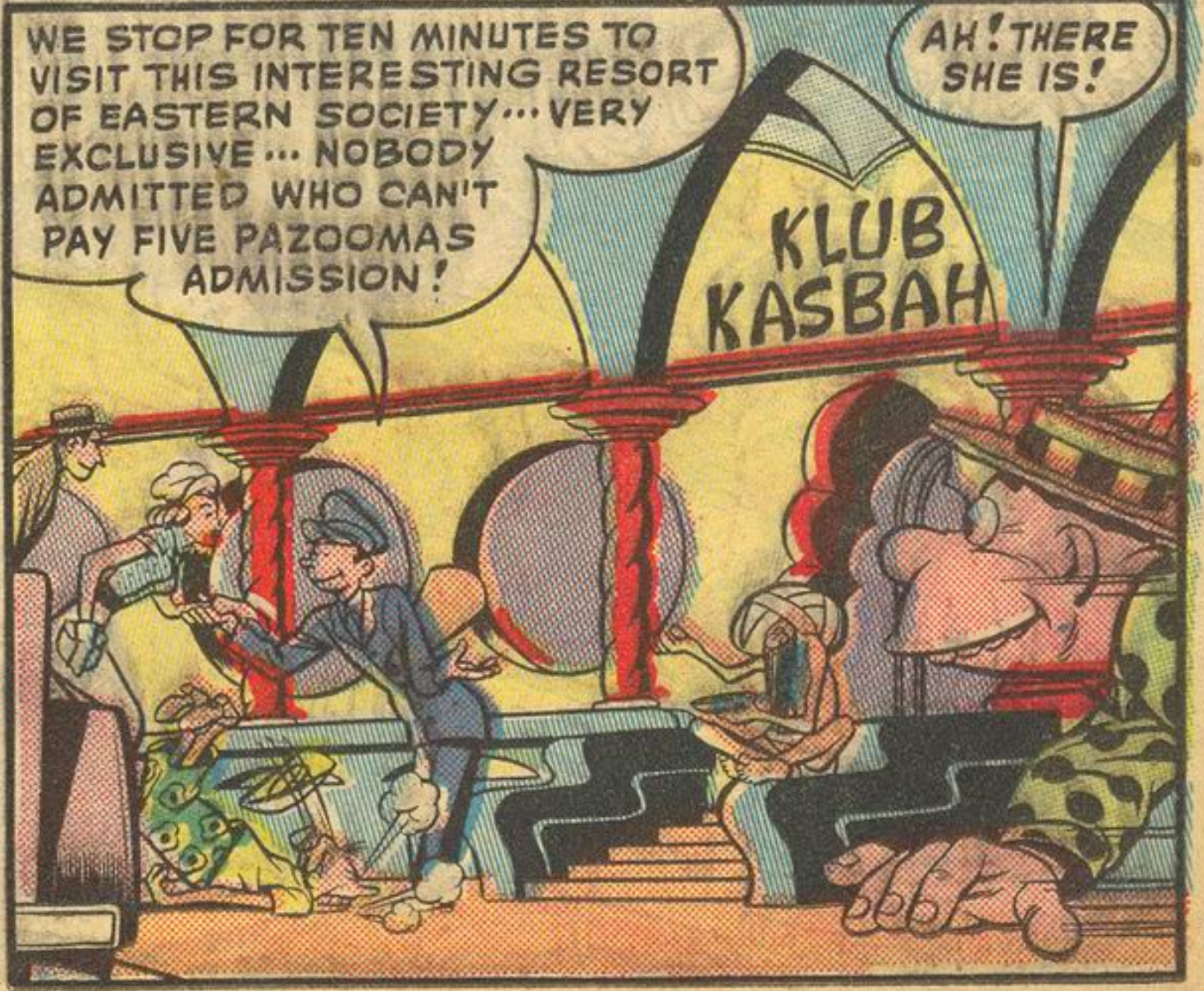
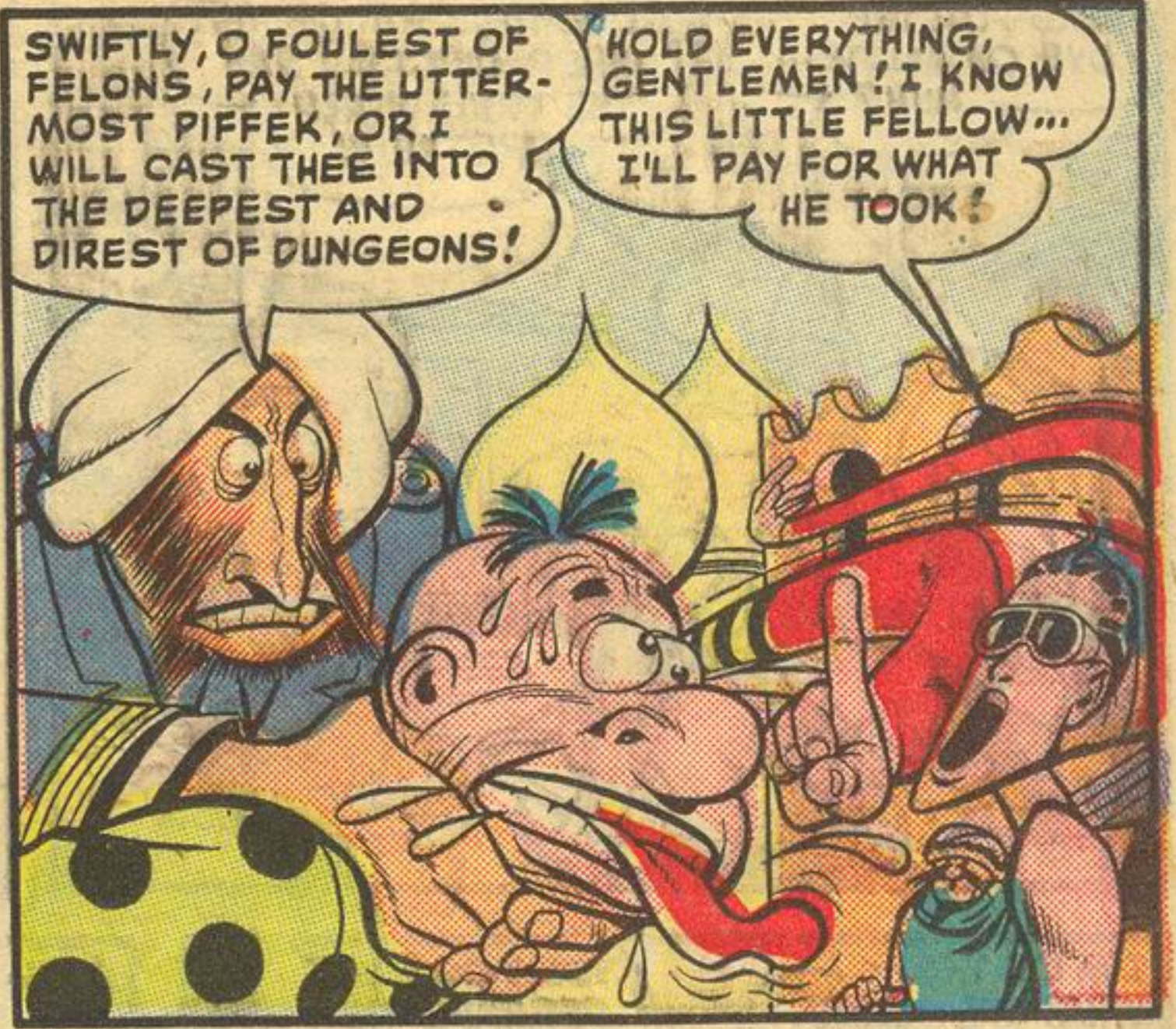
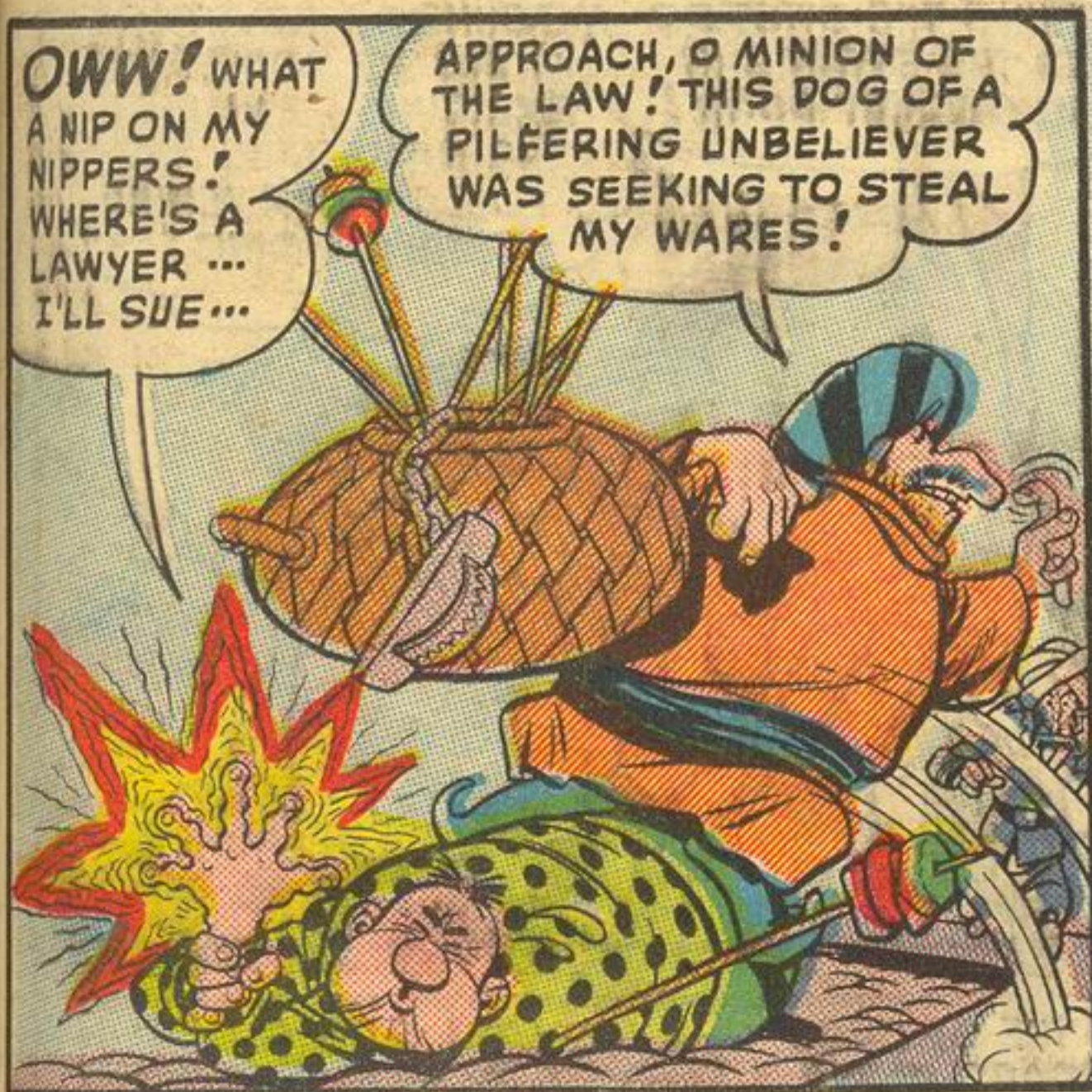
COME TO THE ORIENTAL QUARTER ... PLACE OF STRANGE SIGHTS, EXOTIC ROMANCE AND DIRE DANGER!!!

FATE OR CHANCE OR SOMETHING DREW PLASTIC MAN AND WOODY WINKS INTO AN ADVENTURE WITH FLAMING FIRE, GLEAMING WEAPONS AND SPECIALLY IMPORTED TERROR AND TROUBLE!

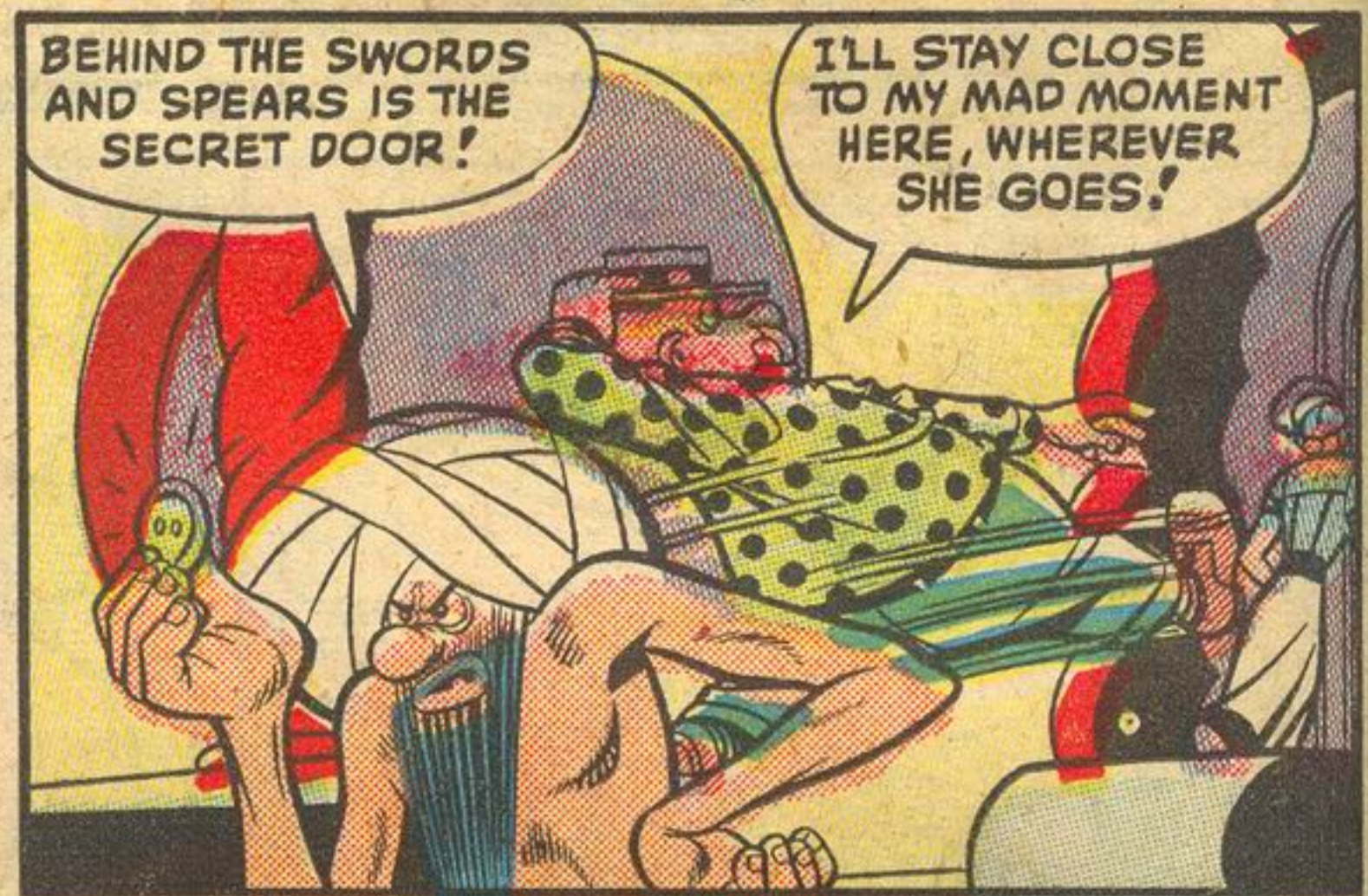
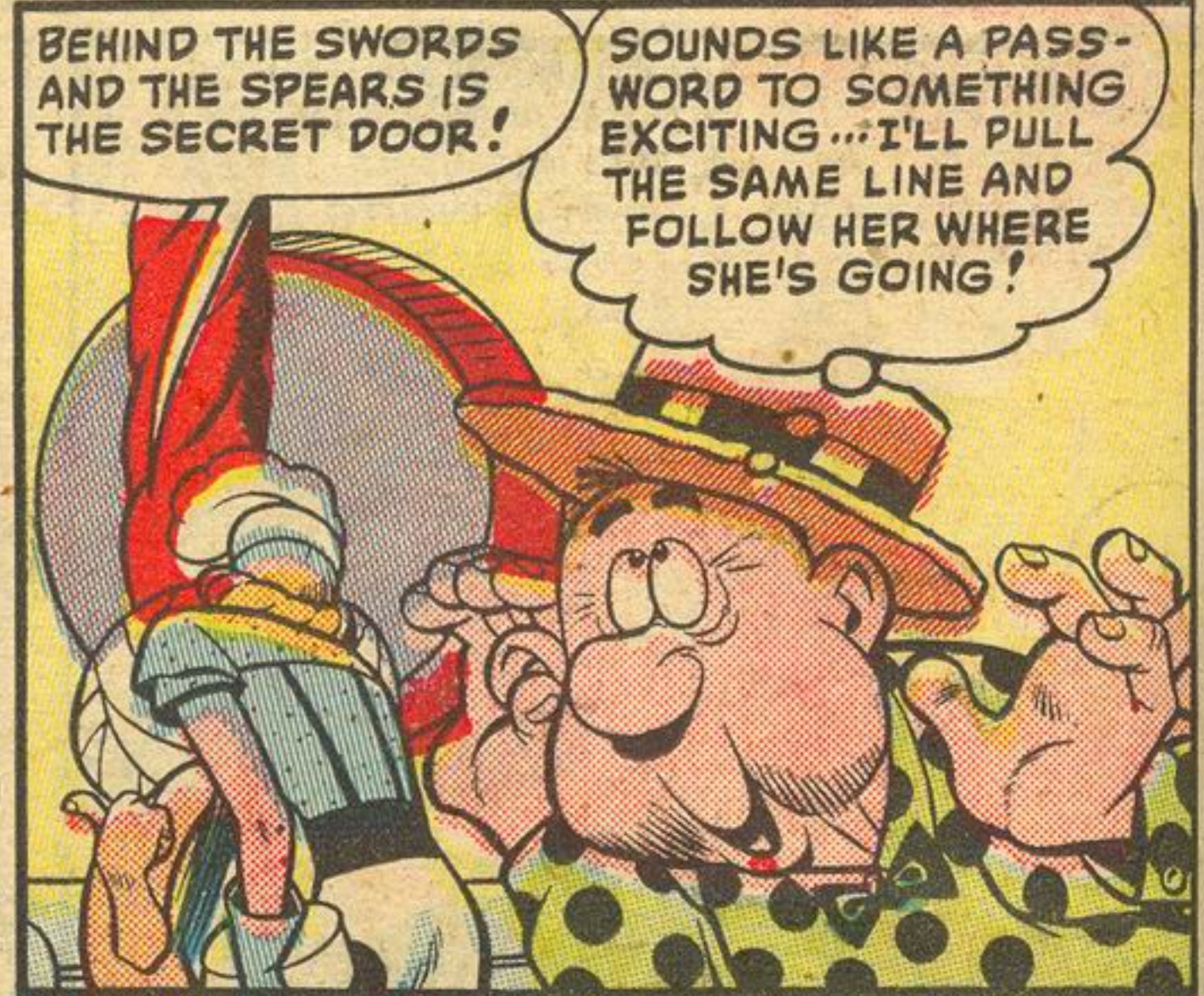
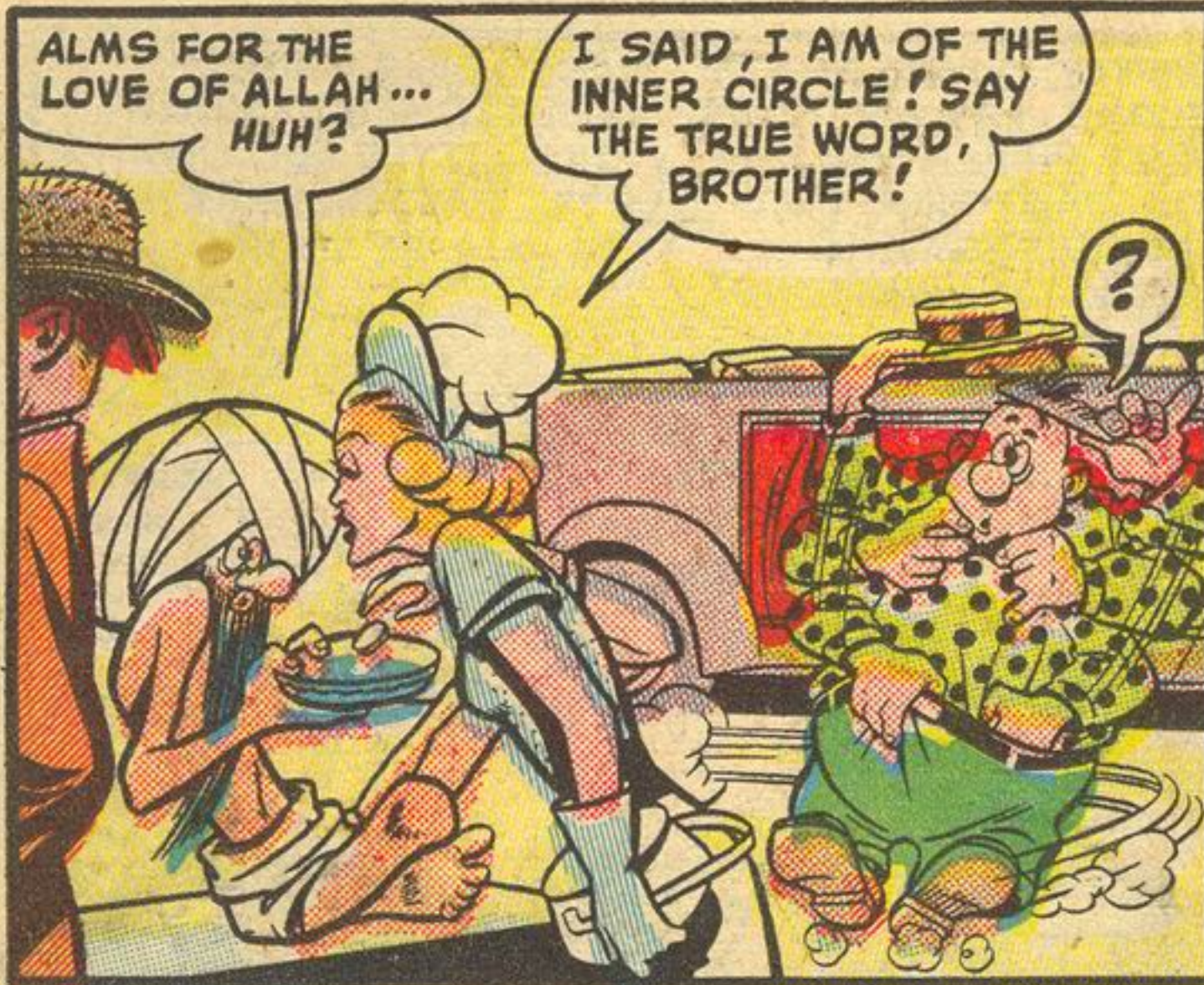
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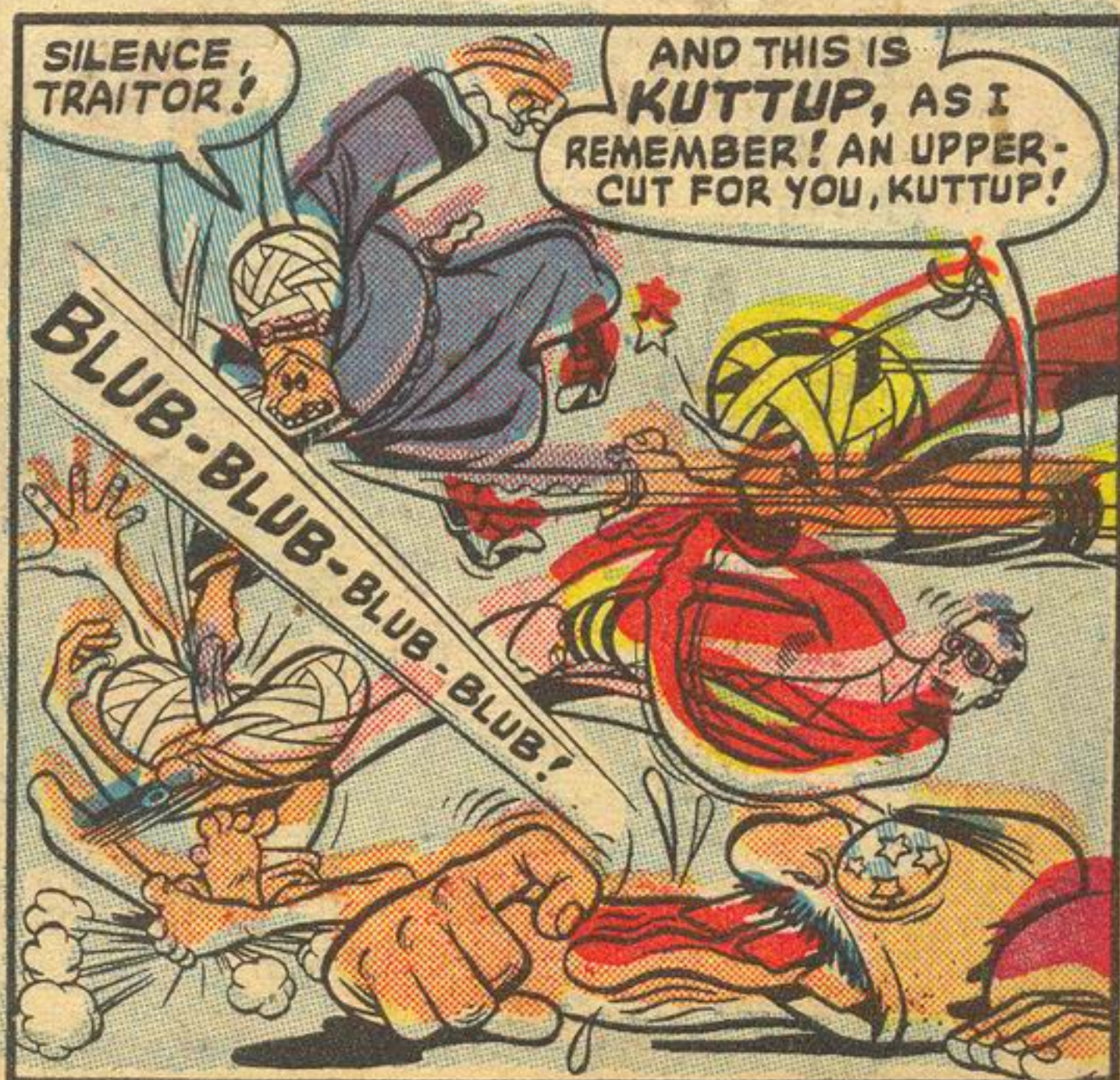
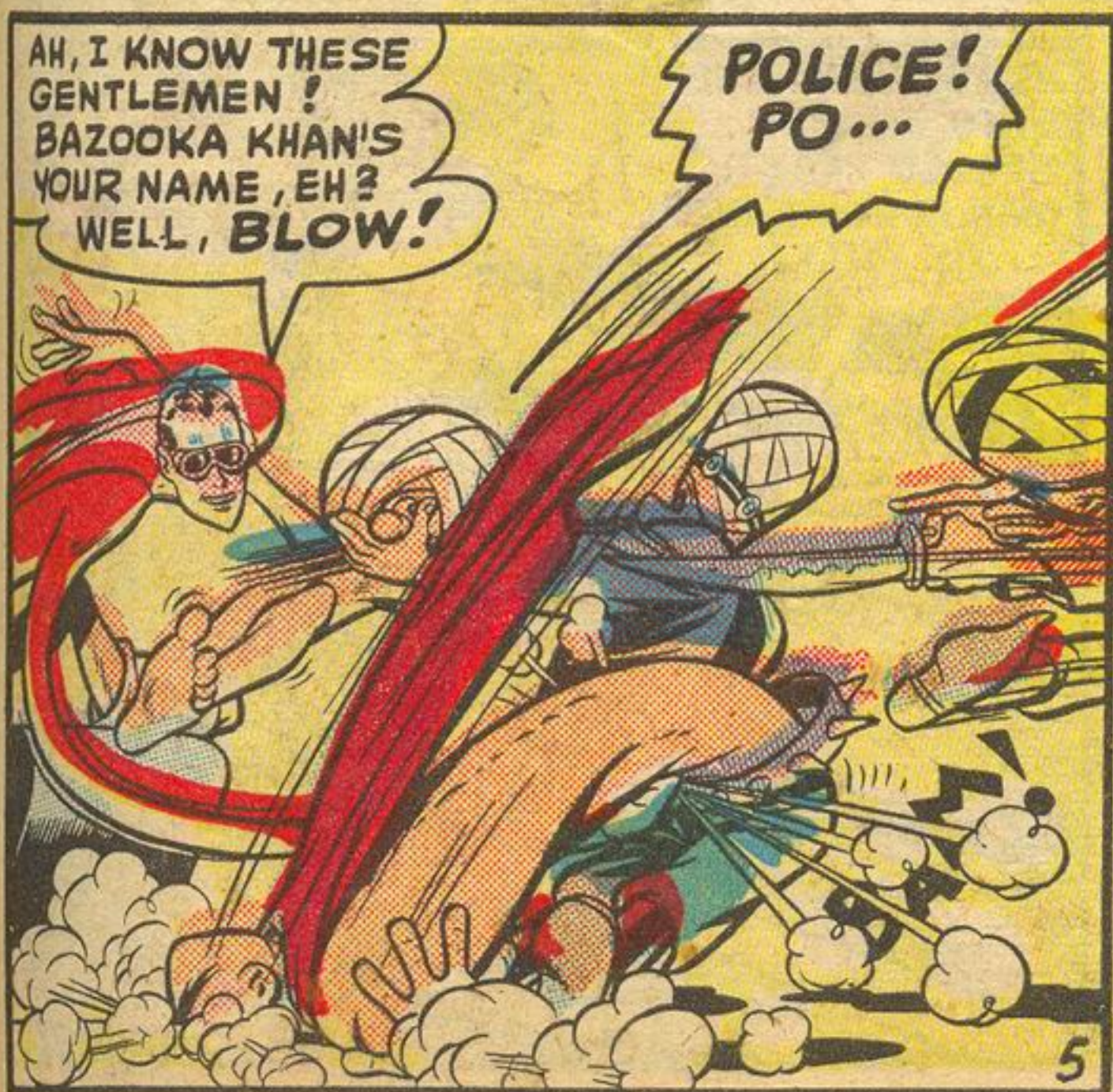
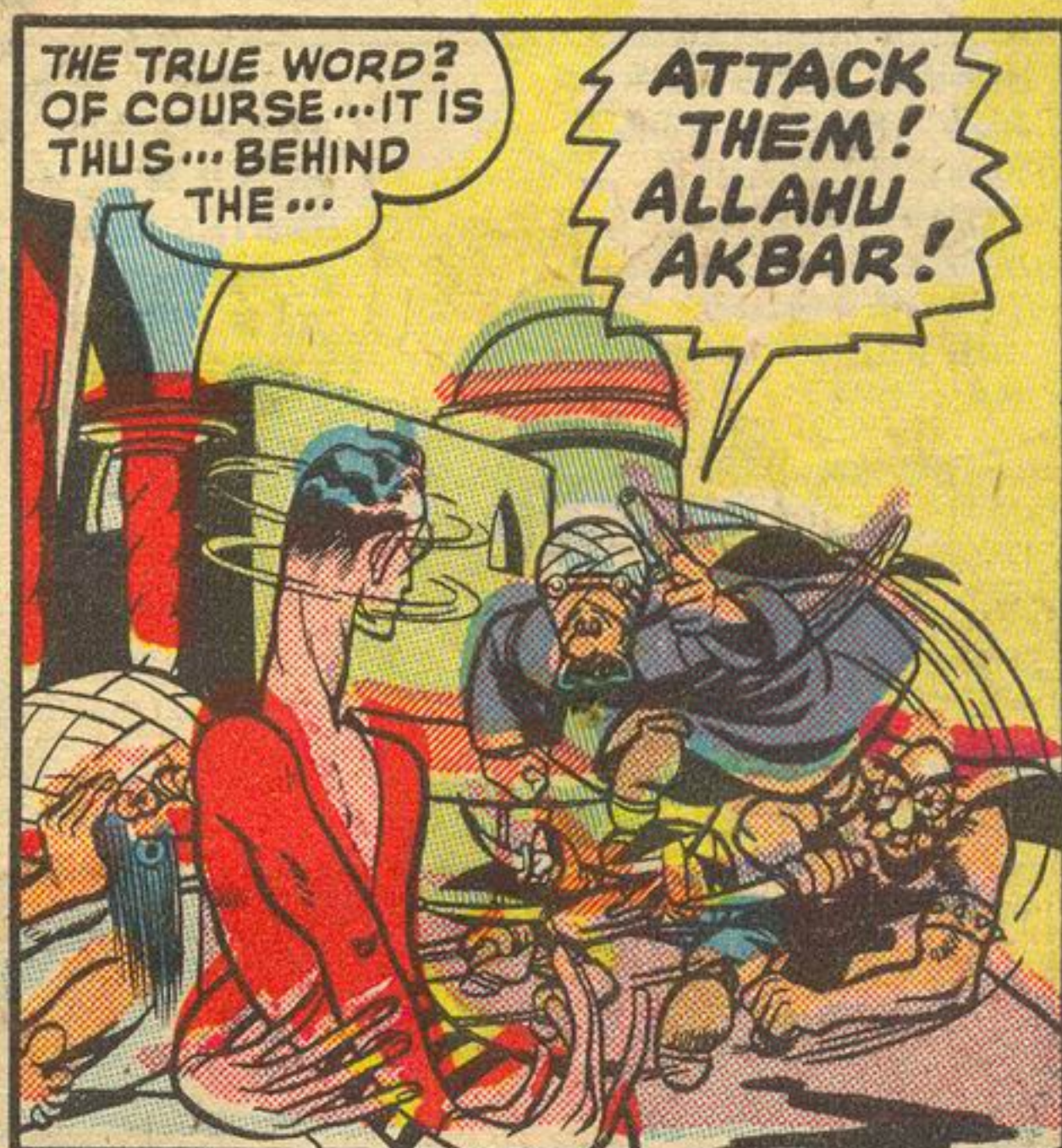
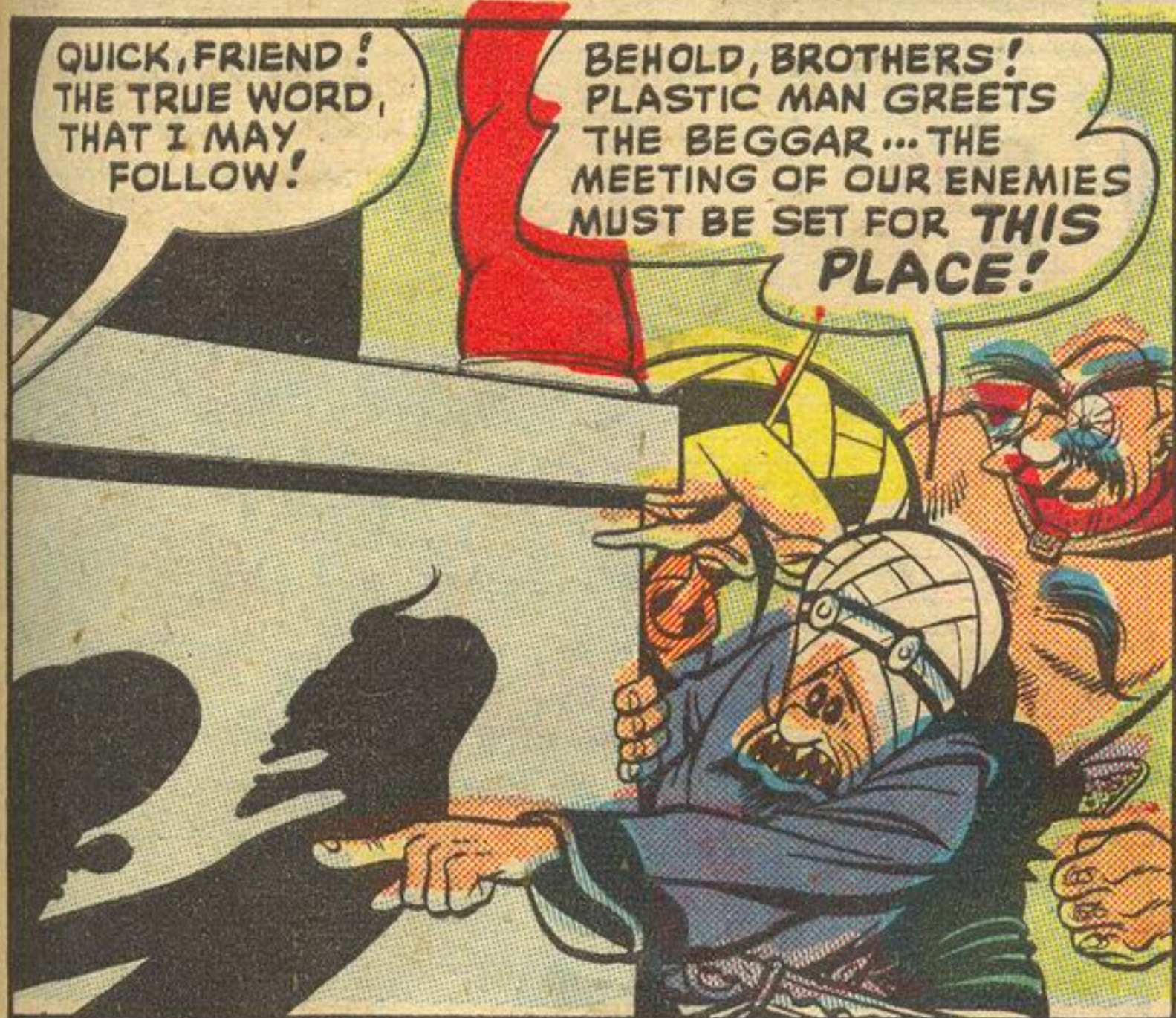
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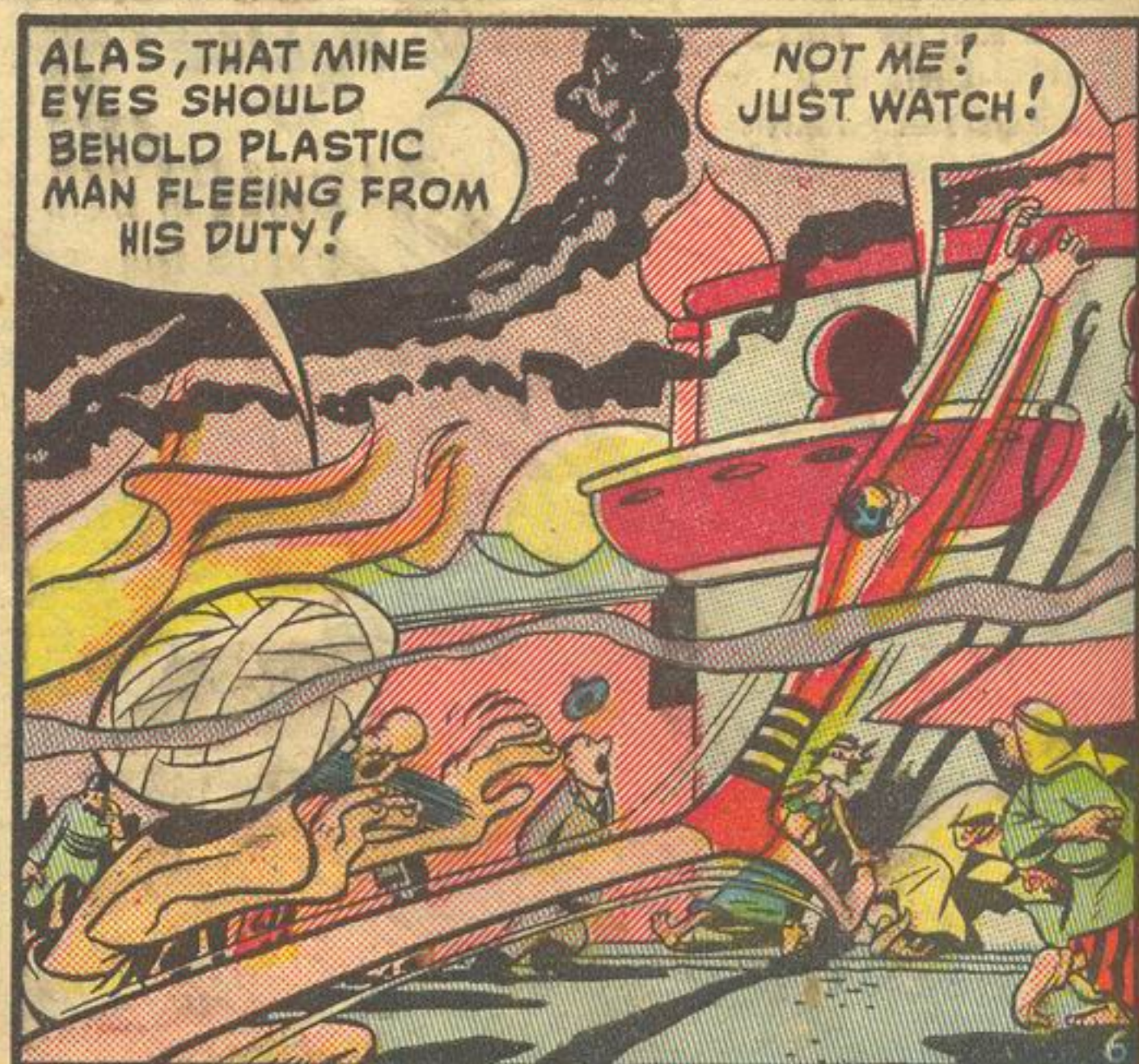
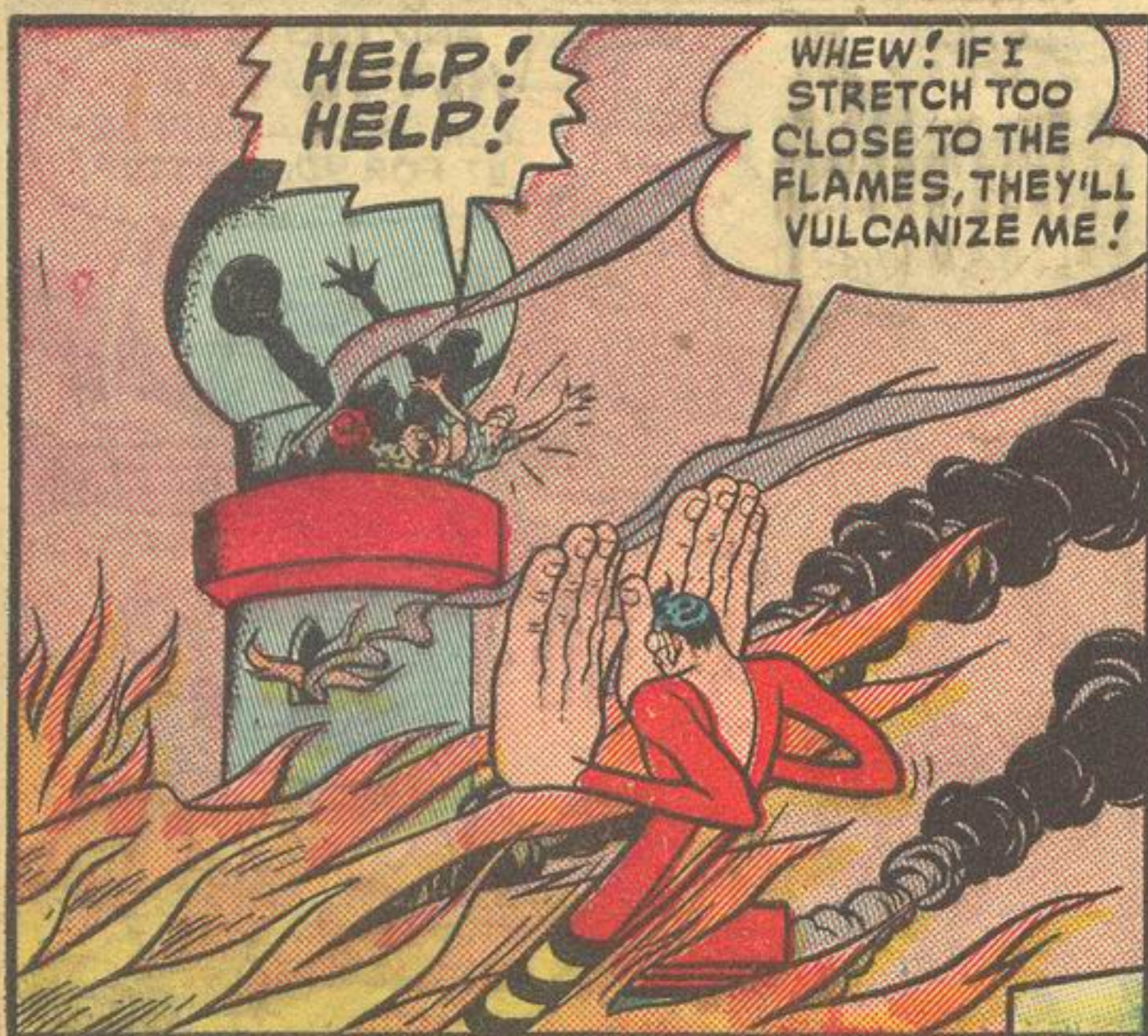
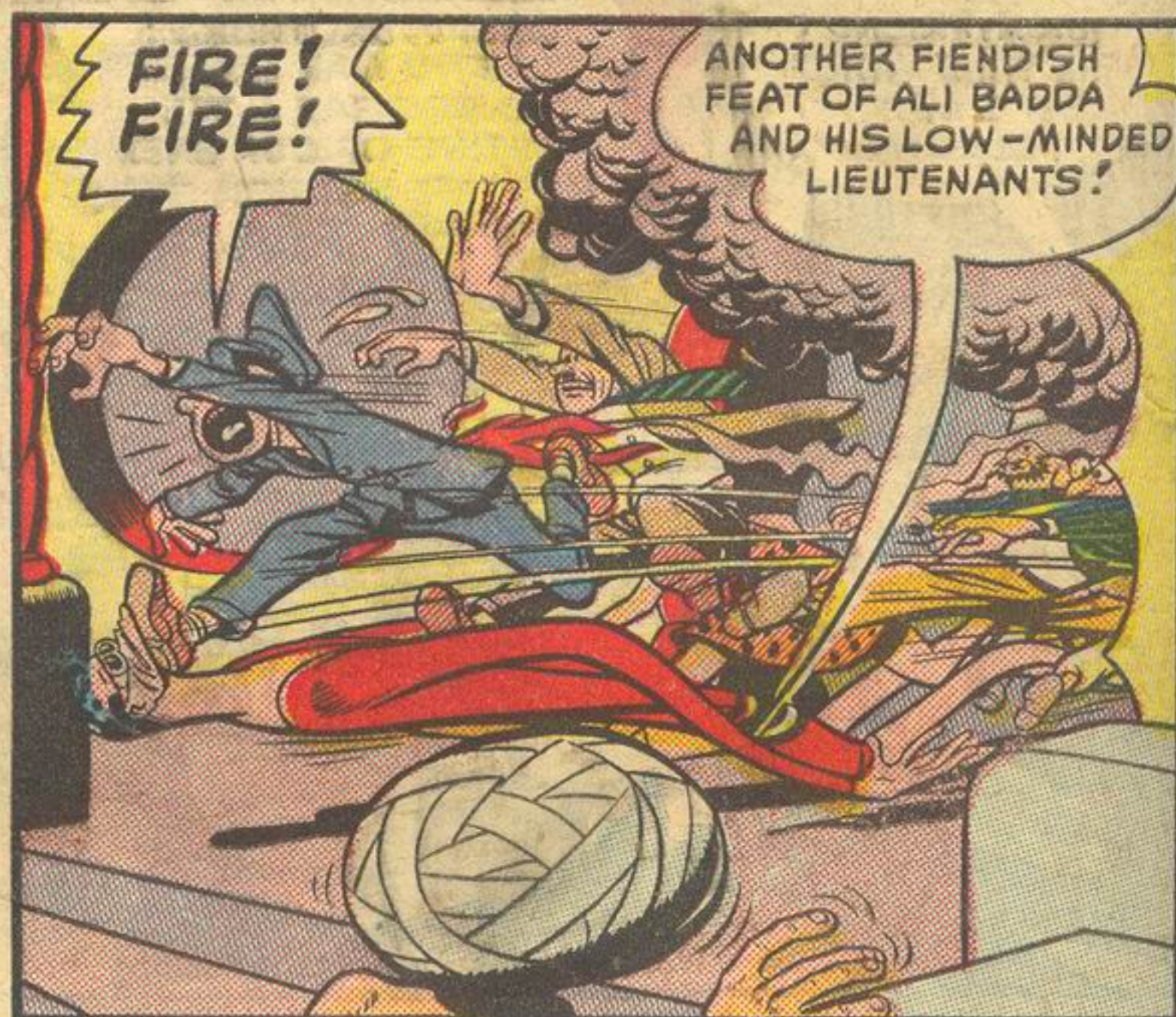
PLASTIC MAN



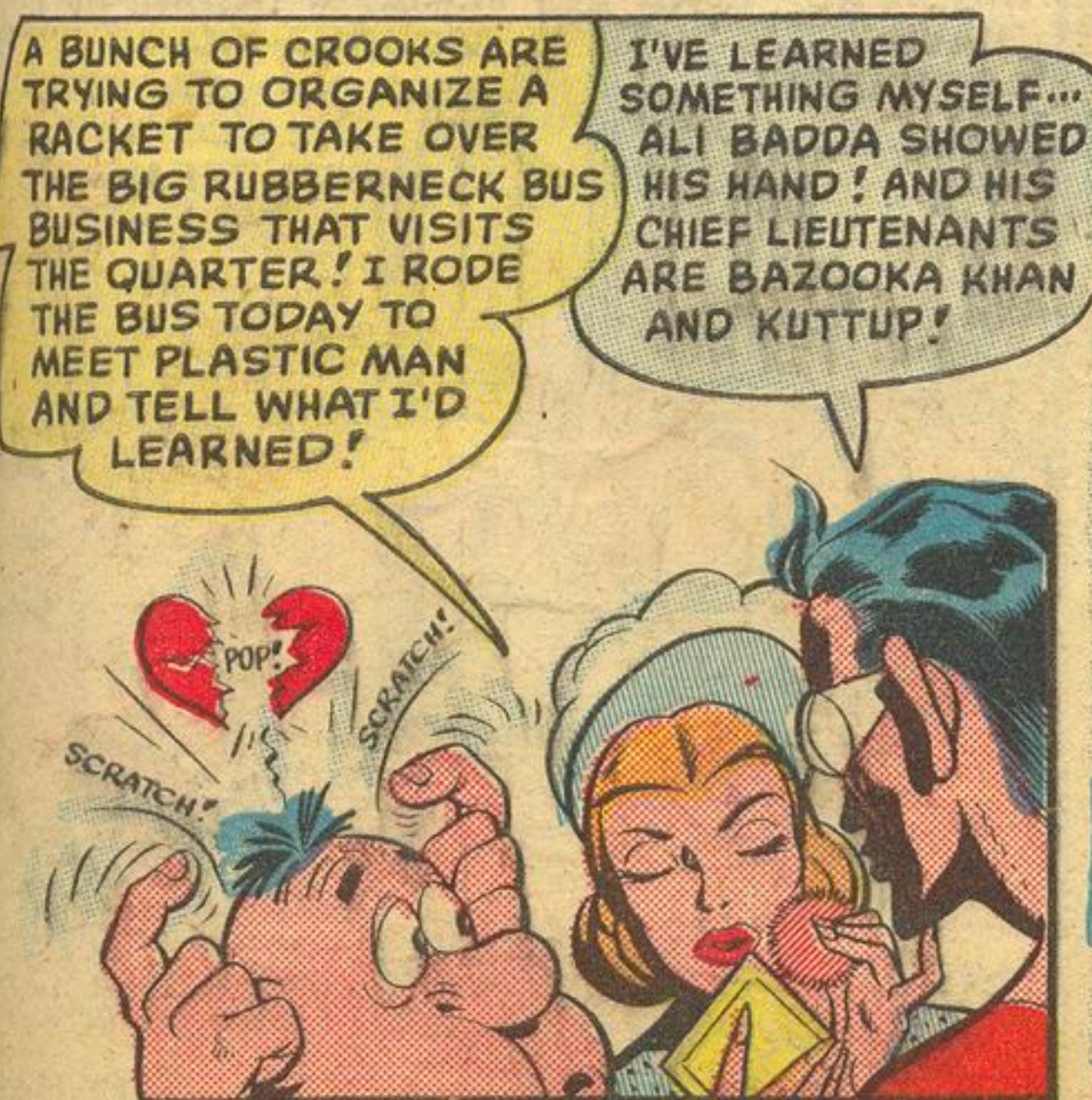
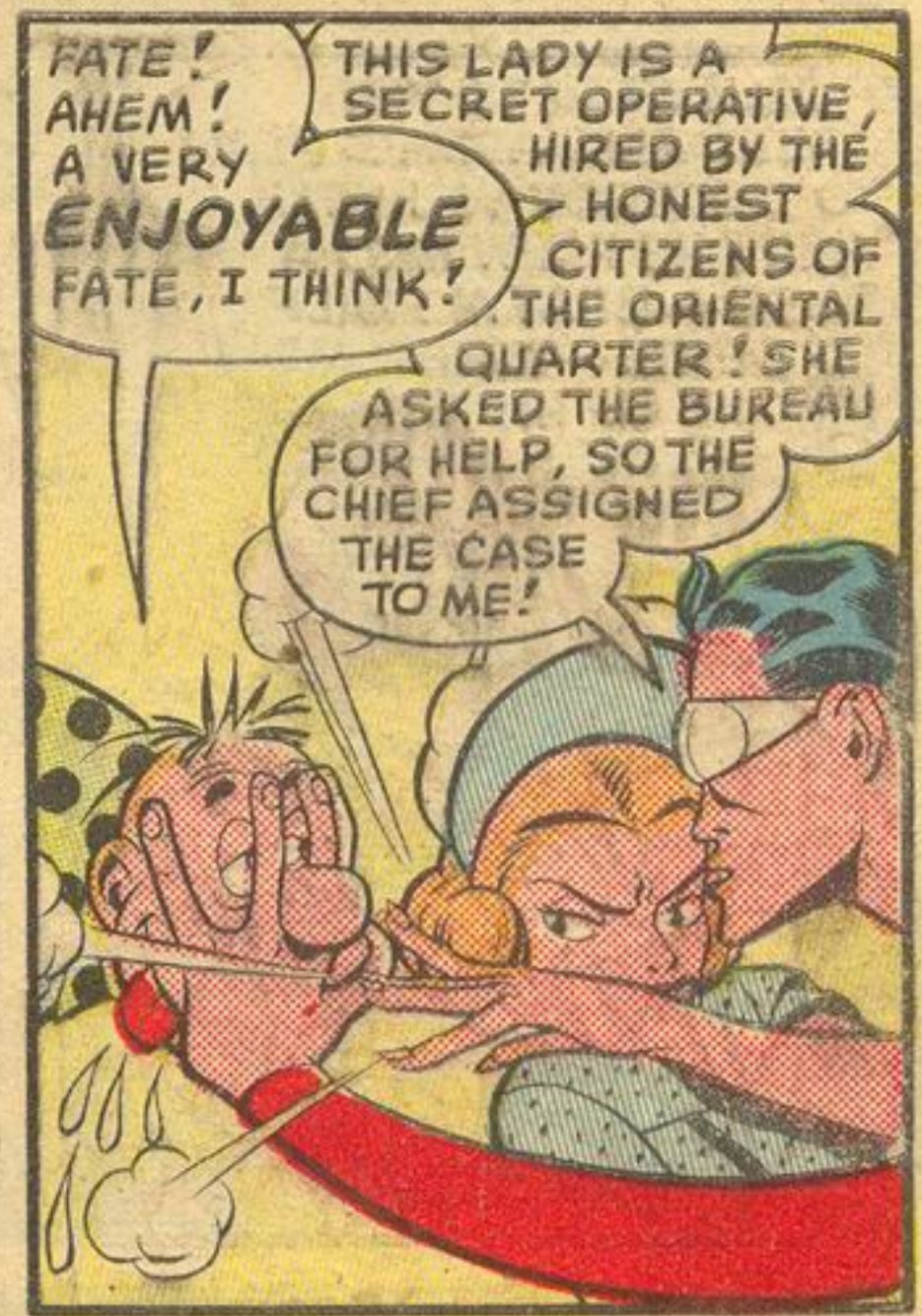
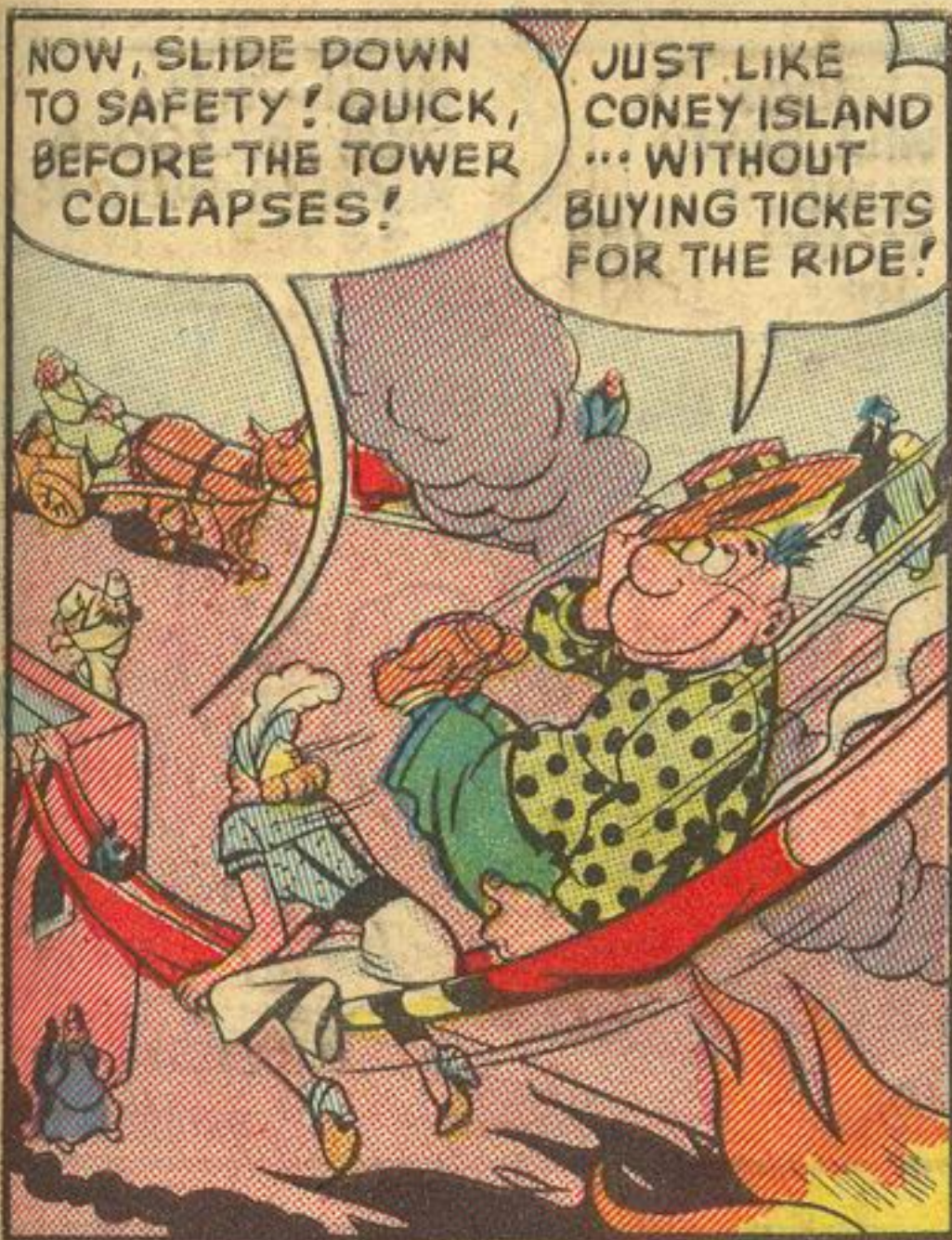
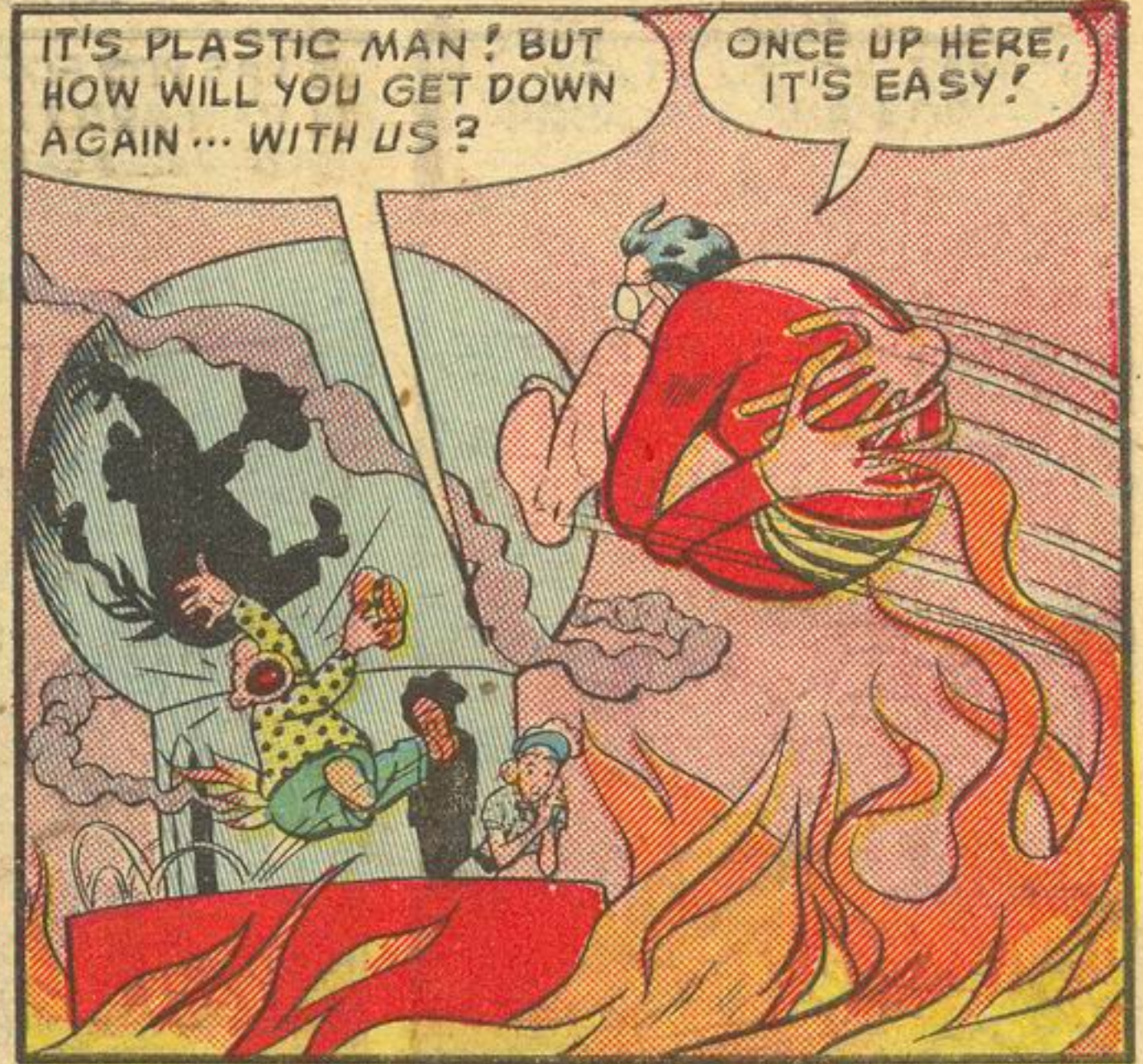
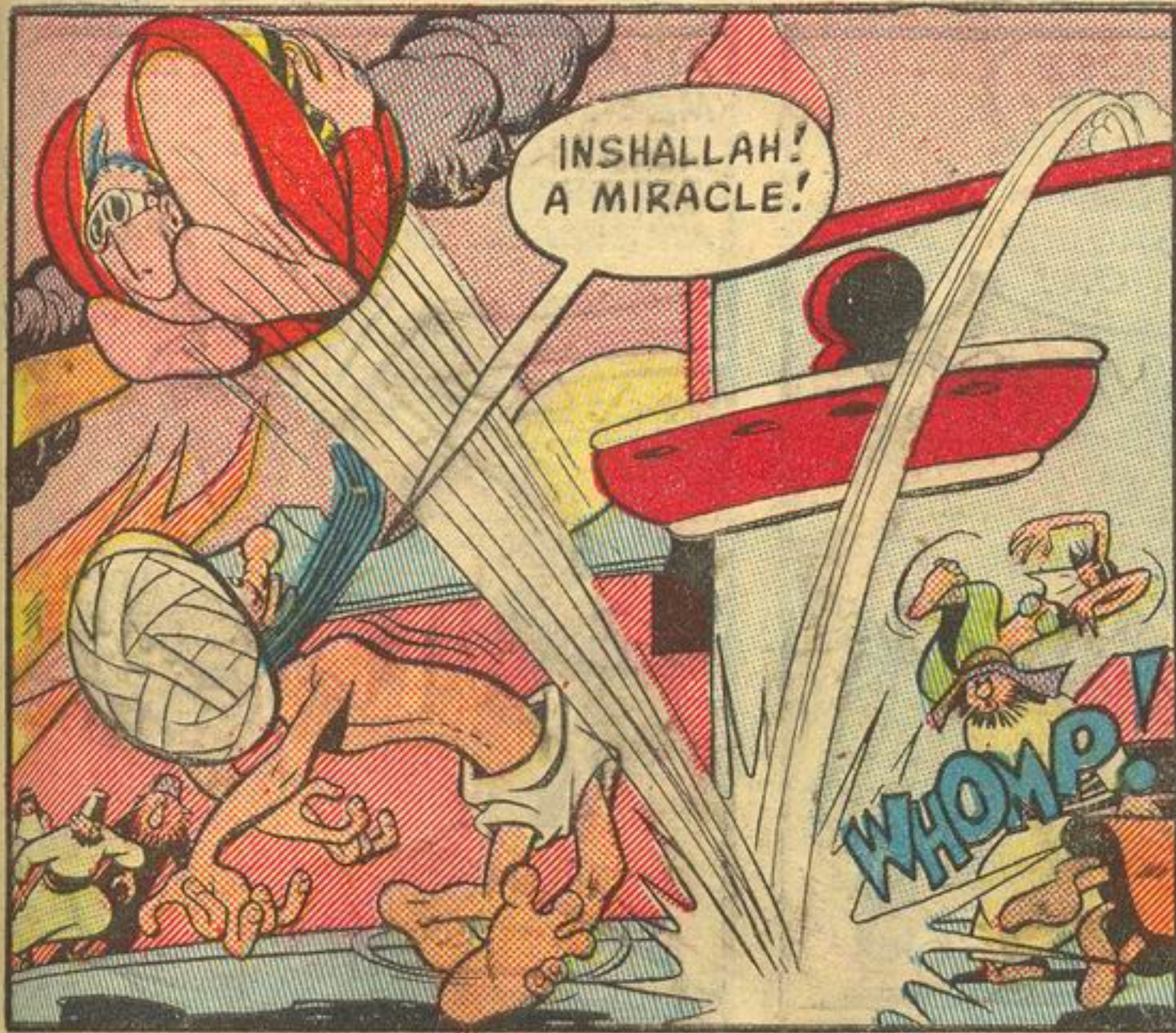
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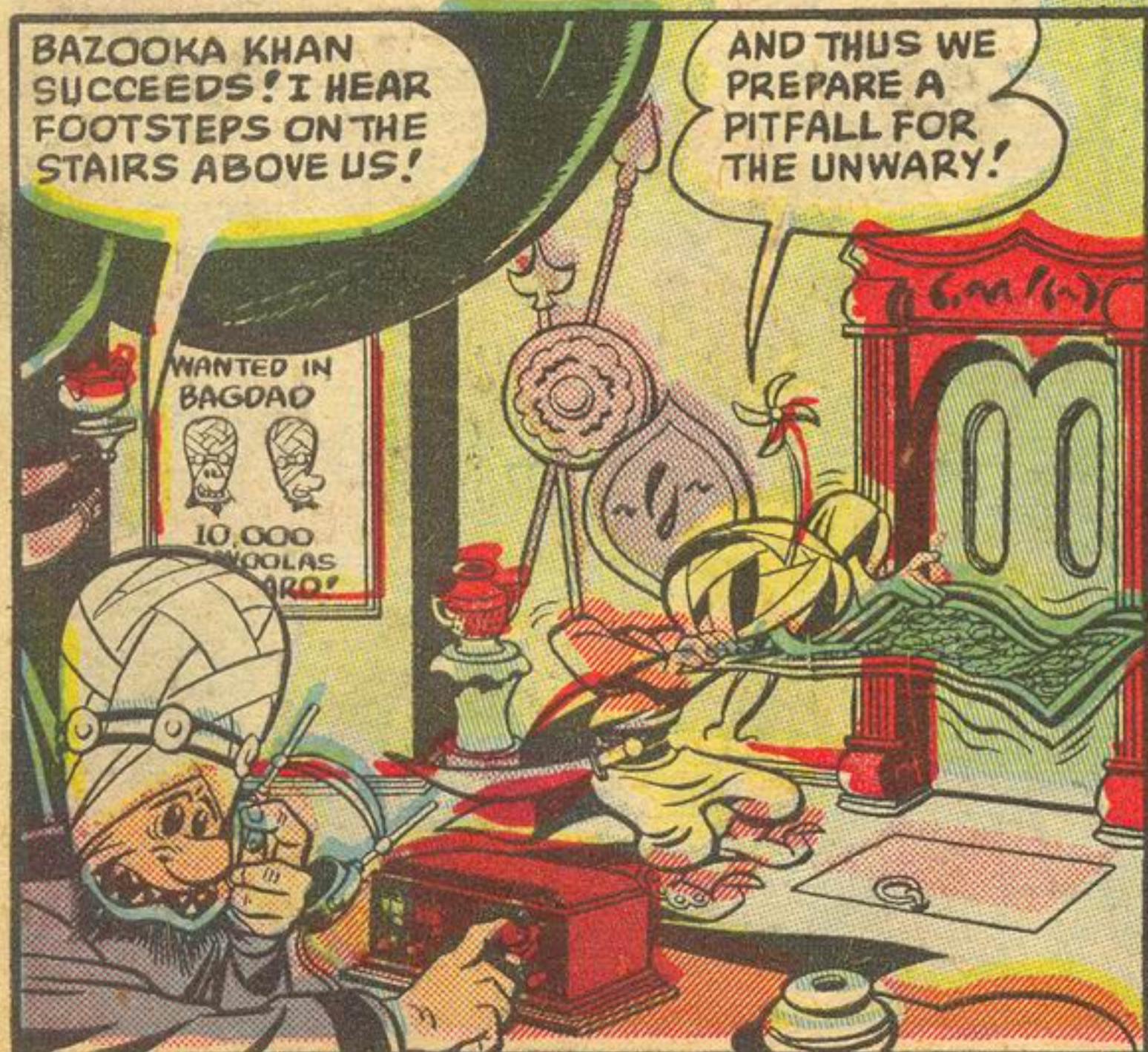
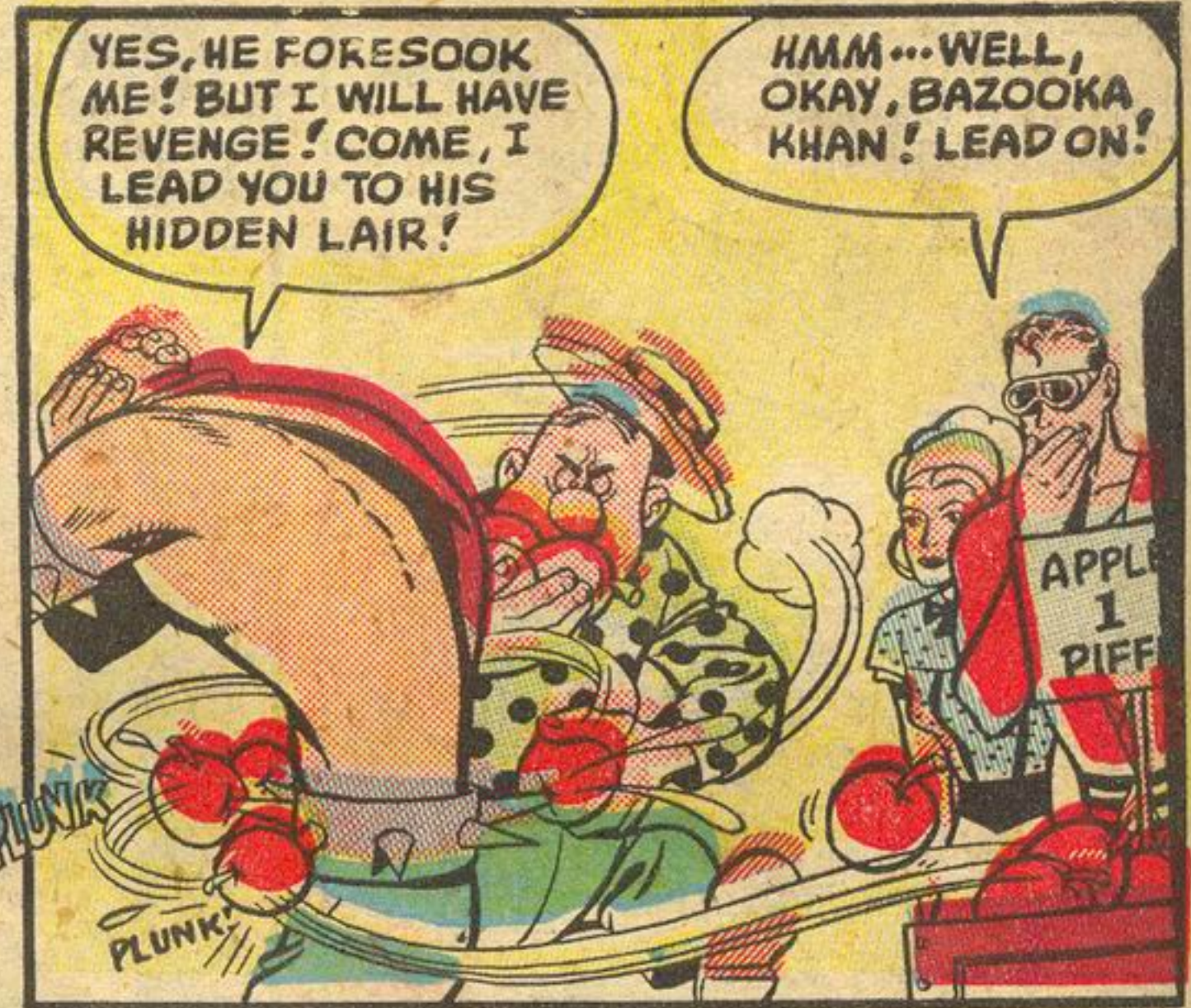
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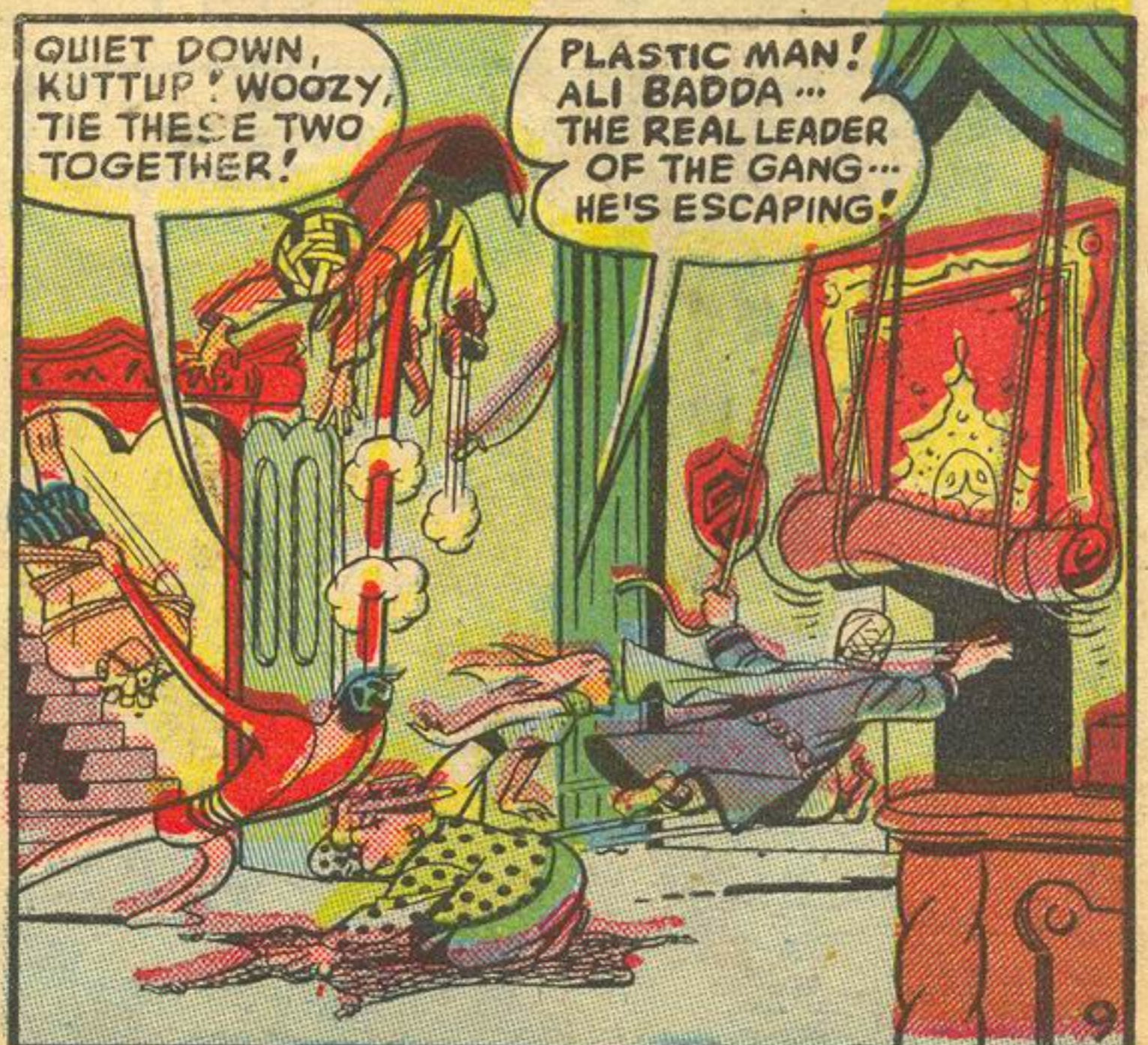
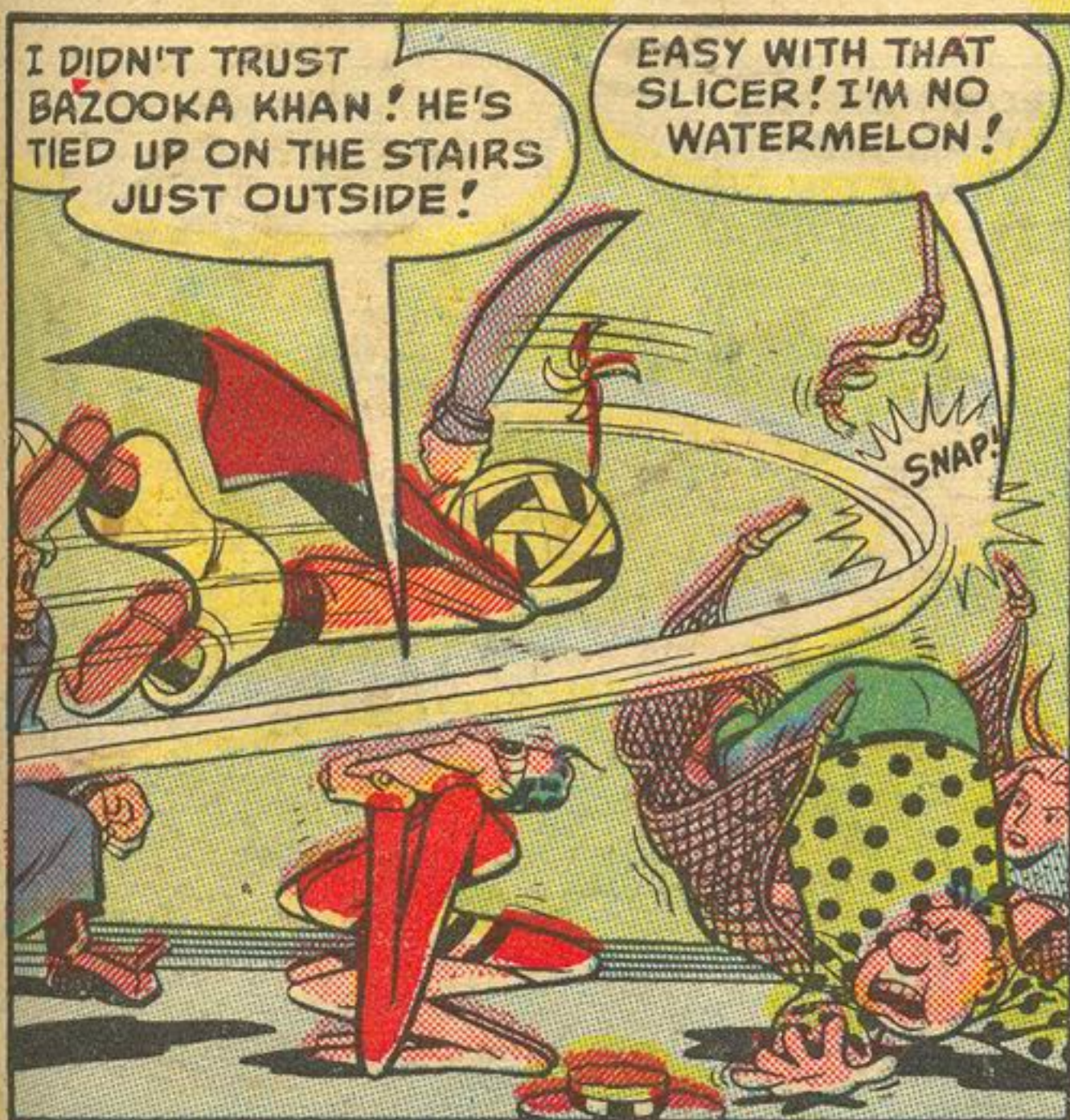
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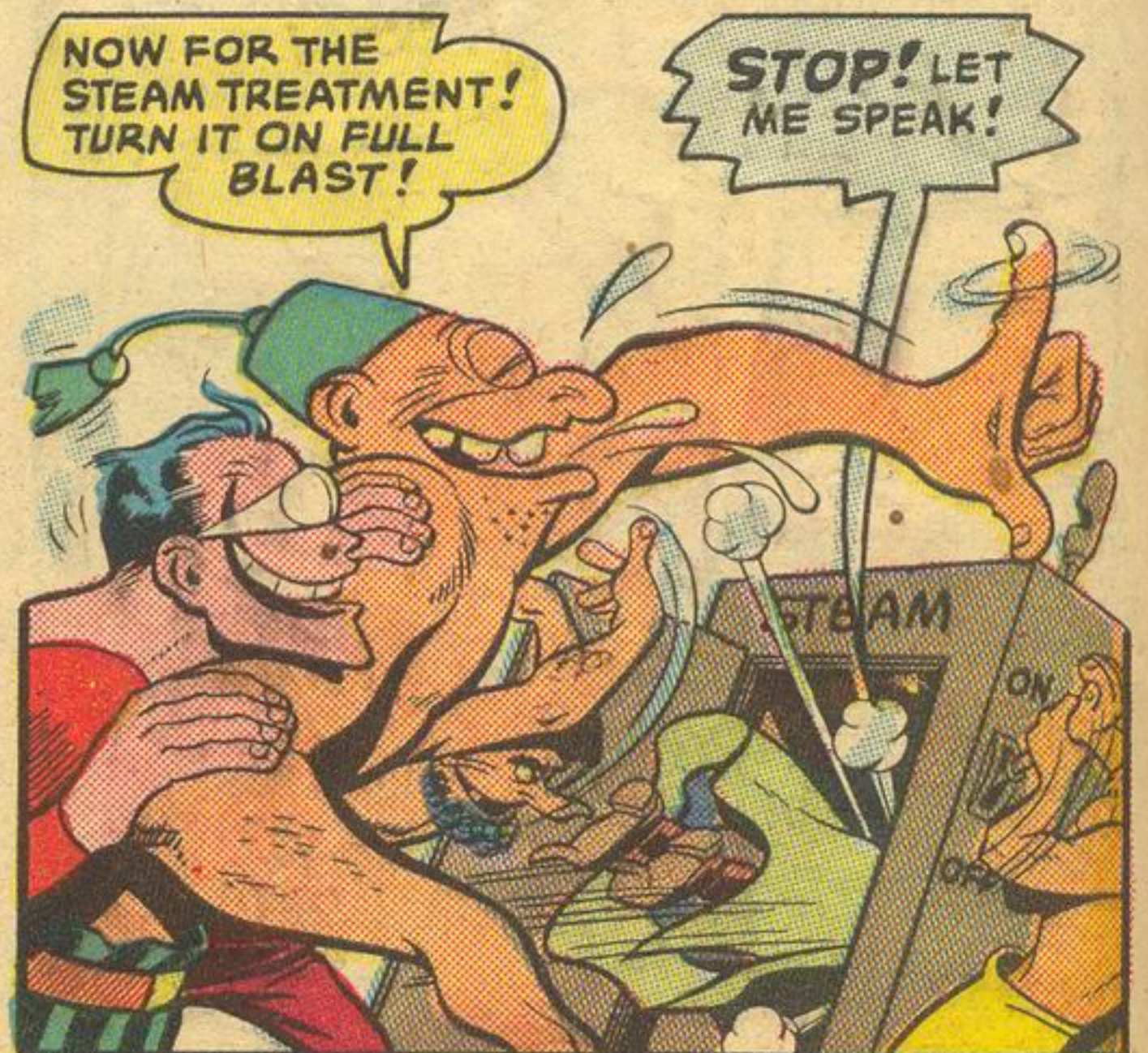
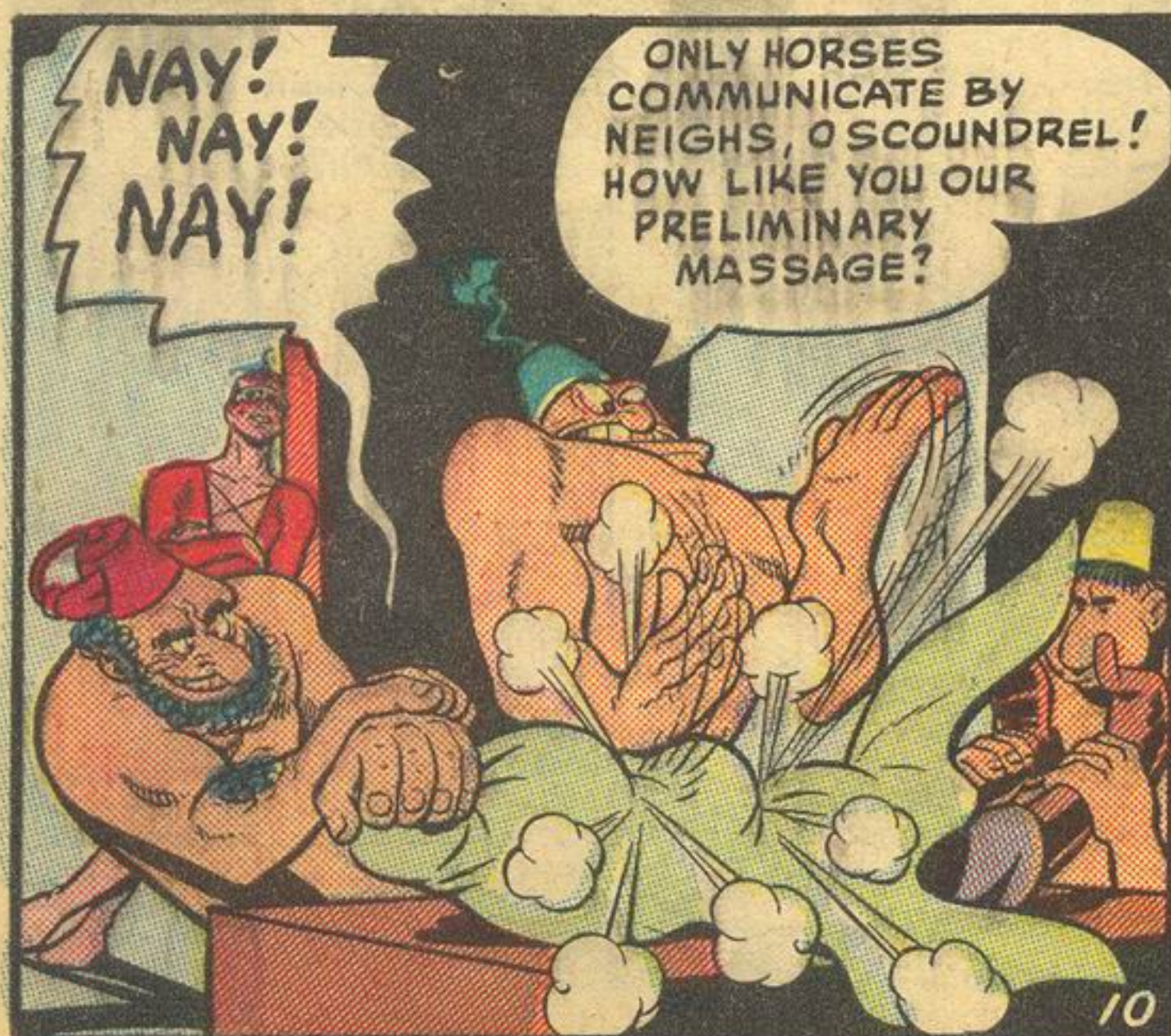
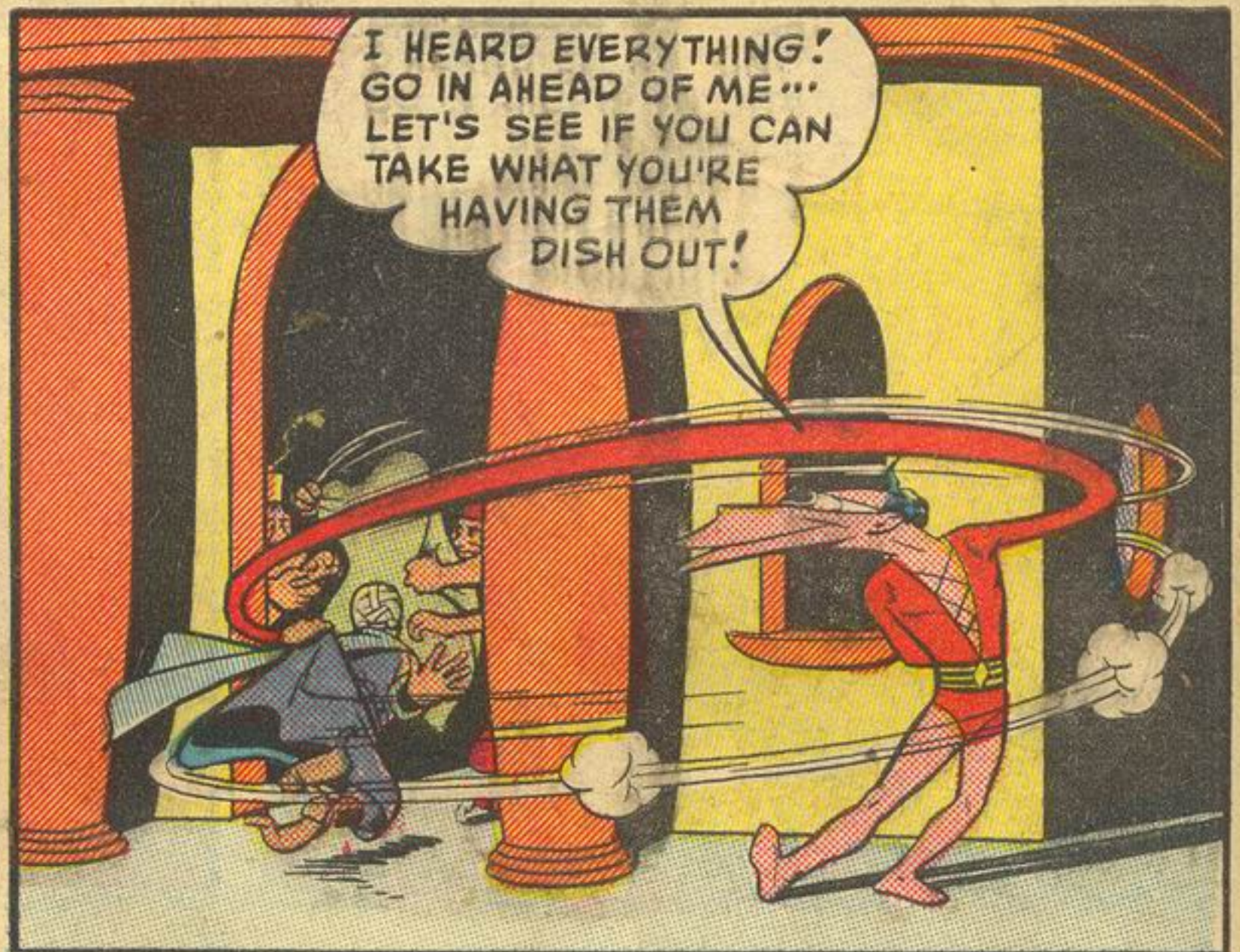
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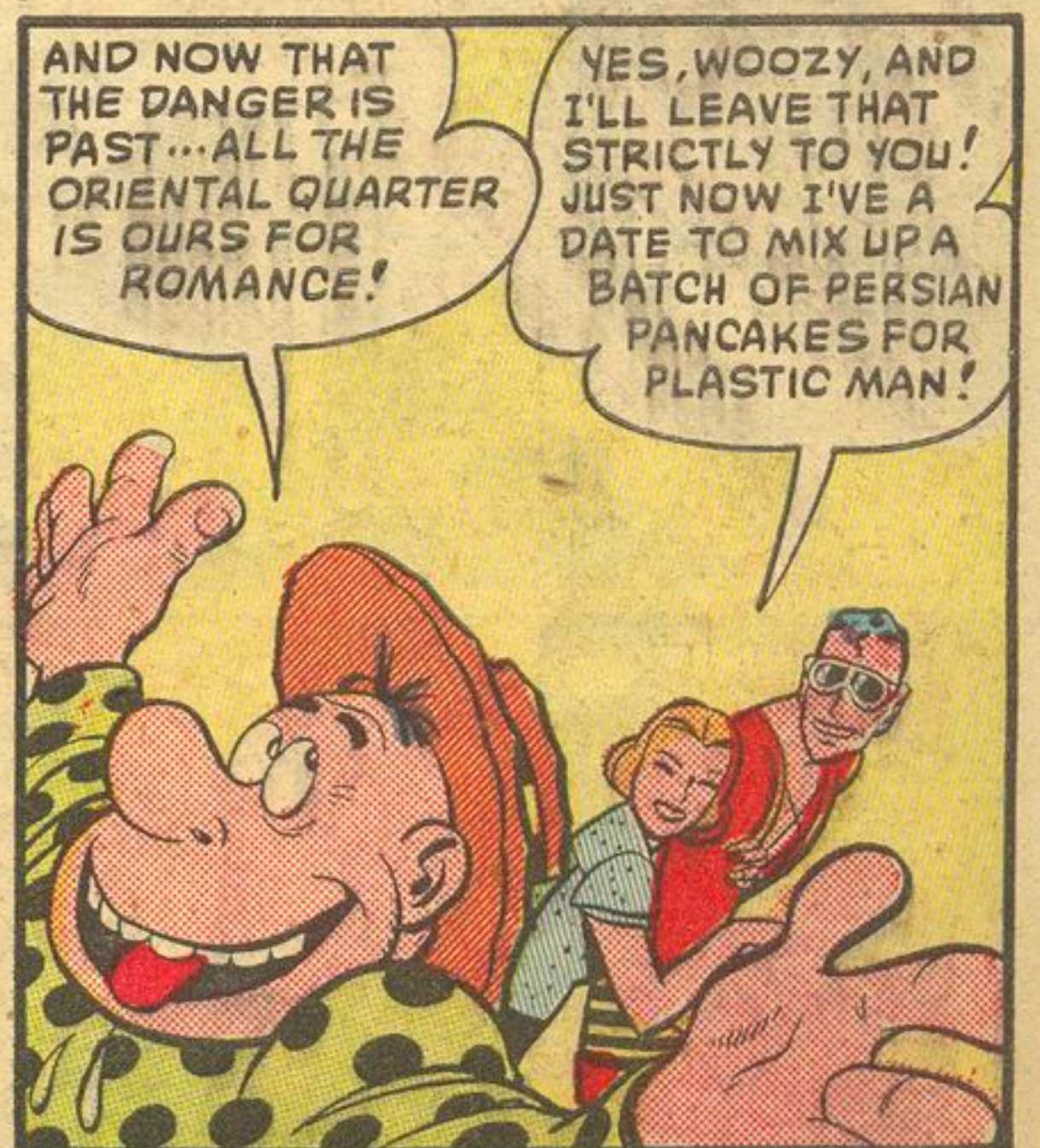
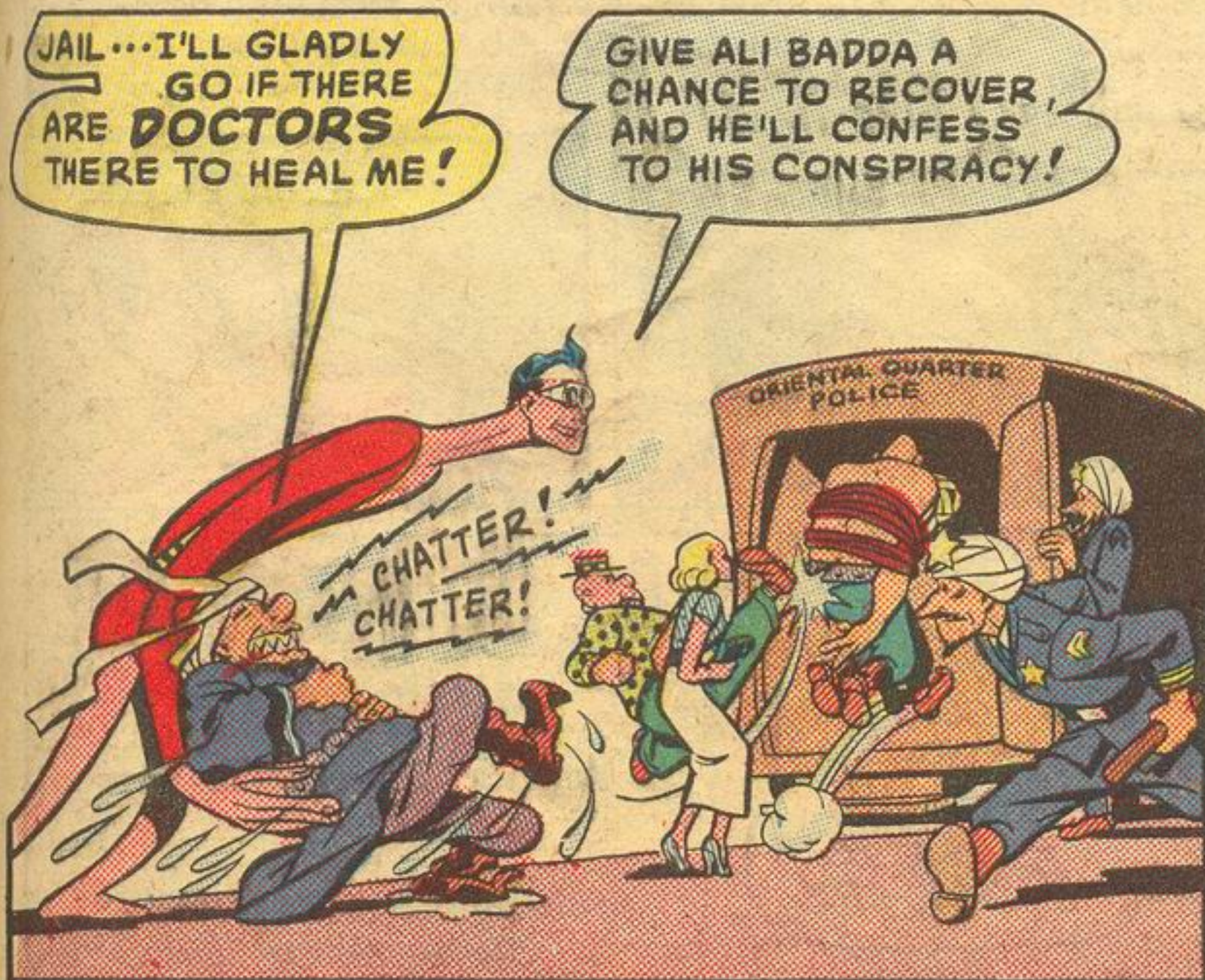
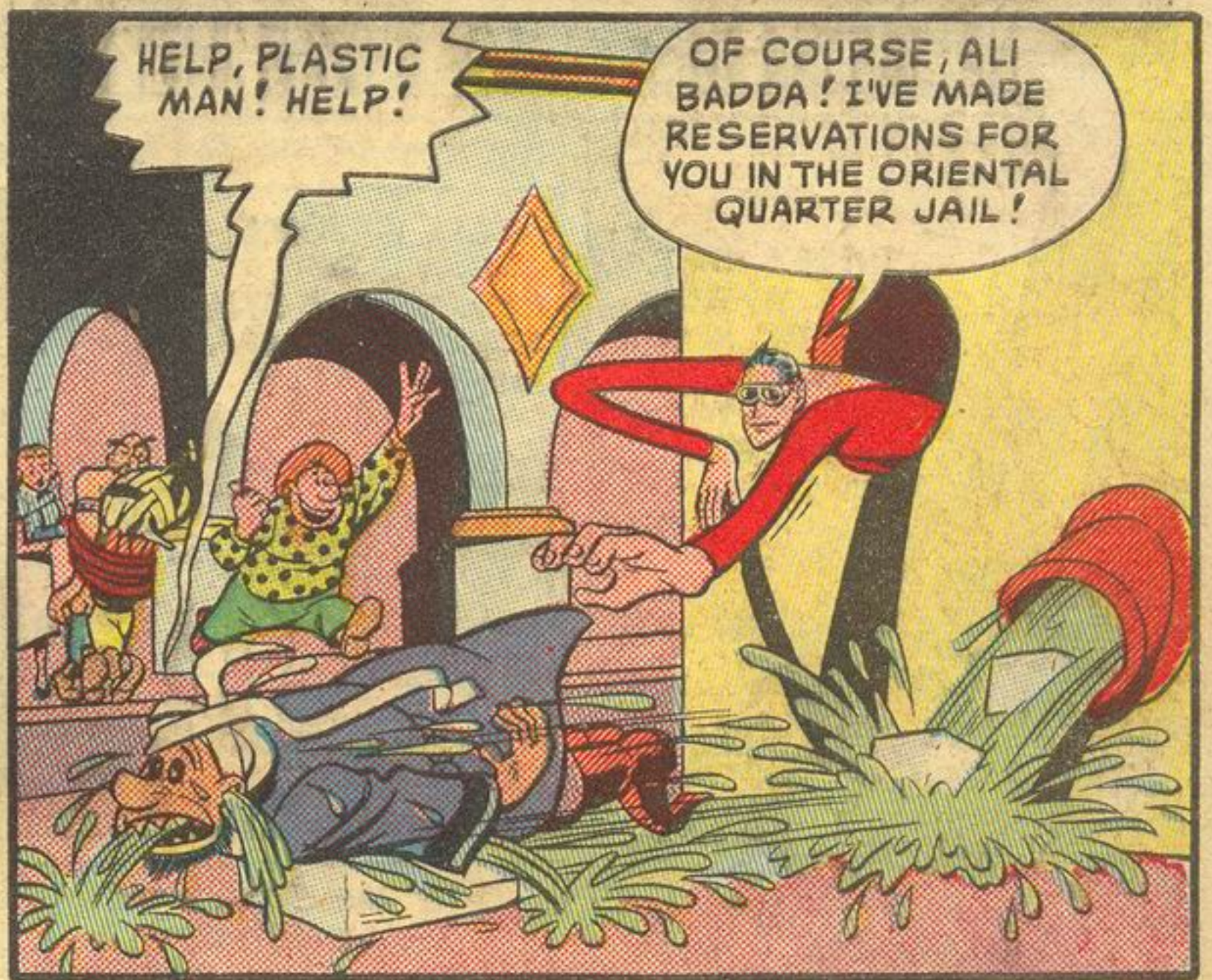
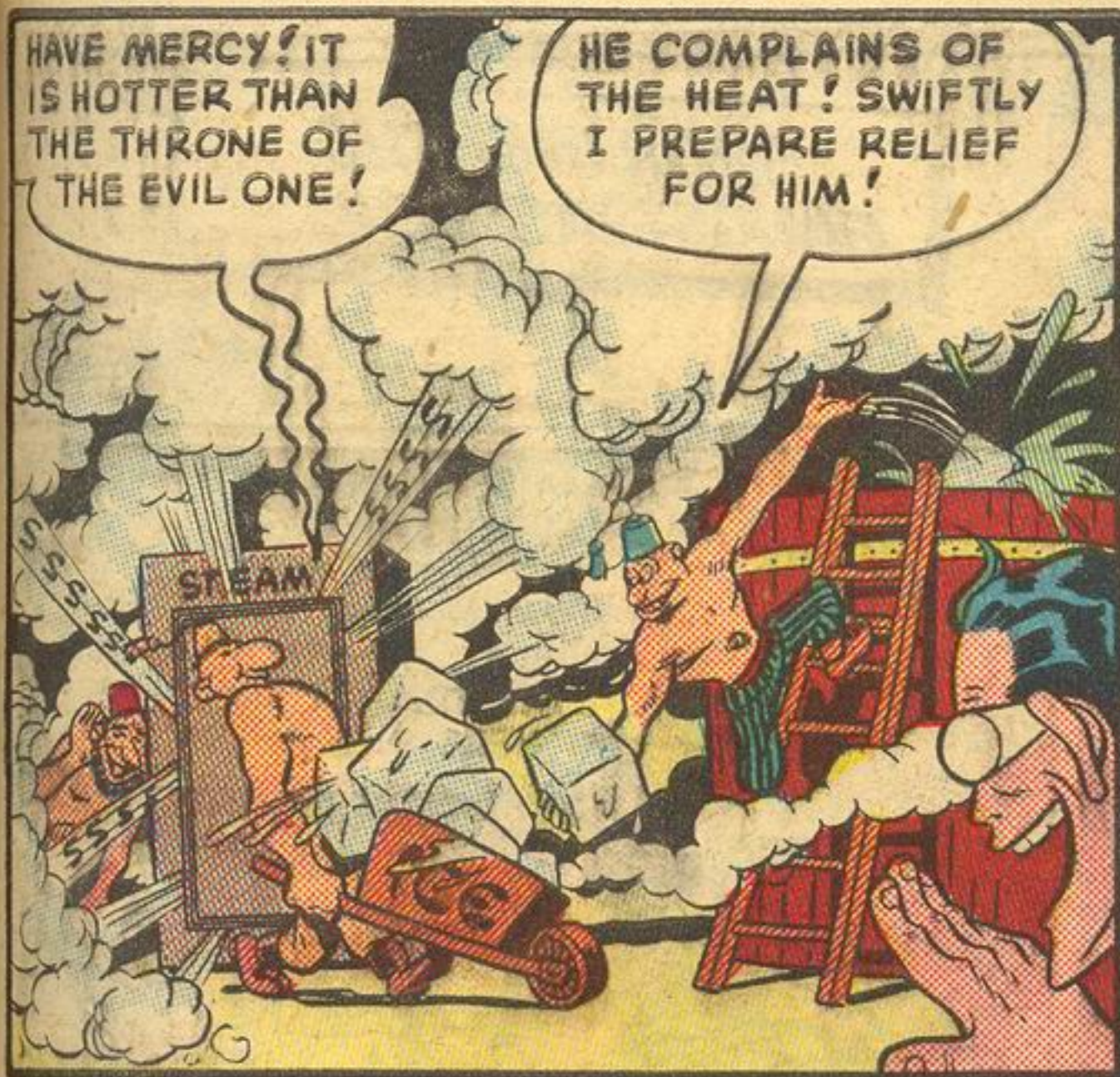
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



SPOILING THE
GANGSTERS' SCHEME



THE STATE'S STAR WITNESS IS ON HIS WAY BY TRAIN TO SEND A VICIOUS GANG-LEADER "UP THE RIVER"—UNTIL THE GANGSTER'S MOB DECIDES TO SEND THE TRAIN INTO THE RIVER...

BOOM!

THERE GOES THE BRIDGE! TOO BAD WE CAN'T STICK AROUND TO WATCH THE BIG SPLASH!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON HAND WITH A FEW PLANS OF THEIR OWN!

BOYS, YOU TAG THEIR CAR WHILE I TRY TO HEAD OFF THE TRAIN... SHE'S DUE HERE IN 5 MINUTES!



THERE'S THE CONTROL STATION UP AHEAD... NOW IF THEY CAN JUST RADIO THE TRAIN ENGINEER IN TIME!

SOON, INSIDE THE CAB OF THE DOOMED TRAIN...

...ALL BRAKES DOWN FOR EMERGENCY STOP... WRECKED BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY AHEAD...



YOUR SPEED SAVED OUR LIVES, ROYAL!

WE CAUGHT THE GANGSTERS -- THANKS TO THE BOYS HERE TIPPING US OFF TO THEIR LICENSE NUMBER!

THEY MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, TOO, IF WE ALL HADN'T BEEN RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES! THAT BUILT-IN SKID-CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT ALL TIMES!



EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT **BIKE COMICS!** GET YOUR COPY TODAY AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE DEALER'S. IT'S **FREE!**

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES

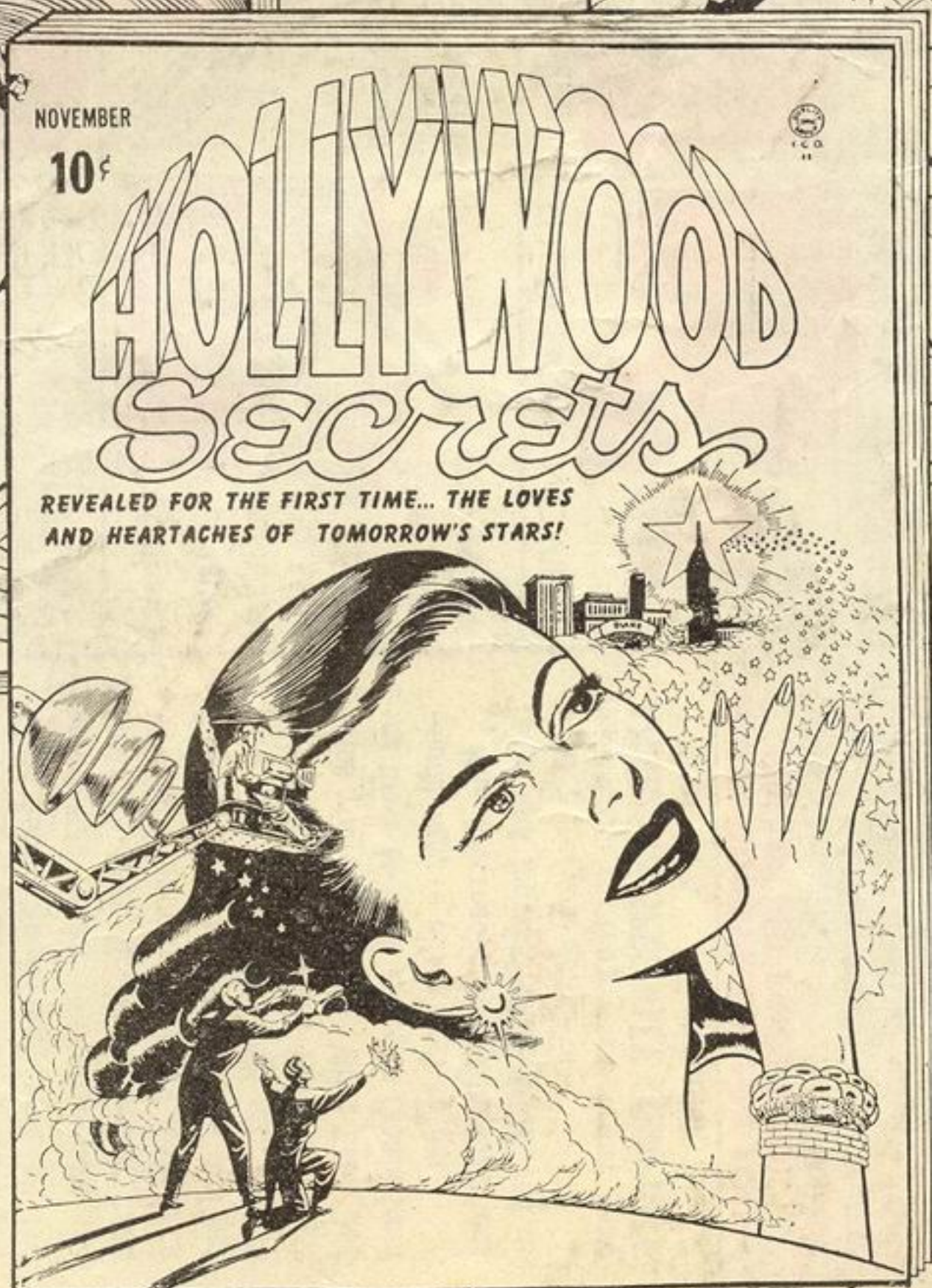
America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

A QUALITY ROMANCE PUBLICATION

MEANS
YOU'LL
GET THE
BEST!



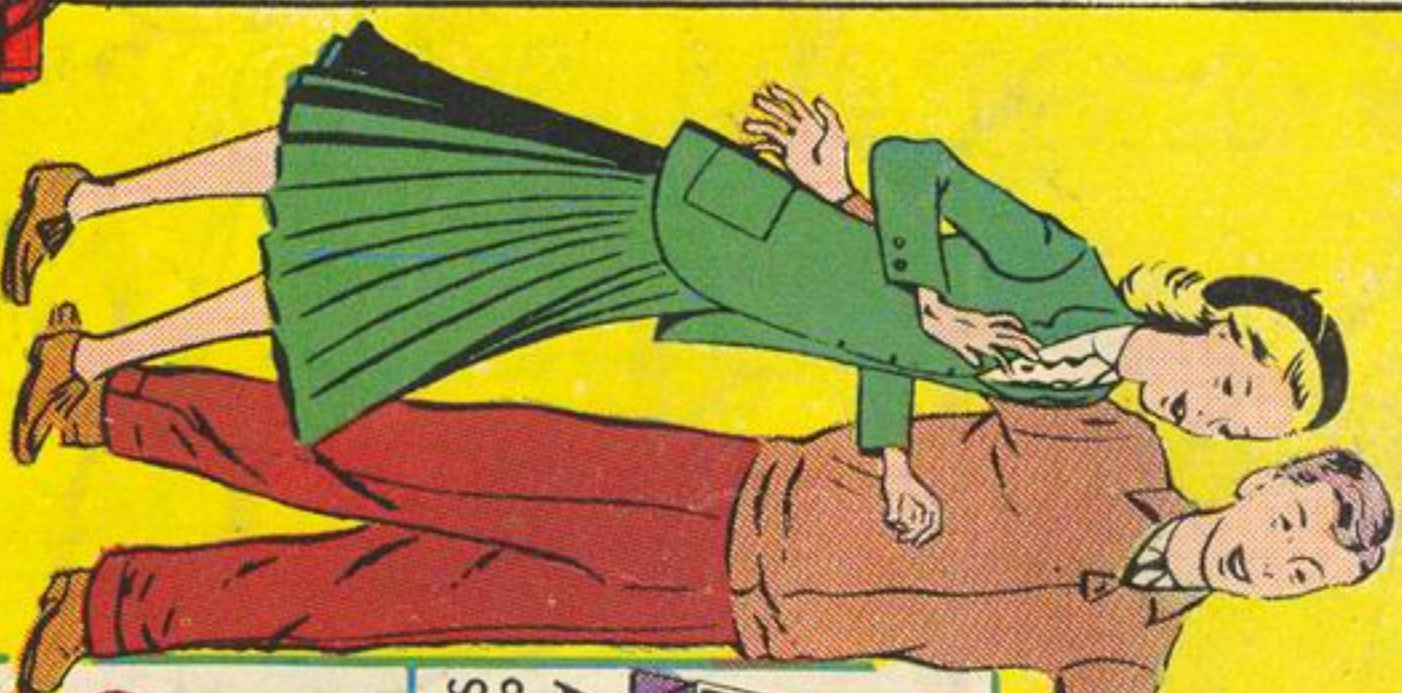
THRILLING TALES PLUS THE
FINEST ILLUSTRATIONS
MAKE THESE MAGAZINES
THE MOST POPULAR
IN THE FIELD!

GET THE BEST
GET
QUALITY



On sale on your
favorite newsstand!

PRIZES FOR YOU!



A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your choice of Boy's or Girl's Model. Sell one order plus \$1.50.



Famous Chemcraft Set. For interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order



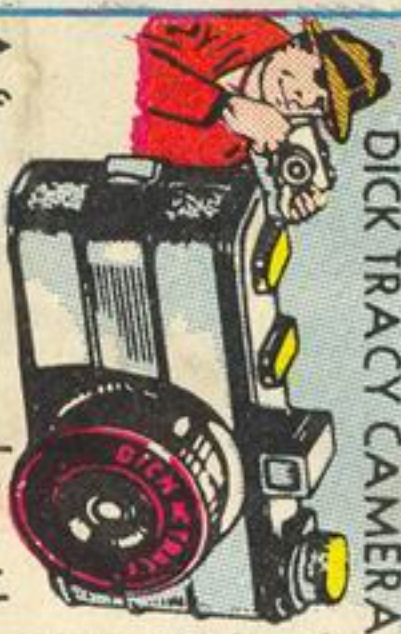
Campfire Ukelele with easy to play instruction book. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Sell one order of Xmas Packs



Pretty Dresser Set. Five full size pieces. Sell one order.



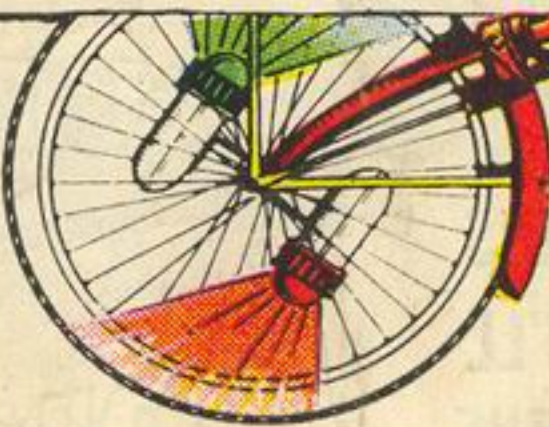
A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs



17 Piece School Outfit. Pencils stamped with YOUR NAME. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



Gilbert's Famous Erector Set. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus 75c.



HUBBA HUBBA Lites. Circles of never-ending light for your bike. Sell one order. of Xmas Packs.



A fast shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.



Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order of Xmas Packs



ELECTRIC PHONO-GRAPH. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$5.50.



Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$3.50.



BOYS! GIRLS! SEND COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO GET THESE FINE PRIZES.



HI BOB, THAT'S A SWELL CAMERA-BUT DON'T THEY COST A LOT?

THEY DO-BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T COST ME A CENT.



IT DIDN'T? HOW COME?

I SOLD XMAS PACKS TO MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT 10¢ EACH.



THAT SOUNDS EASY. HOW COULD I GET STARTED?

JUST MAIL THE COUPON, SEND NO MONEY. THEY TRUST YOU.



GEE, IT REALLY WAS EASY! OF YOU BOTH CAME ALREADY,

HERE IS A GIFT FOR YOU MOTHER.



OUR 31st YEAR

LOOK THEM OVER - TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 envelopes and 24 Sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take 1/3 cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW... What a Thrill you'll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they're all so easy to get.

Mail the coupon today for Christmas Packs and that BIG PRIZE BOOK, tell us what prize you want.

Send no money—we trust you
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MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU—
SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK

Basketball • Table Tennis • Pen & Pencil Set
Tool Kit • Electric Football Game • Jewelry
Electric Train • Archery Set • Pocket Watch
Steer-It Auto • Also Gifts for Mother and Dad

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY

Dept. 524 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____